

# Arghoslent, Defile The Angelic

Upon these vile remains of Christ  
I hold the lance that pierced the fool  
His true meaning withheld in a shroud of lies  
Recite nine times the antique rite

His majestic hands  
Poised before the weeping Jew  
Unto the veil of sin...

A fine of gold to those who fall  
Transfix the lamb to hail my king  
Equal sons in benevolent rule  
All sprang forth from the well of life

Up from the primordial swamps of one million years ago  
Unto the highest mountain peaks with all life spread below  
A vision of all the world  
With its nations and races and tribes  
The mosaic of human life with some not meant to sanctify  
Trails of ancestors past, foretell of a destiny  
Forgotten words and archetypes, the laws by which we see

Defile the angelic...

We march to divinity with our destiny in our wings  
Over desolate lands of earth and sand where the chosen Jews were raised  
Praise thee, hymns of archaic lore foretell of a time to be  
Evolving forth into the light, forging a new destiny  
Through ice and through snow, through darkness and light,  
The ferocity of the struggle attests to the might

Defile the angelic...

A vibrant force greets the dark  
The end-time battles commence  
Blood shed in a great cleansing flow  
The banner of tradition and order stands proud once again...