

Into Chaos We Climb

Thy Art Is Murder

Luciferian child
Grant no safe passage
In the final descension
Turn the eyes of the blind
To the portals
Gaze through the centuries
How they see their internal deception

All will bow to the mighty pariah
The call of the wolf is received
The word of the antichrist is forever
The god of your house is not the god that bleeds

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Soils of spoil
Rewards in dirt
Stales sacks of sickness
Wrenched from the earth
Process and plunder
Flesh torn asunder
Bastardous architect
Turn against the mother

Behold the truest nature of the soul
Inhale the ethers of eternal ghosts
A shadow world returns
Kingdoms of carnage burn
Savage and swine
Into chaos we climb

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The word of the antichrist is forever
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Oh son of Abacus
Beckon the storms
And smite the crippling catalyst
Unearth the pillars of Eden
From the dust of the reckoning
Consume the earth, in grand rebirth

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The god of your house is now the god who bleeds