

Enlightenment Process

Impaled Nazarene

Open Pandora's Box of evil
Summon something dark
As black ash falls from the skies
Overture of things to come

Incantations shall invoke the Octagon
Prepare innocent virgin offerings
Blood sacrifices must be made
In order to create darkness
From the darkness rises a son
A son that will rule the Earth
With the Octagon

Twisting your mind with horrors
Beaten, starving, dying
It is too late, you know it now
You made the wrong choices, you opposed
Now you are waiting for your turn
Naked, humiliated, fear of death
As queues to the slaughterhouse grow
The Octagon shines like never before

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