

Lord of scald
Steo forth for the nature of ruin
Captivating the heavens with a scorn of burns from this rotting
sun
Dissecting the heavens for oblivion
This frost of endless punishment
Tha path I walk is paved with the ashes of corpses
Beneath my feet are souls of thousands
Crushed by one stroke of the hand of death
To watch the Earth die within forgotten shadows
Smear my face with the ash of dying Infernal region,
World beyond the grave
Destroying the disease that infests the Earth
Hail storm of blistering stones
And I hear the serpent's whisper
To leave the heavens in flames
Upon black stallions
We trample your crown of thorns
With furious fires of vengeance
Your throne has ling since crumbled
And the flames of the new lords rise
Within the shadows of Satan
And the angels shall be my whores
Shrouded beneath blackened veils
Arise in flames
Credence in filth
Uplifting a sensation of unconcern to set ablaze the northern d
ivine
Atheist on the forefront of conception
Parched theory to preserve the death of felicity
Warmth of arctic apathy fills the glutton fat
Absorb this seething expiration
Melting with the obvious defeat of the city of God
Ignite divination as it dies from this
Welkin attainment
The enflamed doorway to an unconverted malefactor...eviscerate