

Imago mortis

Marduk

Imago Mortis, ever since the applebite, deathened!
The branches creep together, a chair with a cold back,
...Lux Rigor Mortis, Lux Rigor Mortis, Lux Rigor Mortis...
Today king, tomorrow worms and cold in mouth,
A reach for purity, through decay, through black soil excrements,
None shall stand before the Lord of the Death-Winged Dart,

Cold and hollow, silent yet piercing,
Death fire trumpets, fresh traces from twelve-to-twelve,
Pole to pole, infants to decrepitus
Sunbleached shadow, useless corpse,
Jesus loves you, useless corpse
...Lux Rigor Mortis, Lux Rigor Mortis,
Lux Rigor Mortis, Cinis Ater et Ossa.

Behold, one who moments ago, at the height of power,
Received worship from kneeling crowd,
Now himself cast down by death's dominion,
Bears mute witness to the whole world's face:
Cinis Ater et Ossa.

Sack of maggots, maggotsack,
Hopeless pile of hopeless bones,
So this was His holy plan for you?
Wings of dust, handful of nothing,
Iron skies and streets of brass,
Even the Whore, she loves us all!

Imago Mortis, ever since the applebite, deathened!
The branches creep together, a reach for purity,
Through decay, through black soil excrements,
All must kneel before the Lord of the Death-winged Dart,

Imago Mortis,
Wings of Dust,
Handful of Nothing,
Hopeless pile
Of hopeless bones.