

# 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!!!!!!!!!!...