

Nailed To Obscurity

Hate Eternal

Pretenders To The Throne Of I
Confined And Diseased
In A Life So Habitual
Epitome Of My Creation
Weak Attempts In A World
You Could Never Grasp

I Demand The Blood
Drained From The Bodies Of The
Ones
Who Deceived Me
I Demand The Flesh
Stripped Off The Bones
And Burned Of Its Sanctity
I Demand The Soul
Cast Into Fires
Of An Everlasting Hell
I Demand The Memory
Erased From My Mind
And Never To Return

Chaos In The Form Of Order
Sylvian Visions
With The Ability To Crush
Heresy Denies The Threshold
Lost Are The Ones
Who Fall Short Of My Ordinance
Sinful In The Ways So Ageless
Born To The Shrine
Of Unearthly Creation
Prophecy Of The Shadow
Impaled On The Bones
Of The Failed
And Forgotten