

Necrodeath, Sauthenerom

The Ancient is, the Ancient was, the Ancient will
From the dawn of times, in primordial chaos
Called Naxyr in every centre of infinity
The gods swim in shapeless water of darkness

Void of Naxir
The great abyss
Reveals the grand illusion of shape
Idolize the greater glory
...SAUTHENEROM...

Yog-Sothoth, the shapeless demon, the master's shape
He kills and laughs with his mortal coil
His face a pile of iridescent spheres,
The shape is evil for evils and pure for purees

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This is the time, primordial dark
Hastur lives in fire
Nyarlathotep, the messenger
Kadath the unknown, caused the uncontrolled desire
...The seven stars are burning higher...
The son must born from himself
Flame is red by blood
The nine is black, dream and dream
The seven skies, home of anger's God
...The key is concealed in yourself power...
Ritual of Aangohr begins with lust and pain
Not forgives who's near and haunts his mind
One hundred flames are spirit in my brain
In death I will diminish then arise
The time is now I fall apart in death
Where my hands touch the hearts of lies
Two in one, one in two emerges
Fall into God's cue and die

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