

## Total Funeral

Watain

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

Total 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!