

Kult Ov Azazel, In The Plagued Realm

Arise...

This force is pulling me
Of what should and will not be

In this world
The hate will fill
The truth above
To what is real

Abandon me
Embrace me
Destruction
And laughter

I will see entrancement in your eyes
For with thy might comes forth to dominate this world

Envision
The Wisdom
This cursed soul
Years for the end

Shadows take the dark form in your eyes
There must be, and shall be blood on the plagued

No, It can't be
The spirit world of forgotten wars
March through the burning flames of cries
In this ecstasy of pain (the horned one prevails)
Called life

Black Death
Dominate
Chaos
Forgotten Realm

Why, me
The black force of illusions are pulling and scratching me

I stand bleeding
In the veins of our mother scorched