

# Cryptopsy, Crown Of Horns

Capricornus Rex in tenebris  
I long to feel the dark caress  
Of your cloven hooves;  
I seek the loving warmth of your anus  
As I place my worshipful  
Lips about your teats.

We hate, and so we gather  
By the light of the moon;  
The art of veneficium...  
This we learned from you...  
To make them grieve in their lord,  
Their redeemer in flames  
Fanned by the scorn of the children  
Who now curse his name.

Sire of sin,  
You embody me  
Undivine...  
To you we congregate;  
None so vile,  
Your magnificent  
Crown of horns  
Inspires deeds maleficent.

Destroy the parasite [x3],  
Destroy Jesus Christ.

They'll crawl in their perdition,  
The righteous will be lost  
Where gutted angels lie fucked...  
Beneath the feunral cross;  
We'll dig them a mass grave soon,  
And bring to their knees  
Those who would have rescinded  
The laws of disease.

"The children have turned",  
The cherubs wail,  
As anticross triumphs  
Where the cross has failed.

Hell-spawned majesty, we eagerly  
Await the advent of the  
Next millennium  
When you will return with a swarm from  
Beyond to claim your carnal  
Lost dominion.