

Harvester Of Flames

Azarath

Beyond the world of flesh and bones,
We summon blackened forces of the dead.
In lifeless void we enter the thorny path
Towards the hidden realm of the lord of death.

The winds of death we ride.
We spill the blood of Christ.
We vale of tears we mock -
The mortals' rotting cage.
In the insane trance we dwell under the Satan's cross
And as the Serpent of eve we sow the flaming seed.

Our eyeless sight falls upon the graves.
Our speechless mouth whisper the wordless spells.
On this solemn night the silver shines as the altar
flame.
This is the time when we face our doom.

Be praised the evil one!
Your symbols ablaze!
The cursed bloodline calls your name!
Harvester of flames!
We raise your sign!
We bleed for Thee...
To death...

We leave behind the shells of mortality.
Our killing hands reap the fruits of malediction.
We are reborn in the acosmic fire of the outer light
To harrow and destroy the puny race of Adam.

Be praised dark one
Who idols of flesh turn into dust!
We hail Thy name!
Harvester of flames!
We raise your sign!
We bleed for Thee...
To death!!!

Beyond the world of the flesh and bones,
We summon blackened forces of the dead.
In deathless fire we shall forever rule
And feed the mortal soil with the virgin blood...