

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!