

Pentacle, Prophet Of Perdition

Created before creation, the mother of all wars
Indicement against purity, the father of impiety
War-lusting spirits, embodied in flesh and soul
Marching through the gate of agony and trample down life's gift
A deity without a mortal form,
craving for insanity pure
A struggle within the soul,
consuming dignity as a whole
The roaring without sound
penetrates the void unknown
Possessing the sanctum of innocence,
riding the infernal winds
It's the bearer of seed of what is being called "war";
It's the voice without any sound
It's the thought which drives one insane
It's the hand which ends your reign
Now, you've reached the point
where no humanity is left
A servant of utmost extremities
is what you have become at last
The horrors of insanity
The acts of inhumanity
The bestial thoughts of a war-torn mind
The indifference of a destructive kind
Worshipping the realm of war and serving it with all your might
Through iron and lead you'll proclaim the word of terror and fright
Bearer of the Seed