

Demonaeon

Sacramentum

Scorched winds of obliterating hate sweeping through and desolates.

Congregate, annihilate, piles of human flesh.

Incinerate, degenerate, death strikes like a lash.

Spawn the seed of damnation. We salute the end in rapture.

All is burning:

When the scythe is held high up in the sky,

the air will turn into lifeless cosmic dust.

The feebleminded cry out in helplessness and despair.

Infernal sulphur voices declare the final day.

Hymns of the mighty. Death to the deity.

Black flame burns for the demonaeon.

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