

De Profundis

Watain

Open!
Ye crypt of woe, ye depths of Death.
Where haunts the siren's wail,
Maddening and deafening.

Open!
Your heart and you might hear it to.
Pregnant with nightmares,
Beckoning you...

To and fro, the winding darkness,
Deepend gulfs and shallow graves.
Crooked is the trail
Left by the Dragon's tail

...And edged by the flesh of heroes
Who tried to slay him.
Only to die like swine at his feet.
Unto the eye of the storm
Where leads the narrow path of damnation,
The pipers dance in wicked ways...

Drawn from the depths of an abyss unclaimed,
Piercing the skies swollen with flame.
Ever shall they rise from the underground,
The defiant chords of dissonance, to shatter harmony.

Beware; that sound,
That stems from deeps profound.
The mouth of Hell,
Where thousand cunning devils dwell.

Thousand-throated tempter, what musick you make;
Melodies of malady, a spark of gasoline hearts!
And unto our enemy a dagger that ever stabs
The face of sanity and every throat it grabs...

Drawn from the depths of an abyss unclaimed,
Piercing the skies now bathing in flames.
Ever shall they rise from the underground,
The defiant chords of dissonance, to rape the symphony of god.

So loud, that sound,
Rising from under ground.
Each mouth of Hell;
Scream forth that rebel yell!

From atop the oldest bastions of madness and of mutiny,
May their grave blaze ever light our path...
For have they not made us see the burning heavens?
The beacons of rebellion. And the return of angry, angry, angry Gods?