Naglfar, Of Gorgons Spawned Through Withcraft

Enter! Daughters of death, seducers from the limbonic kingdom
Angels of hell, their lips speak of perdition
Inhaling searing ashes of their temples burning bright
False prophets and purity, succumb to the daughters of night
Twisting feeble seraphs, they are screaming as they fall
In tearing pain their souls are reaped by their nocturnal call

They rejoice as they watch into the cauldrons of protracting pain,
Where in fallen souls burn and their bastard spawn shall reign
Retaliatoal queens, vengeful whores of the abyss
Crush the celestial splendour to satan's delight

Of gorgon's spawned through witchcraft
Forged by the very essence of hell
Of gorgons spawned through witchcraft
Graced by the venomous plagues that course within their veins

Gaze into the fires of hell, drink the blood from the devil's well
Now you sleep where the demon's dwell
And as your funeral bell knells
You're left petrified and doomed to watch the...

...Grimmest forms of torture, you try to scream but your lips are numb
Agonizing deathcries, the earth bleeds before the gorgons' reign

As blood besmears the light
You're under a spell that leads to eternal sleep
You fall into the deep, the eastern gorgons have come to reap...