

The Great Southern Darkness

Glorior Belli

I longed and waited for that very day
When I would break my cage of clay
For far too long I have endured
Enslaving spells of the demiurge

Tis smile they fake while we celebrate Satan
Tis life they crave while we glorify Satan

Hence I step across,
The great southern darkness!
That gift of freedom,
Eternal and unbound.
The break of the vessels
Was well orchestrated, High on ancient skies
The stars all point to death.