

Dawn of the Apocalypse

Vital Remains

Abbadon, by craft of extinction draping the altruist light
Ever- burning the splintered conscious
Cleansing the sickened and the trite
Azazel, by craft of contention forging our dread medium
Ever- killing all the slaving dogma
Rousing the timeless Elysium
Human abasement a viral sacrament
A world in ruin, diseases heaven sent
This is the dawning of our discontent
Purification; the passion and intent
Glorious Satan, the icon now ascends
For this is the dawning of our discontent

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We, the strong
We, the conquerors
We are dominance
We are Legion
Tiamat, by craft of malevolence granting our inspiration
Ever- noble in her violence
Scourging into completion
Fenriz, by craft of nature crushing the obstinate worm
Ever- hungry for the twilight
Lead us into victory
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