

## Ode To Pazuzu

### Black Funeral

Wings of disease, trapped in stone  
Stone carved from nightmares  
Pazuzu, primal egregore of man's suffering  
I call your name, and carve your image in my flesh  
Lord of plagues, river of the northern winds  
You stare at humanity through your glass cage  
Brought from Assyria to the city of Lights  
Your energy radiating from the Louvre pyramid  
A pestilence set out to destroy human life  
In a world made of glass and concrete  
The flesh is so weak, so easy to corrupt  
Ripped by your infected fangs and claws  
Lord Pazuzu, spread sickness in the heart of men  
Spread fear and terror in the soul of Jehovah's chosen  
ones  
Feed me through your frozen wild eyes  
Now I can bring the sickness in the heart of men