

## Nailed To Obscurity

Hate Eternal

Pretenders To The Throne Of I  
Confined And Diseased  
In A Life So Habitual  
Epitome Of My Creation  
Weak Attempts In A World  
You Could Never Grasp

I Demand The Blood  
Drained From The Bodies Of The  
Ones  
Who Deceived Me  
I Demand The Flesh  
Stripped Off The Bones  
And Burned Of Its Sanctity  
I Demand The Soul  
Cast Into Fires  
Of An Everlasting Hell  
I Demand The Memory  
Erased From My Mind  
And Never To Return

Chaos In The Form Of Order  
Sylvian Visions  
With The Ability To Crush  
Heresy Denies The Threshold  
Lost Are The Ones  
Who Fall Short Of My Ordinance  
Sinful In The Ways So Ageless  
Born To The Shrine  
Of Unearthly Creation  
Prophecy Of The Shadow  
Impaled On The Bones  
Of The Failed  
And Forgotten