

Watain, The Serpent's Chalice

Wings of Satan, orb my heart!
It burns with love for you.
And it is ready now, to receive thee.
Claws of darkness, tear my soul!
For I have chosen the night
and branded its seal into my flesh.
Lead me to the catacombs
where light of neither sun nor moon
disturbs the dark in vaults,
possessed by molten evil manifest.
There I shall kiss the goat and piss on god.
Sundering the molecules that bind
this world together with me.

An abortion of the cosmic bride,
shunned like death and cast aside.
Cross starless skies now let us ride...

A spear of fire staked the skies.
The graves sprung open.
The chains that sealed the hungry deeps
had now been broken.

Open now, abode of Satan's powers!
Where the shells of evil burn
the very eyes of god,
and the womb of the world.
It is from this wellspring of blazing death
that light is flowing, forceful...
Into the gleaming vessel of my Self.
And thus I am filled
with the waters of Styx.
Kingus blood.
The Bane of god.

Yes I become the serpents chalice
and the power it bestows.
A wisdom that exceeds Death.
Virtues that all laws oppose.
Firmly upheld amidst the horns aflame.
Man and God, in fire one and same.

Black flames from the deeps aspire,
as in the chambers of my hearts desire,
I limn thy brilliant potency in fire.