

Kult Ov Azazel, To the Cold Beyond

In the winds of obscurity
Bring forth the dungeon that the unclean spirits can claim
I want the key to the portals that made my insanity

I know the halls of fire will guide me

An abstract reality

The voices whisper and swirl past me like a black trip of ecstasy

I live for the fire and blasphemy

Within a land possessed by horror

Take my hand and come with me
The unholy ruins will read our black destiny

We will vomit in the face of the holy
(The burning cries)
Deception and lies will become your own enemy

The truth is obvious
Death is our sign above
We will be victorious
To the cold beyond