

# Hollenthon, Premonition - Lex Talionis

Stank lagoons with grasping claws a serpent have released  
From dungeons of despair and farce to feast on brackish hearts

The walls a tint of crimson fierce speak of vacant names  
Beheld by missive magot-pies, prophetic in their crow

In vested misery, thy devils damn thee black  
Not all great Neptune's oceans may ever cleanse your robes

For Weyward Sisters guide the hand, the hand that held the scythe  
To lands undiscerned in tongue, Cimmerians have roamed

Infidels of tawny hue cannot hide behind  
The cross that bore a bastard child and reigns in fiery fear

No ends of earth may stifle choirs oracular from magot-pies  
Perched upon a hungry vault to witness serpent's jaws

Mandibles, sabre-lined, ruthless tear through flesh  
Grant the mercy shown to those in dungeons of the past

Forsaken hymn cacophonous concluded long and drawn  
To realms of stank lagoons retreats Leviathan to find repose