

# The Fifth Inquisitor

Arkhn Infaustus

Let them all come to me, infamous lethargy  
Bestowing the black scourge upon all abominations  
The red light of abhorrence shines and turns the vaults into heavens  
Cursing from the pool of mutilation we adore the birth of those  
chosen soulless

Suffering archangel, sacrament of the suicidal door  
Bless the whore lust divine, concrete concept of Satan

Rebellions illumination where once stood the eternal light of emptiness  
And I call upon all redeemers, the grand scourge of revelations  
The altar reveals the black bishop, obscene and grotesque pantomime  
Holding the dead child with greed, he stands and claims the rights of the flesh

Hear the riders hurt in the three locks of the circle  
I am the claws of the filth, prophesising the past  
Praying for mercy, receiving the absurd flesh before it's ghostly fecundation  
And they all come to me, and answers resounds in nothingness  
For the fifth inquisitor has arrived

Decayed tides of glory reappears from remnants of the black plague  
And the hollow spirits trapped in carnal memories rebel  
Caricatures of angels smile with disgust on the stained glass windows  
To offer grotesque understanding to the gathered ones

Here come from the scars of eternal war perverse mihole ian'b  
From the once dead now alive one is broken the seventh seat  
In rapture his skin become the key to the bottomless pit  
Death always comes too late to the ones suffering pain

Angels of sickness blow into each of the horns  
Raising the cult of abominations of the read sea  
Rising the judge, drinking the vials of revelation  
The wine of whoredom reeks the filth that scarves us

Followed by King Abaddon I will destroy the open book  
And tear down the voice of the mighty one  
As all with admire my arts, the scourge will follow the twice  
horned lamb  
And set my name to total adoration hearing the words spoken by

my icons

They drink from the never healing wound upon the purest of my heads