

Abigor, Supreme Immortal Art

Shivers herald an upcoming possession
The urges to create set us ablaze
Demonic art sacrificed to the night
A monument of malicious sonority
The most precious gift for the everlasting cycle
For the beginning and the end
For the comprehensive darkness
For master Satan and ourselves
Millions of insignificant existences
Exceeded by our tones supreme
Melodies older than mortality
Enormous as death itself
The chosen ones have command of the language
That needs neither mouth nor words
Our minost soul transformed into notes
We are element as well as entirety
So what is paradise if not hell