

World Without End

Katharsis

From the brightest of flaymes,
and burning through black winds,
From beyond spheres of void
Cometh the apostate king

Avenger of the once fallen,
From the mountains of myghte
To the bottomless pit
Return in the age of the end of all ages
Destroy worthless matter, bring back your
Great lyghte

Terror from Nadir, unfathomable depths
Warriors come forth in Lorde Antichrist's wayke!
Who sith upon the holy see by mid-nyghte's power
Ruin man-kynde with temptation, lust and greed

Eskatonick revelation,
Fear in the hearts of angels,
Resurrection of the horns
The conquerer approaching
The pearly gates at dawn,
Lyghtening in the reddened skye,
Sweet Luzifer, our serpent prince!

Thus thou shalt sin and thou shalt kill
Royall death - justifier - offering
Thus thou shalt kill and thou shalt sin
All these things of truth spake Satan
Unto them...

The precious blood of the lamb:
Remember his blood each Lord's Day
A new death each mid-nyghte beginneth
The holynesse of God demandeth that sin

Eucharist liturgy of the reverse
Covenant meaning-less once for all
Infected spirits yelling woe
Corpse of cunt Mary, on
Black bleeding stone

Chorus:
Perfeckt sacrifice on earth
Devourment of the most holy-one(s)
Advent of adversary,
Mighty prince, thy throne is won

Searching in the darknesse
Frenzy of colde boiling blood
Dead-eyes that invite so shamelessly
Nyghte-trap, my longing
For glorious ruine...
Master!
I am here,
I respond to thy call...
King!!!

Leave me to fall in thy frozen domayne
Nekromantick sodomy,
Dreamscapes of hate, payne
Alter to reality

He shall rule for thousands of years
Multiplying paynes and fears
Heark the guardian angels sing,
Herald trumpets burst yer ears

Accomplished may be the infernall
Service of the threefold (and) mighty
Now the world is done
and as thou sew, so hast thou reaped...

Lord, We Await Thy Command!

Power of death's spell
Unholy bloodstorm unleashed
Kingdome of darknesse rising,
Out of his unknown domayne
Behold the black messiah

Through ancient lore
We conjure their return:
Masters of wind and of fyre!
Miracles of the great realm,
Luzifer's splendour and wonders...

Spiritus rector in colde funereal's bloode
and obscure fyre elementall!
Lord, stake your claim, come and stryke,
Take the crown of empyreaan
Emeralde -- fyre.