

Arknon Infaustus, The Fifth Inquisitor

Let them all come to me, infamous lethargy
Bestowing the black scourge upon all abominations
The red light of abhorrence shines and turns the vaults into heavens
Cursing from the pool of mutilation we adore the birth of those chosen soulless

Suffering archangel, sacrament of the suicidal door
Bless the whore lust divine, concrete concept of Satan

Rebellions illumination where once stood the eternal light of emptiness
And I call upon all redeemers, the grand scourge of revelations
The altar reveals the black bishop, obscene and grotesque pantomime
Holding the dead child with greed, he stands and claims the rights of the flesh

Hear the riders hurt in the three locks of the circle
I am the claws of the filth, prophesying the past
Praying for mercy, receiving the absurd flesh before it's ghastly fecundation
And they all come to me, and answers resounds in nothingness
For the fifth inquisitor has arrived

Decayed tides of glory reappears from remnants of the black plague
And the hollow spirits trapped in carnal memories rebel
Caricatures of angels smile with disgust on the stained glass windows
To offer grotesque understanding to the gathered ones

Here come from the scars of eternal war perverse mihole ian'b
From the once dead now alive one is broken the seventh seat
In rapture his skin become the key to the bottomless pit
Death always comes too late to the ones suffering pain

Angels of sickness blow into each of the horns
Raising the cult of abominations of the read sea
Rising the judge, drinking the vials of revelation
The wine of whoredom reeks the filth that scarves us

Followed by King Abaddon I will destroy the open book
And tear down the voice of the mighty one
As all with admire my arts, the scourge will follows the twice horned lamb
And set my name to total adoration hearing the words spoken by my icons
They drink from the never healing wound upon the purest of my heads