

## A Void Most Obscure

Demonical

Bring them Closer to me  
These Ageless Eyes Wish to see Again  
This Abhorrent Creation, the Image  
That Flesh and the Blood that we Yearn  
They can Remain on their Knees  
If Forgiveness is what they seek  
Silence the Screams of Fear  
Disenchanted the Necrosphere

They Wither - as we Breathe  
We Slither - as we Speak  
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Our Prayer so Perverse  
They Dare not to Utter the Words  
Yet they are Near - Silence the Fear  
Disenchanted the Necrosphere

They Wither - as we Breathe  
We Slither - as they Speak  
And they will

Return to Burn - Drown them in the Ashes of Another World  
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Where is the Light when all Shadows are Infinite  
Who is the Redeemer, with an Omen as Pure as this

A Gutter for all Sacrament  
Feed me their Doubt, Lend me their Hanging Heads

Your Worship is the only Rope that Rests upon your Neck

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Silence the Screams of Fear  
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We Slither - as they Speak  
And they will...

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