

# 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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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