

# No Salvation

Azarath

My greater Feast of Death - the vultures' last supper  
Let me offer the body shreds over the valley of corpses  
I, transcended mortal, bird-scattered nobly-born dead  
No hope for I am a sinner of the fields of death - so enter the  
rein!

As setting face-to-face call me  
Loathsome, abominable One!  
I won't be nobly-re-born  
Through the winds of this bardo-hell  
I, the wanderer...  
The world-departing One  
Lost life was illusion so sins & weakness are delusions

Yet That which is - is not That which is! All laws are but a lie!  
Falsehood!  
No light at the end of the whirl, no funeral comfort sinning

As my tight-bone  
Trumpet sounds from voice of death  
And my skill-cup overfilled with sins  
My soul's great fall  
Now, I hear the Apocalypse  
Smell smoke - dull colour...

Light of Hell! Then confess - not having done godly deeds  
Had done evil instead! I, the evil-  
doer before the King of Suffering

Violent Messengers of the Abyss with hate-  
furies stir infernal realm  
Wrap me in dark water of chaos - shall gather my dispersed soul  
...  
Unbearable pains, purgatorial punishments - no enter therein.  
No Salvation! Damnation!

I'm deathless in spiritual evil  
The state of neither life nor death  
Fierce blasts of rotten karma  
Bring visions - seas of roaring fire

The Howl of great Failure as mountains of sins are crumbling down  
Flesh-  
eating Demons, beasts of impurities, guards of unholy Ghost