

## Red Code Cult

Septicflesh

Equinox is at hand  
The gates are now aligned  
Raise the candles in the air and give the secret sign  
The temperature is dropping down  
Our breath seems now like smoke  
The guardians of the shadow lands blind the heathen eyes

Our mental variation: a phantom made from light  
With red we paint our fantasy until it breathes with might  
Deciphering the code that releases the unknown  
We make the wanted possible  
Material like the stone  
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Welcome to our church disciples of the jackal  
Your nature is key  
Now raise the veils of the misty tyranny of the fake laws  
Open the Choronzone

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