

Disciple of the Heinous Path

Sargeist

Secrets born in me are the conjurations
Malicious mysteries-calling of the blood.
Morbid esoterics written on human skins.
Unfit for a world like this-a place of suffering.

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The covenant of pestilence
I am a soldier, a fanatic.
With a heart sworn to the Dark Lord.

My flesh is the abode of complex entities
A temple and a grave-a Chalice of His wrath
The candlelight is pouring down from a flickering flame.
Pure black energy and obscurity

The rapture of my murder.
These dark tormenting desires.
Perversion-tyranny.
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