

He is the Heresiarch - Even the spirits of the oaks heed his word
And so from the wells of night to the yawning gulfs of space
Ever the praises of his name shall resound
Thus spoke the Heresiarch - Enthroned in clouds and fire
When the seven suns align, down the onyx steps he strides
Roaming alone in black aether, looking for antediluvian knowledge
Written in the kodex of Atalant forlorn

Heresiarch! Saint of the streets and whores.
Bringer of fire and force - Heresiarch
Heresiarch! God of the sevenfold veil
Light on the warrior's blade, oh bringer, of plagues

Go out among men and find the gates, that he in the void may know.
To his messenger, must all things be told.
And he shall put on the semblance of men, the waxen mask and the robe that hides
And come down from the world of seven suns
Great messenger, oh bringer of death
Father of the million young, unholy stalker, among the lambs
Strike with fury, oh thousandfaced moon
Come, oh vengeful, to our holy rite - A knife and a chalice - the sacrifice begins

Gorgo! Mormo! Wanderer on the wildest winds!
Lightbringer of the damned - Heresiarch
Heresiarch! Flame in Elysian gardens
Sword of the vengeful blessed, oh groom of the night

Oh brilliant one, who wanders the black abyss
Crawl forth from the tombs of holocaust
Oh thousandfaced moon, oh doom of lost Atalant
Wading mid corpses - Through cities of dust
Oh monarch of mayhem, oh mind-reaping messenger
Rise from the dirges and wailing of psalms
Oh pestilent force, oh vanquish the veils of light
To rave and to rape and to rip and to rend