

Southeast from the palace of god
Amongs the fire torrid wastelands of Sheol
Where the tower of Baphomet stands
Sorrounded by the oceans of insanity and terror
Obscure and cruel messages
Tormenting spiritual radiation
Causing the legions of the Dead to arise
And have the power over the living

Fallen cradle to crack the Earth open
I call to Thee! I kneel to Thee!
Heed my prayers mighty One
Invoke from the bowels of nailed messiah
Rise to flare out with darkness
The One wear the Serpent's crown
The one wear the Serpent's crown
Rise to flare out of dark
Followers of the primeval sin dogma
Burning in ashes piece by piece
Suicide is the best way to stay alive
In the time of no time
Age of mourning has come
The conquest is granted when the black Sun shines
When you awake the Earth ends in fire