

# Celtic Frost, Ain Elohim

Lay thy hand on the neck of thine enemies.  
Devour their flesh with thy sword.  
Bring down the slain from among thine adversaries.  
They shall fall to rise no more.  
Tetragrammaton.  
Thy wrath inflame my passion.  
Tetragrammaton.  
Against all sinful flesh.  
Let thy wrath consume all of thine enemies.  
Scourge them with flames of fire.  
Lay thy feet on the pile of those slain by thy mysteries.  
We shall be cleansed by their blood.  
Thus said the Lord: I am Sabaoth.  
Feel my holy wrath.  
I am glorified.  
I cannot be denied.  
I am he who is.  
Punishment for wickedness.  
I am the one you dread.  
You are as good as dead.  
There is no God but the one that dies with me.  
I have no life but the one I take with me to the grave.  
We come into this world alone.  
And we will die on our own.  
I live.  
I die.  
Ain Elohim.