

# 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

strom through the gates  
depraved and scorned  
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  
theh 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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