

Angel Corpse, Smoldering in Exile

Chaos infinite- majesty of execration
Squatting proud upon the throne of abomination
Death profane burns bright- supreme
Consuming foetid flesh of the nazarene

Rites of scourge- immolated flesh
Imbibe the sorrow storm of impiety
A serpent entwined in the horns of the goat
Of withered angels wretched debris

Smoldering...

Tyrant of solitude and desolate beauty
The scaled and blooded claws of the mighty
A king for kings to victory betrothed
Vestige of mercy with filth befouled

Winged shadow simulacrum
Tenebrous dirge- ensanguined drums of war
Iron, blood and blasphemy affirmation
With grinning sepulchre as altar

He who leaps the loftiest of mountains
Pride and proscription now abhorred
Smoldering in exile- eternal
Azazel: awful lord
The flesh of Besz- venom of Apophrasz
The Dragon steed of the Scarlet Fornicatrix
Behold magnificence: Mega Therion
Six hundred and sixty six

An iron helm on horned brow crowning
A warlord wreathed bold with lightning
Obsidian splendor- of starless purity
The bringer enflamed of dawns and destiny

Of strength, cloven stature and wisdom unknown
The wellspring from which all blasphemies flow
The sadistic triumph for which I yearn
The mighty inferno in which I burn...

Smoldering in exile