

The Aeschma Deava

Setherial

Awake again, the lurking beasts of chaos.
Demonic spectres; chilling winds rise from the netherworld.
Anthems of damnation, whispers through the air.
Omniscient demons, obsessed by the force of the fallen one...

Satan, demon; Horned king with fiery eyes.
Satan, dark one; Descending from the nocturnal sky.
Satan, horned lord; Conjures the age of mayhem.
The demon abyss; The empire below, the fiery realm of hell...
The messenger of Satan. I am.
My spell is the spell of damnation.
My incantation is the incantation of hell.
Beyond flesh, I am the Aeschma deava...

Death's shadows, drifts over a land forlorn.
Consternation elohim, all light devour.
Born of darkness, summoned by the hellfires.
A void of chaos, lurks upon the thresh hold of infinity...

Satan, demon; Horned king with fiery eyes.
Satan, dark one; Descending from the nocturnal sky.
Satan, horned lord; Conjures the age of mayhem.
The demon abyss; The empire below, the fiery realm of hell...
The messenger of Satan. I am.
My spell is the spell of damnation.
My incantation is the incantation of hell.
Beyond flesh, I am the Aeschma deava...

Death's shadows, drifts over a land forlorn.
Born of darkness, summoned by the hellfires.
The messenger of Satan... I am. From the demon abyss;
Amongst the chilling winds I fly...