

Angel of Disease

Morbid Angel

Your plastic souls melt within cauldron's burning black
Chanting to the Ancient Ones, chants of broken lines
Kneel before the alter, sacrifice is made
It is pleasing to the ones most ancient of the days
They call the prince of disease, messenger of the Absu
Carry through the icy winds our curse upon their church
Hanging helpless above the pentagram
Sacrifice swings within leather noose
Sing the ancient hymn that makes the Abso roll
Raise the rusty knife, let loose the blood of Kingu
Sudden death throws off the balance that's within the sky
Priest calls forth infernal names to the ones beyond the gate
Angel of disease one who shuns the light
Shub Niggurath goat with one thousand young
Praise the beast, the chanting grew
Praise the beast with virgin blood
Praise the beast with soul and mind
Praise the beast and show the sign
Bind their kings in iron chains
Execute the judgement for them
Come and taste the fleshy pleasures
Orgies of endless time
Beneath the rolling for hate ignites their eyes
>From their graves the dead rise to answer Nammtar's call
On a twisted cross the virgin corpse hangs
They blacken out the sun and burn the elder gods
Morbid priest calling forth
Abominations of the sky
Kutulu meets in the void
Ancient Ones rule once more