

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

"Thou shall be Feast for the Worms!"

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