

# 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