

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...