

# Ancient Ceremony, Seed of Evil

See the storm forth  
like the dancing Flames of immortal Fire  
Feel them burn Thy Soul  
Now enter Purgatory!

Oh Scorpion in Azazel's haunted Realm  
with deadly Sting fulfill our Lust  
May Thou find the beating Hearts in their Breasts

Woe to Thee - but where to flee?  
There is no Place to hide  
from the Seed of Evil

Horned Entity, carry our Sins with Pride  
as we shall do in that star-filled Night  
when Babalon's Resurrection is gloriously set to be held  
Born again from Scarlet Woman's precious Womb  
as Insignium of Hate

Woe to Thee - but where to flee?  
There is no Place to hide  
from the Seed of Evil

Sand licks the Blood not less than seven Times  
My damned Children they awake  
from a Sleep that seemed eternally  
Whilst Desert's pestilential Winds  
spread from the East  
Nine-headed Hydra's Disease  
to crawl the Holy Lands

&quot;Thou shall be Feast for the Worms!&quot;

My Breed, these Harbingers of Death  
on destinuous Wings do ride  
Captured Souls are a mortal Meal  
consumed with deepest Delight  
consumed by the Seed of Evil