

Intestine Baalism, Born But Buried, I Can See The

[I.]

mistress lilith, the master of fear
let me die, a release from the original sin
in the lowest place i am buried... dark and cold
but the time has come... shall we all be damned?

[II.]

i saw the most inhuman rite
obsessed fanatics, entranced by voodoo spells
raptured feast, supper
ritual of descent, sodomize the sanctities

[III.]

i feel the need of the dream
i whispered to imagine the warmth
i drowned in the whirlpools of deadly conflicts

[IV.]

in the lowest place i am buried... dark and cold
isolated, i can't see the light... born but buried
the moon of sorrow, she has its darkland... banshee of doom cry
bonded by hate, raped by greed, with misery and pain

[V.]

i drain my blood for all sins... darkness, he has seen my end
i shed my body for all beggars... decayed in the ground
...feel no mercy, i prostrate
marching shadows, awakening of the void... may god have mercy on us
in the eden of the damned i saw an illusion... or was it a truth?
there is nothing but butchery in my vision

[VI.]

the time has come... death only knows
the gate of hell awaits beyond the realm of humanity
fate has decreed that blasphemy should be done
all of us will be butchered by the hands of glory
restless torment, no return
echoed in the voices of insanity
isolated, a can't see the light
made extinct by the void of obscurity

[VII.]

they collapse in helplessness
i know i am the messiah so i must subject them all with tortures
restless torment, no return
echoed in the voices of insanity
born but buried, i can't see the light
a am made immortal by the obscurity