

# Equinox Ov The Gods, The Temple Of The Worms

Welcome, friends to feast upon the mighty bowels of God - the late  
In putrid stench our supper is served - rejoice and rejuvenate.  
Eat the sins - the rotten flesh. Devour what's left behind.  
Erected is our temple grand on plagued ground in your mind.

Far from sunlight and deep within the womb of mother earth.  
The moldy tombs. The dark, damp, rooms where we, deceased, are given  
birth.

We praise the sick - the king of death. We salute the lord of germs.  
Erected is our temple grand - the Temple of the Worms.

Inner Sanctum - Sanctum Sanctorum  
Where flies do gather  
The Temple of the Worms

Chime the Bells!  
The Temple of the Worms