

Abaddon Incarnate, The Sharing Of Thoughts With

Starlight filters through the trees
I am rapt in twisted taught
I wander to the ancient tomb amidst the stinking fog
Beneath the moon upon a tomb entranced in a black daze
I seek forbidden truths that lie beyond the grave

Dark minds were born to suffer
Beneath the lies of the white Christ
Be free among the dead ancients
Mind meld with the unholy rot

Sometimes I hear them moaning deep within their vaults
Starving, lonely, pathetic bastards infected with the rot
But if I spend long enough in this morbid trance
They begin to see my magic and I become their God