

Deathstorms Raid the Earth

Azarath

The eye of eternal eclipse is burning
And reflects the essence of the truth.
The prophets sing their songs of glory
And the shroud of sorrow covers the Earth.

Trumpets herald the end of the time and signs,
Damned graves are opening for resurrection.
The funeral march hand in hand to the other side,
Closer to kiss bloody razor of the scythe.

Stench of death, corpses decay - ritual begins.
Chalice of blood, fires of black - the gate stands open
wide!

Stretched womb of Hell gives birth to the flies,
Throne of goat rises upon the world of bones.

Cemetery orgies, rites of perversity.
Venom of damnation penetrates the virtue's flesh.
Rotten ashes of darkness, rites of profanation.
The dead have awakened from the ritual sleep.

Trumpets herald the coming of the tyrant -
The abhorrent messenger of the poisoned worlds.
His gifts as salt of scorn deep in the wounds.
From the holy pleasures of pain into the secrets of
death.

Stretched womb of Hell gives birth to the flies,
Throne of goat rises upon the world of bones.
The gate stands open wide!