

# Grand Belial's Key, The Holocaust Trumpeter

[Music: Gelal / Lyrics: The Black Lourde of Crucifixion, Gelal]

Forth from deadly Apocalypse...  
Rips the crier  
Gallop fast on a steed that reeks rabid of blood.

Forth from daemon throne  
Blowing funeral wind throughout the worlds of time  
Blasting morbid exequies!

Forth from all that is unholy  
Whistling the reap of Satanic fury  
Purest Ambassador of Armageddon!

At the blessed grotto  
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!

Pestilent nightmare visitation  
Envenom the Christ Child's crib  
Passionate plague, a profanation  
Commanded from beyond to kill!

Ghastly seduction through famine  
Rape the nuns at the scalding convent.  
Set to flame a blaze of war  
And conquer the cowardice of God!

At the blessed grotto  
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!

Immersed in a cloud of smoke  
Rising from a pile of burning bibles  
Words of a holy fable turn rapidly into debris!

The refuge of the spineless  
Adorned with diseased art  
Burned and free of the Christian chains!

Cast down thy tender look  
Upon the flock of God  
Touch the cicatrix of the piercing blade!

At the blessed grotto  
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!

Religious malady cured  
Which once forced me to kneel  
At the blessed grotto the sheep  
begin to shriek.

At the blessed grotto  
The Holocaust Trumpeter appeals our power!