Satanichaosymphony

Devilish Impressions

The dismal hosts of Angels
will blow into the horns of war
Those, whom Creator oneself
has been secretly stealing from their immensity of thoughts
Those, whom he had loved more then himself,
To soil at last his admiration with shameless seed of jealousy

The dismal hosts of Angels
will blow into the horns of war
Those, whom God has been stabbing
sword in the back,
sword in the back of his sons,
more perfect then his primal vision of the universe
Those, who he had thrust away from the kingdom heavens
to the abyss of nonentity
taking no notice of tears and their terrified eyes

The dismal hosts of Angels
will blow into the horns of war
Those, whose dreams had been forgotten
before they had time to tell it
Those, whose wings were burnt
never to let them reach the godless idea of freedom

Now they rise, one by one
holding the stones of vendetta in their bleeding hands
And they swear death for all,
they swear conflagration
seas full of childrens blood
and spaces filled up with scream

The dismal hosts of Angels
will blow into the horns of war
Like a black storm thunderous with fury
will roll as a plague through that fucking world
And the blades of their wrath will quench the thirst
in the stinking body of the human mankind

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