

Grand Belial's Key, Foul Parody of the Lord's Supper

[Music: Gelal / Lyrics: The Black Lourde of Crucifixion]

Myth once told of an earth born King;
A theurgic bind of spirit and flesh
And so it is parable to those with strength;
The galant psalms and pageantry are lost in space!

Foul Parody of the Lord's Supper
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At the table bread was broken
Crimson contract proffer swill
Gather friends and good disciples
To witness figment tales...

No rewards with natural treasures
But with sickly suffering;
And our Kingdom doth be paradise
void of pleasantries!

Foul Parody of the Lord's Supper
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Myth again told of that earth born pig!
Barking abjuration whilst hammered to the wood
And so it stays parable to hearts with strength
As we sleep in bold comfort in our hell on earth!

"As the cock crows thrice I'll be denied,
forsworn by one of you.
And for the sake of prophecy,
summoned to my lot."

By blood... Resurrection?
By body... Redemption?
By God... Domination?
By Pilate... Crucifixion!

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