

Scorched

Spawn of Possession

Rooted now in my own palace, the fog around me seems to clear off and vanish.

Embalmed surroundings, dormant and obscene,
I'm shining, awoken in my dreams.

I'm fleshless, I know what I must cause, destruction, I'm the fallen vanguard.

On a surface dead, not breathing, a starless dome span the horizons up above

Preserved existence, never more to sleep, heretic, blood to spill I seek.

Agony, I am it not they, governing this prelude to madness.

Blasphemous I charge for what to be.

Time for the erasing of the chains that help my soul in court to bleed.

Eternal reign, my world.

They're the flock of debris, I'm the infinite serum.

Weak they stand before me, dead shall be.

Final end, celestial flaming.

Chaos in my chamber, I'll feed them to their maker.

Weak they stand before me, dead Deity, I am the ever black risen.

From my ground, a born unbeliever, fallen once but now of the secured.

In pure mayhem, saturated.

Hold the torch up on high, I taste it, I feel it as I lower it into the soon ignited sky.

The sparks treats me with divine care.

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Weak they stand before me, dead Deity, ever black, risen.

From my ground, a born unbeliever, fallen once but now of the secured.

In pure mayhem, saturated.

Ashes and dust fulfils my ceremony, idols perished, their riches is no more and with them gone I seize my throne.

Cosmic god, this titan of the deep I have embodied and sworn to

keep.

Of all the secrets I know only one, my shadow's buried, my soul
is not.