

Arknon Infaustus, Annunciation To The Holy Gho

Divine sending of angles into the sanctiest apocryphal lines
A book of death for those who have journeyed onto the other world
Out of the desert it arose the vibe core of chaos
Help of God. AIDS of men
I have read the book in total blackness
With eyes that read for the first time
The ritualistic wheel of the Satanists
Magister of the multitude
Ordering the deepest fears
Obeying the dirtiest fires
Out of the seas it arose, the beast that reigns over men
Help of God. AIDS of men
Gathered in crime
Angels laid on earth
The spirit in numbers
A failure of the sacred
One arcane. One failure
Murders of the fourth
A birth of infamy
Those who punish
Have sent a son
The annunciation to the holy ghost
And then the silence before the annunciation
A curving of time and space
The ghost has lost his shadow
I enter now for I have no fear nor doubts
I follow the God that makes no sound
The ghost that speaks not
Consecration through nudity
Eastern fires to the west
And when the beasts toned, voices out of the silence
A rape under heaven, he is none and he is all
I have read the book in total blackness
With eyes that read for the first time
The ritualistic wheel of the Satanists
Constellations that shines behind death