

In a spectrum of darker fantasies  
I absorbed the myriad auras  
With delusions harnessed in twisted solace  
The planets stepped down in pure homage  
For each of time I have cast the dice  
Beneath perfectly euclidean constellations  
My face is lined with sol's demise  
And agonised through His transformations  
Unearthly... netherwordly  
Virtuous is every sin to meI master the crafts of dying  
In all of its sordid serenity  
I find life worth defying  
My contempt is for those in a dead human shell  
Netherwordly... unearthly  
Harboured I became in the shelter of His name  
Forever fedwith the ceremonial gloom  
The wawes of inferno are my sword, suffering is my shield  
The might of Hell is my guide on this endless slaughterfield  
The omnipotent colours of Armageddon are scathing indeed  
And the displayed, severed head of the Nazarene  
A skull undressed of all skin, isn't it ravishing?