

Negative Incarnate

Glorior Belli

I carry in the depths of my daimonic soul
Thy essence as a plague for the cosmic disgrace
Life is - nothing else but a dry cosmic shell
Surrounded by the seas of primordial chaos

From behind the nervous curtains
Of my trembling cosmic prison,
The dark gods are firmly waiting
Filled with hatred for the cosmos;
Outside the frame of creation,
Lies the darkest of all secrets,
The magick of the queen dragon
Awaits for us to crush the gates!

I carry on the depths of my daimonic soul
Thy essence as a plague for the redundant farce
Life is - nothing else but a dry cosmic shell
Surrounded by the seas of primeval darkness

I am the pale figure hidden in a black cloak
Wandering the deserts to summon up evil!
I bring the secret holes,
To this disgraceful realm,
By which a thousand years of blood
And strain escape!