

Through the Belly of Damnation

Marduk

Condemnation, the air lies thick with sin and dust,
High on conceit, from the frantic worship of the Carnal and the
Vain,
And judgement came on sturdy wings, dressed of the ashes of yesterdays Kings
Cheers of Pestilance, dancing disease, Through the Belly of Damnation.

And the rhythm of war, shall enchant us all,
And battalions of plague, to guard every gate.

Dazzling Jacinth, brimstone and flame,
Unbound, unleashed, unstaunched, unchained,
This ban of destruction, these four winds of clean,
Through the belly of damnation, to the diaphragm of man,
All flesh wareth old as a barment:
For the Covenant from the beginning is,
THOU SHALT DIE THE DEATH!

Honest like a mother's love, a spear of famine,
A wingless dove, raging teeth and the fang of death,
To carve out a fourth from the curse that is man.
Come and see, come and repent, come and see,
A brand new justice, through the Belly of Damnation,
To the Abode of the Unwashed.

Clawed wing and famine divine, to leave no man behind,
A Race Bound, to go Falsehood Drawn

Bow and crown, Western Prophet of False,
Red storm, from the blood spilled by the Eastern Sword,
Northern Famine, carried by Darkness but Slave to the Scales,
A new truth, of Southern Pale.

And the rhythm of war, shall enchant us all,
Clawed with a famine divine, to leave no man behind,
And battalions of plagues to guard every gate,
But of he our own flesh that shall mark the fall.