

Black Atmospheric Madness

Thyrane

I raise the chalice abode of the dead.
I'm susceptible to grimness upon the throne of odium.
Black starlighted imperio...
decorated by tears of angels and unholy victory.
Appearances through my dreams of malice,
like plague in the minds of holy sick and weak.
I'm the servant of darkest sacrilegious immortality...
Therefore i reign as the king in the palace of blasphemy.

Presence of hatred beyond possess me,
'cos i'm the one who evoke our devilish inner immortality.
Can thou become merged to these raptures of pure darkness and s
ymbolic deathcraft.
Inhale the steam of illusions to share our circle of forces voc
ation.
Feel the desolateness and grandiloquense of mystique blackness.
In the court of black atmospheric madness.

Dehumanize thy outlook of life.
Thus i deiticatify you to see behind thy christian insignifican
se.
...deplorable ignorance in order that together
we shall subdue the loss of thy soul.

Combine to my pleasures, black spiritual tendency is boundless
an dignified.
Create the sentiment about the realm,
that you rule and command thy mental image to crucify jesus chr
ist again.

On the path to hell, i will laugh to humanity,
to it's principles and pathetic formal simplicity.

My existence is black like dragons in the mythic pages from the
medieval ages.
Thee assume that i'm captured by madness...
Sheeps! You're wrong 'cos i don't dwell in submissive sadness.
In case that i could trespass the crystal walls of time, i woul
d create immemorial sacrifice.
Ad arma! Ad arma! I would lead the legions.
And virgin's miscarriage would be the shatterin part in the hum
an'shistory.

Withib the shadows of my visions, i will take my last nordic br
eath.
Hand in hand with the dead, so cold,
i sink to the depths of black atmospheric madness.