

Watain, The Golden Horns Of Darash

All ysop burnt, all fruits are poisoned
Zaddik failed and Zebaoth lost,
The lambs are banished, the temple is soiled
March on white ruin, infernal host

So come forth, Lord of the triple number
Rise, oh trinity of DEATH, DEATH and DEATH
Burn this vermin world in its most deep slumber
And to all of Sheob, give the sulphur breath

Blacken all their ghastly colours
And freeze to scorn their charity warmth
Smear our sin to their most pure innocence
And nail them all to the cross!!!

For they live to die, we die to live
Our beginning is their end!
While they fall with twelve, we rise with seven
So wake the astral serpent by Thy pale hand!!!

All ysop burnt, all fruits are poisoned
Adonai failed and Elohim lost
The lambs are slaughtered, our temple shines golden
Crawl on your ruin, seraphic host ...

And my tongue speaks ancient names
Forbidden psalms above the flames
My heart pumps but void into my veins
My puls runs slow, too slow for chains
For chains that tie me down to earth
For chains that keep up this organic curse

...for I see horns...
...golden horns...
...for I see horns...
...HORNS!!!!!!!!!!...