

The Sign of Wrath Awaked

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Landscapes below, besmeared with angels blood,
And rivers filled with tears from grim tortuer acts;
That dwells within the cold dungeon chambers.
The agony of damned souls frozen the dim night.

What can better than to dwell here, driven out of bliss,
In this abhorred deep to utter woe.
Where the inextinguishable flames must forever burn.
Without hope or end...
As a great furnace flamed, yet from those flames.
No light, but darkness visible...
A fire so high; mighty and as a scythe sears the sky...
Brings scars in the face of god.
They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss.
Outrageous as sea, dark, wasteful, wild.
Up from the bottom turned by furious and surging winds;
As mountains to assault heavens height.

In the sign of Hell, the blood of angels enslaved.
In the sign of the horned, where peace never can dwell.

They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss.
Outrageous as sea, dark, wasteful, wild.
Up from the bottom turned by furious and surging winds;
As mountains to assault heavens height.

"The gate is open and I command my disciples
To come forth from the pits of hell, and to grasp the kingdom
Of god with the infernal powers of darkness..."

So spake the voice, and clouds began to darken the hills
And smoke to roll in sudky wreaths, reluctant flames;
The sign of wrath awakened...

Before the gate there sat on each side two formidable shapes in
The gloom, two hounds of hell; with wide ceberean jaws.
The sign of wrath awaked...