

Death To All

Necrophobic

tartarean gloom covers his throne
uplifted beyond hope abhorred
with the majesty of darkness round
whence deep thunders roar

satan except, none higher sat
and with grave aspect he rose
this place our dungeon and the spirits damned
by force all hell shall oppose

storm through the gates
depraved and scorned
thrive on your hate
triumph of the horned
with hell, flames and fury
black fire and horror, all at once
the hell-doomed and hell-born legions
shall storm the gates as one

break the chains in the burning lake
sad of sorrow, deep and black
on obscure wings into the realm of night
with vengeance we attack

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thrive on your hate
triumph of the horned

as night descend over eden
a dust cloud emerges that shadows the moon
the wind sweeps cold and vile
ashes form a blackened dune

we came as their prayers were dying
the wind carried a contorted psalm
envenomed the words of the blind
inhaling our whispers unknowingly calm

upborne with indefatigable wings
armed with the secrets of his domain
chaos shall follow his shadow
so the smell of sulphur and fire strange

tear through his entrails, with fear and pain
our supreme enemy dethroned
with blackes insurrection, to confound
heavens purest light, yet our great foe

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