

Blackmass, Phantoms

Putrefactus dominus miseris
I spread wide my wings
As they were sharp razors
Cutting the midnight sky
And With the terror of my sign
I impale all the angel's forms
I am your phantom
I raise the dead
Devourers of the living
For my phantoms exceed
The number of the living
Delivering the fear and pain
To the holy ones
Enslaving the God's creation
Under my evil spell
Let the curtains fall at the opera
To start the last act of abomination
To raise all the curses and plagues
Phantoms... tenebrae mundi!
(Tempesta mundi et meduum)
We are phantoms
To the world fear our names
Ennobling the Infernal One
To destroy this world
We finally came
Imaginis tenebrae, daemonis inferi
Nulli fortunae adhaerebat animus
Actum est de... Luciferi!
Aliquid a fundamentes delere
Animae silentes... Strix!
Let the curtains fall at the opera
To start the last act of abomination
To raise all the curses and plagues
Curse upon curse
An ocean of blood inwardly
A farfetched saviour in panic
Throbbing in thrall in my claws
Phantoms... tenebrae mundi!
A bloody choir of revenge
The phantoms from infernal realm
At the opera the horror show will start
And the Christian's lies will die
Phantoms... tenebrae mundi! Phantoms!