

# Sulphur And Blood

## Evocation

From rotten infections  
The worm consumes our souls  
With toxin injections  
Our truth becomes so wicked  
And on and on it goes  
Sulphur and blood  
Mirrors and gods  
Found them bound inside  
My friend, serpentine skull  
As the dose inflicts our faith  
And its strength resolves our veins  
The soul of a horned serpent mind  
We serve the pentagram tonight  
The weakened resistance  
The snake reroute our show  
Our naked reflections  
Our truth is found in filth  
Beyond all sane, it burns