

Unto the Undead Temple

Sargeist

So it befalls us
Unto the Undead Temple
To carry on the torch
As His chosen mouth

Ever to exalt and glorify
With a stern command
The master of all things
Veiled and obscure

Ours is to wield
The unchained with magick
In which all the forms of
His divine wrath manifests

And to be forever ordained
In dead congregation
As must the serpent ever
Shed it's skin

Unto us the glorious conquest
In spirit as in flesh
To feed upon the carnage
And feast upon your souls

As the winged beast of night
Against the doves
Ours is the right
To pick clean your bones

As reapers we come and reap we shall
For who is more ignorant in his stand
The man who can not define lightning
Or the man who does not respect it?