

Arcane Conjuring

Varathron

Deathstence of merciless carnage
Horrific malignance dominates
"Come, ye children, listen to me!
I will tech you the fear of the lord."

Iao Setes
Setes Iao
Amprathax Kuraim Mizraeth Setes
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There came the fullness of time
As the unholy testament
Of the ancient prophecy
Was written on the book of blood!

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Spelling the ancient glory
Into the endless future!
Valleys of the desert
Will call him!

I was born from the womb of uttermost hate
I remembered all my past lives
I lived there that the human mind
Doesn't want to imagine!

In the cold moonless nights
Then that all the ancient unholy gods
Passing through the winds and the forgotten
Shining kingdoms seem in the horizons!

Voices, psalms, screams around
To spelling those unholy words
"Come, ye children, listen to me!
I will tech you the fear of the lord."

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