

Son Of The Morning

Akercocke

Bear witness to my testimony
The things that I have done- Unforgiveable
The prayers of a hundred priests
Could not save my soul
Like the son of the morning
Boasting a multitude of sins
Struck down from the mountain of God
Whispering to me
Through cracks in the wall
Cracks in my sanity
You only know that which I choose to show
I stand at the endge of the precipise
Wondering whether to step
There is no path of righteousness
There is only Satan
Strange angel
Why do you come here
How art thou fallen from Heaven
To the uttermost parts of the pit
The cherubim and seraphim of Lucifer

[Solo- P.S.]

Indulge in the rites of profanity
Sink to depths of depravity
Defilement and penetration
In the sanctum of the monarch
Saliva on soft thighs
Outstretched wings
Semen across lips
Hooves steeped in blood
Insatiable
Incorrigible
The adversary- father of death
Craves adoration