

Arknon Infaustus, Narcotic Angels Terminal Apos

Out of the gutter they rise, the rats follow their God
A child without a soul wounded from torn apart archangel glorious wings
Hypnotic purity, kneel attrition makes you closer to your inner God
All born whores before God to serve Satan, with their lips morality confesses the weak
Cunts turned to the master, goat horns profane
All born rats to Satan, follow the sweeter sound of bathing in sin
All born rats before us to reign supreme in Hell forever

Out of the dark flesh they rise, the gods follow the rats
A God bearing a son wounded from torn apart, demons horny body
Impious oblivion, risen from among the weak, the young dealer plays and lead

The pied piper breeds another kind, another blood
With all and without name he stands before the Lord, the grand beast of flesh
Now we see, now we follow the tides of plague
Now we hear, now we lament the sounds of pleasure

And there he stands among the crowd, the horned God sucked by the whore and her son

Dark ceremonial, high whore led mass
All fuck among the dead in the nave of the black cathedral
Communion in filth, blessings from the seminal shrine
Thorns deep into the flesh in the nave of the black cathedral

Shaped without sensed, geometric madness, maze of the living, glory from Hell
Brain distorted, narcotic archangels, betray their God, reversal reverence
Here among the ashes of this world's morality, assembled from filth the rats become lords
A council of foul gods in filth we believe, living under humans from among you now we arise