

From The Pulpits of Abomination

Watain

No less real than those whose voices echoes through the starless abyss
No less cruel their nature, no less harmful their intent
Of sinful seed, of soiled womb, circling the five wings throughout eternities

And in a tomb beneath the pyramid of faith, as a crown lain at their feet
Behold the pillaged and impure remains of a god who failed
Guarded by the giant pillars to be moved by the Devil alone
For they are the stones of the throne of christ which He swallowed
and exhaled unto earth as his own!

ICHTUS!

Thine gills art dried!
Iesous Christos Theou Uios Soter
Where there was heart shall be vertebra
...For your children have been led astray!

ICHTUS!

Quench thine thirst with my urine
Warm as love it shall rinse through the salt in your lungs
For the thirst of the desert strangles all senses
Tempted art thou and noone can resist Him...
None!

For what is the worth of a godless prophet whose tounge since long has dried
,
in completeness bereft from grace?
Through milleniums tormented by the eternal eye and it's piercing vigilance
Doomed to fail, for what hope can you ignite in their forsaken hearts?
When in deluge thou art fallen, your scriptures are altered and your doctrine
rewritten in blood?

What unity in tribes long scattered?
What glory and hope in a cross that is shattered?
Hark! The mourning wails of defeat echoes throughout centuries!

The horns of the baphomet in the wounds of jesus thrice
An alligeance of flesh and steel, unto which titan altar we all kneel
Hark! The reversed words of Yahwe from the pulpits of abomination!

See him now possessed and reborn, the fallen messiah alight
At the burning crest of the serpent's spiral smiling in confusion
Fear all ye faithful for no longer on his forehead a crown of thorns
In the shadow of the bloodstained cross Christ has risen... with horns!

ICHTUS!

Iniquitys mystery revealed!
Iesous Christos Theou Uios Soter
Where there was thorns shall be the horns of a goat
For neither in life or in death are they absent!

ICHTUS!

The greatest of creations laid to waste!
Malformed and depraved limbless nothingness son of a whore
Two nails in your hands for both father and son
And in the dirt of your feet piercing the holy spirit