

# He Who Rises In Might From Darkness To Light

## The Crown

Driven aggressive high speed achiever  
Hate compressed amazing race  
Mindless scorn for the wide-eyed believers  
Broken and bent before their god  
Eternal return on the wings of Satan

Victory shall turn

Dreams of satanic impulses  
Parasite shadows of sacred forms  
Sensation of obsession and vertigo  
Attraction of an abyss  
Riding on the wings of passions  
To open the soul for infernal whispers  
Different from natural drives  
Marked with a prideful bitter sorrow

Disgusting midday darkness  
Bloated drunk on ignorance  
While I thought to be flying  
I was crawling in the lowest mud  
Corruptio optimi pessima  
He who rises in might  
Shall forever fall  
Far from, far from grace

And against your will  
The more you blaspheme  
Ad maiorem dei gloriam

Deep behind that hardened face  
An animal staring out in fear  
And deep behind those animal eyes  
The slithering black shape of Leviathan  
Crawl forth the dragon of the deep

The naked will to power  
And material ways  
That shall be pierced  
By the sword and the spear

In the ultimate battle  
Fire and sacrifice  
In the inexhaustible rain  
On fields of creation

In day of doom  
One deathless stand  
Whom death has tasted  
And dies no more  
Under banners of eternal names  
When the word is lord  
To take command

Creative to the principle of destruction  
Loyal to the principle of betrayal  
Sworn to the principle of revolt

Love to the principle of hate

But when the angels of death  
Come to claim your soul  
The devil shall turn his back

And your loyal  
Sworn love shall be repaid  
With betrayal, revolt and hate  
Satan is the work of god  
The creation of evil  
For destruction of evil

So now you taste it  
Suffer  
And die  
Before you die

Satan hates  
Lucifer betrays  
Evil fades  
In evil ways  
Poor satanic suicidal  
Cowardly side of my soul  
Leave now and never return  
For you do not ever know  
What you are doing  
On the inverted and impossible way  
Here burn the souls  
Of modern generations  
Join the club  
Rest in festering slime

When malice shall be turned upon itself  
And the serpent shall devour its tail  
Lost soul scream out in panic in vain  
Hell is burning, tradition is true

The treasure of the devil  
Is pain and disgrace  
And eternal loss  
The damned and what they desire  
Shall forever be separated  
Until ye mercy shall surpass ye wrath  
Angels shall enter the flames  
To find even the smallest grain of good  
Among my smoldering remains  
To be like unto god  
Was the broken promise  
And my sole desire  
As the blessed in the heavens  
And in paradise

And the light shineth in the darkness  
But the dark comprehended it not  
So darkness is losing when winning  
And light wins even at loss

Light is truth  
Darkness, error  
The truth alone shall triumph  
And set us free  
Forever

He who rises in might  
From darkness to light