Bloodbath, At The Behest Of Their Death

The advent of christ shall matter not to us
abortus bastard, our nemesis be gone
Yearning to entice the cowardice in our enemy
so hasten the plague when all the rate shall come

Kings from the east
wise but three
Plotting for the prophecy of the unborn saviour
of bottomless descent
To reap what was sown as the virginborn
at the behest of their death

Enraged in hate
wreaking havoc
In the name of sheol
defeating whatever may stand in our way

Our diabolical anthem so foul to their ears
gospel of dissonance
Pernicious cacophony
bewildered apostles beseeching for repent

Chanting the name of the accuser
unrevealed is the face of a dog
Nocturnal is the lapse of the earth
empire of the cross defeated before birth

Curse the son
condemn the epitome
Hierarchy of scum
evangelists dragged through the pits ordeal

Salvation repelled
unbless the purity
Infuriate the mad
the influx of calvary spewed upon souls

Deities raped by the wind of perdition
mutiny to dynasty
So splendidly elite
an ode to atrocities echoes to the sun
Transcend absolution
a grandeur complete