

## Thy Horror

Katharsis

Ride the horned victory. Side by side.  
Steal the children from their graves. Disappear into the night.  
Vex the Virgins. One by One. Desecration.  
We have won.

Ride the horned victory. Domination of the ghouls  
Malevolence ruleth supreme.  
In our hands we hold the key.

Retaliation, thousandfold.  
The pearly gates are blown (to pieces)  
The patron saints have failed to save.  
They shiver to the bone

Ride the horned victory, In league with master  
Death...  
Witching wisdom increaseth the woe, Altars fall and  
Mankind, too...  
Flagellation. Whipping winds.  
Endless sabbat now sets in...

That day the final age began and everything was lost.  
That night the spirits wept in pain before they turned to dust.

Gargoyles swing the axe of terror in their blackest art,  
Witches sing and dance and call, laugh and rip your souls apart.

Ancient gods rise from their graves.  
No return, it is too late.  
Watch the breaking world in flames.  
Sink in madness. No remains.

That day the golden halls were burned  
and they were nevermore;  
That day the heavens fell to earth  
and everywhere was war.

All mankind chained to agony.  
All mankind overthrown

Suffering from hellish plagues and countless firestorms.  
Demons eat the flesh of mortals  
Hung up on cacks and wheels  
Impaled, the children one by one...  
They are drowning in their screams...