

...Where The Darkness Always Reigned

Sear Bliss

The pentagram is frozen, in your dark dreams
There are butchered christisn priests
Falling in the common grave
Blood of christ paints my face.

Disgraced godly thoughts,
Thousand believer's souls
A burning church brings me jyoy,
Many believers affection burns in there.

My dark spirit purified after an unholy blasphemy.
Frozen pentagram shines on the night of the massacre.