Total Funeral

At first a noisome pack I am the rancid mark that devours making man Once upon a whimpering babe I am the murderer's hand that wields the blade of regicide Oh Babylon thou harlot Succubus of a thousand suitors I am the foetid stench of thy burning hag's embrace A perverse incubation I am the olive branch corrupt with venomous asps

Totalt funeral Desolate one Total funeral Total death

Around their neck the noose draws tight A knot of thorns felling holy men and kings I am the vile countenance of the gibbet's grasp

Of what was wrought and where was spent the seed I am the black spider, the splinter within our minds Fill your mouth with the foul earth Suffocate on the souls I am the messiah of famine and (f)lies Grim brilliance in frost Desolation made flesh I am the son of darkness and death

Total funeral Desolate one Total funeral Total death!

Watain