

## Negative Incarnate

Glorior Belli

I carry in the depths of my daimonic soul  
Thy essence as a plague for the cosmic disgrace  
Life is - nothing else but a dry cosmic shell  
Surrounded by the seas of primordial chaos

From behind the nervous curtains  
Of my trembling cosmic prison,  
The dark gods are firmly waiting  
Filled with hatred for the cosmos;  
Outside the frame of creation,  
Lies the darkest of all secrets,  
The magick of the queen dragon  
Awaits for us to crush the gates!

I carry on the depths of my daimonic soul  
Thy essence as a plague for the redundant farce  
Life is - nothing else but a dry cosmic shell  
Surrounded by the seas of primeval darkness

I am the pale figure hidden in a black cloack  
Wandering the deserts to summon up evil!  
I bring the secret holes,  
To this disgraceful realm,  
By which a thousand years of blood  
And strain escape!