

## Black Death Sathanas (Our Lord's Arrival)

Abigor

in this glorious age  
of darkness and death  
of witchcraft and fire  
foul stench rises up from the depths

he hears our chanting - we obey his call  
Lord Satan's arrival - the abyss takes its toll

the plague of rats is welcomed  
the pestilence is spread

Lord Satan's arrival  
silent beast, ghoul of worms, king of the dead

woeful is the sight on those who walk  
in rotten trance  
bodies twist like branches deformed  
he commands and executes, grotesque the dance  
and mute, not one sound breaks the eternal night

all bones, rotten flesh, scythe in hand  
he appears as the winged reaper, horned dancer  
lifting his instrument, darting his pestilent tongue  
and the golden angel of salvation is burning