

At The Altar Of The Beast

Sargeist

There's no joy in what I see
Looking at my own reflection
All I see is a miserable soul
Breathing hate and pain
The curse that boils my hopes
Misanthropic recognition
Of a life devoted to Him
Bleeding to reach katharsis

Injecting...
My heart with reaping plague
With reverence I kneel
At the altar of the beast
Injecting...
My heart with reaping plague
In servitude I'm sworn
At the altar of the beast

Every night and every dawn
As I reach for Him with horns
Unholy knell tolling for the entrance
Reaching for my own inevitable doom
I can taste the bitterness of agony
Feeling more than usual gain
I'm alive in the scars of humanity
I have the knowledge of the key

I'm a servant of the Lord
Him of pestilence and wrath
Lord of storms, of vengeance
My Soul for His victory