

# The Order

## Demonical

I pervert the essence of grace  
Through the rituals of antichrist  
The sacred flesh I vomit  
The sacred blood I must detest

Glowing scars of the crown  
Stigmata marks the favor now  
Worn with contempt  
My horns flow from the scars  
As we form  
A voice to sing the oldest song  
Of the wound,  
Of the rise,  
Of the order

A chant to celebrate  
The flesh and the becoming  
As the son of the order ascends

Born of the wretched, all entwined  
Suffering bodies, suffering minds,  
Flesh of contempt come forth,  
New salvation's spawned  
The new womb breeding antichrist  
Shall tear asunder the sanctified  
Giving birth to a new heaven  
This child shall bear  
The devil's mark

A voice to sing the oldest song  
Of the wound,  
Of the rise,  
Of the order

A chant to celebrate  
The flesh and the becoming  
As the son of the order ascends

Suffering  
Behold the fall of the blades once again  
The black order  
The prayer ripped open  
Giving birth to a corrupt heart  
Dominance!  
The black order

A voice to sing the oldest song  
Of the wound,  
Of the rise,  
Of the order

A chant to celebrate  
The flesh and the becoming  
As the son of the order ascends