

# 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 than 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 than 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