

## 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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