

Brainstorm

Morbid Angel

Gods transform me
The storm will cleanse me
Civilized I shall not be
By this holy strain of laws
I fall below the earth
I smell the ancients' breath
The fiends encircle me
They speak my name in tongues
For I'm no human now
I burn the ways conform
The gods are pleased with me
They speak my name in tongues
I am the seer
I know the texts divine
Thunder words
Demons race into my hands
Azazel
Lend me your wings of twelve
I shall fly into the storm
I, son of fire, in anger become
The lightning bolts that strike the earth