

## The great Necropolis / Baphomet erected

Satariel

In a season of dead lust  
In a season of agony  
Pain springs out for an aeon to rule  
The banes of our newfound gods have arrived  
As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the belows  
The world is in shadows swept,  
and only Baphomet can still erect His seed falls cold,  
for the world is now far too old Yes, our towers must fall,  
and with them we all  
These concentration camps are silent unto ears  
In neonlights they hide unseen  
We know not the name of he who has come  
But his day is the night, and darkness his light  
As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the belows  
The world is in shadows swept,  
and only Baphomet can still erect  
His seed falls cold,  
for the world is now far too old  
Yes, our towers must fall,  
and with them we all  
In the corner darkness moves for me  
The scourge that will alter eternity into days  
The suicide-culture below wants my pain  
Only to them something will remain  
As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the belows  
The lover of Tiamat is not dead,  
in secret striving for new ways of killing himself  
And by the Ancients curse our blood will soon do Kingus deed  
We'll never reach too high  
The world is in shadows swept,  
and only Baphomet can still erect  
His seed falls cold,  
for the world is now far too old  
Yes, our towers must fall,  
and with them we all  
In a collection of absolute nothingness is where to set a new breed,  
unknowing of that we still bleed  
Dead but dreaming we wait for pains aeon again...  
In their veins...