Celtic Frost, Triptych: Synagoga Satanae

Internalized conflict externalized as war.
Hymning thy rebellion Lucifer morning star.
Bringer of light, forever shrouded by night.
I am hell, a sulphurous lake of fire and suffering.
My blackened heart is a writhing mass of poisonous snakes.
Grotesquely slithering as I slowly shed my dying skin.
In darkness.
Thou shalt come unto me.
In darkness.
Thou shalt worship me.
In darkness.
Thou art mine eternally.
Thy curse.
All of my lies.
Be blessed.
Lord of the flies.
Scapegoat.
Shunned and despised.
My church is my sacrifice.
Follow after me into the halls of my damnation.
I wield death like a scythe, reaping my annihilation.
A monarch enthroned upon my throne of guilt.
I am hell, a barren shrine to decay and neglect.
Uninhabitable, the darkened depths of cold empty space.
My necropolis, the catacombs and tombs of disease.
Monumental, the fallen temple of dead deities.
My necrolog, an eternal curse lost in the abyss.

Et vidi de mare bestiam ascendentem.
Habentem capita septem et cornua decem.
Et super cornua eius decem diademata et super capita eius nomina blasphemiae.
Rise.
Synagoga Satanae.
Lies.
Lucifuge Rofocale.

Absoluter Hllenzwang.
Mein infernaler Opfergang.
Ein auferstanden Ungetier.
Festgenagelt tief in mir.

Ich allein bin mein.
Ein nichts.
Verdorben mein Name.
Mein Leid mein Reich.
Mein Wille mein Fluch.
ber mich und auer mir.
Tglich hungert mein Leib.
Und drstet meine Seele aufs Neue.
Ich trage die Schuld.
Wie ich ertrage die Beschuldigungen.
Ich bin in Versuchung.
Und kenne keine Erlsung.
Denn mein ist das Leid.
Die Wut.
Und das Streben.
Bis zum Tod.
Amen.

Bow down before thy lord below.
I shall rise.
I shall rule in blasphemy.
And in the end when thou art mine thou will be like me.
In saecula saeclorum.

In stagnum ignis et sulphuris.