

Rite Of The Slaying Tongue

Nightbringer

Om, throttle, throttle, stand, stand, bind, bind, slay,
slay, burn, burn, bellow, bellow, blast, blast, Om,
throttle, throttle, stand, stand, bind, bind, slay,
slay, burn, burn, bellow, bellow, blast, blast Om,
throttle, throttle, stand, stand, bind, bind, slay,
slay, burn, burn, bellow, bellow, blast, blast

We are as neophytes within the hoary temple of the dead, the contemplators of all states of loathsomeness. We dance with the denizens of the charnel ground in the glow of the funeral pyre beneath the black arch of desolate night. We are the skull-bearers who would dare to sound the thigh-bone trumpets to call forth our murdering shadows. May their darkness eat at our flesh and thresh the profane body from subtle bones. We are the consumers and we are the consumed. We offer the horrid oblations of our skin. We offer the dread libations of the blood of our hearts. We sate Death's shadow, that which ever hungers. We call forth unclean eidolons. Husks of self. Come ye forth from dens of inner depravation. As we swirl in maddening frenzy through the midnight marshes to awake them in their ravenous and desperate hunger. Our horns beseech the very Lord of Death to drive his trident through the three chambers of our existence. In throws of ecstatic death we rend the fabric of the world. To gaze with a fixed serpent iris into the darkness that is beyond darkness.

Oh Devi, without knowledge of thy power liberation is mere mockery! Oh Devi-L, without knowledge of thy power liberation is mere mockery! Speech of the Slaying Tongue. Black breath of fire. Burning wind of my mouth. Raising shadow from pyre. My self-murdering darkness. Oh, famished ones come. Heed the winds of dread will. Hear the call of my tongue. Fire as breathe I utter my end. Bringing shadows of death to gnash and to rend!