

Black Crushing Sorcery

Deathspell Omega

An unholy book is opened in the sacrificial chamber. Silence reigns in the castle, a calm before the storm. Those who don't believe in Hell, they will die by our spells.

Every night is a gift, the perfect moment to call ancient spirits.

The mighty incantations are the keys to open the ethereal gates

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When the demons come forth, we command them to possess and to kill.

We use necromancy, our dead brothers help us. Guardians of black magic, we incarnate the evil. Servants of Satan, summoning his wrath.

Chants pierces the air, words of a forgotten language.

Disturbing humans' dreams, they kill them in their sleep. For the ones who wake up, the nightmares continue. Death strikes again and we capture the souls.

But before the victims pass away, creatures rip their flesh out, eating them alive in a blood bath to satisfy their ferocity.

Our master needs fear, his cold hatred is pleased.

He wishes the end of mankind, we accomplish his desires.

We are the antidote against the human poison. Sorcerers never die while mankind is rotting.

Invoking the crucified one won't change this tragic end.

Each man is a slave may it be dead or alive.

When the sun begins to rise, we call back all the malicious forces.

During a normal human day, another morbid ritual is prepared, until the ultimate one : the arrival of Satan.