

Gods transform me  
The storm will cleanse me  
Civilized I shall not be  
By this holy strain of laws  
I fall below the earth  
I smell the ancients' breath  
The fiends encircle me  
They speak my name in tongues  
For I'm no human now  
I burn the ways conform  
The gods are pleased with me  
They speak my name in tongues  
I am the seer  
I know the texts divine  
Thunder words  
Demons race into my hands  
Azazel  
Lend me your wings of twelve  
I shall fly into the storm  
I, son of fire, in anger become  
The lightning bolts that strike the earth