

Zargon Moth

Big Dumb Face

May the weeping mountain fortress rise
From the ashes out of time
You kneel and swear to eternal night
And scores of golden chariots being
Driven by warhammer wielding demigods

Burn the offering, burn the prisoners of Ikthar alive
Until the undead armies rise and cast
Black enchantments over this dimension and universe

Betray the lamb and knight once more
The Black Goat: The Sightless Seer, The Insignia
The Incantator, The Sulfur Caster, The Sorcerer of Gaultry
Watch the emeralds bleed from the hewn through
Satchels of the three wizards, break the ancient
Seal of Kabot beneath the statue of Ith

There is no more weight in the insane sage's words
He can no longer retard the preparations
Being made for the necrotic feast

No beginning, no ending, endless pain, white blood
Hold the glass dagger of woe
In thou's clockwork hand once more
No human has ever been capable
Of the feat such as this

Bury it into the heart
Of the master as he tries to wake from
His endless slumber. His heart becomes it's reliquary
It must never beat again

The banshees take flight from their sunken depths to
Form the circle of eight and begin the ceremony atop
Raybienecsh's abysmal fortress

Zargon!
The Black Goat of Gaultry is hung like a pylon
Zargon!
The eyeless beholder you can't keep your eyes on

My name is Zargon Moth the f*cking astral goth
I got the cauldron on I'm making magic broth
I'm working on a tool to kill Duke Lion dead
We're going to take them out and claim his f*cking head
And throw his head in too, we'll let his body rot

And when you see what's next you're gonna shit your pants
You're gonna flip your lid you're gonna sing and dance
We got it all planned out It's gonna come to pass
So kiss the Duke goodbye because his ass is grass
We got Florin Shordo the flying horror
A nightmare demon of the highest order
We got the Blood Maiden and she's a total fright
Her eyes can float out of her head while still retaining sight
We've got the Organ Splitter and the Blood Red Head
Burglaveist is on lock and we can make it spread

And then there's Yagdizok, and boy is he the meanest
He's got an 8 foot long detached flaming penis
The Lord of the Witches and just like Miss Britches
He won't take no shit from all you stupid bitches
We've gotten magickal daggers and a guillotine
We got an army of the dead and a barf machine
It's like a giant rod that throws lightning bolts
And Hell fire bombs and it's a billion volts
Although it's power is impossible to quantify
You will constantly throw up until you die
The Ice Sword of Gaultry, The Crystal Machete
The Glass Dagger of Woe, we got that shit already
The Spears of Carthage, all five of them found
Our arsenal is stocked it's way the f*ck underground
We've got so many magic weapons all up in that bitch
There ain't a butter knife that we cannot bewitch
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