

With A Thorn In Our Hearts

Alghazanth

From the shapeless seed of Death grew the most dreadful wonder
Towering unseen over all existence
Its roots are wrapped tight around Creation's throat
And God's all faces drown in the shadow of its Crown

In waking...
In dreaming...
In dreamless sleep we're drawn
By signs and fate towards that vast sinister source

And the song of ravens will guide us forth

Attempt to approach in hope of consolation
And lost you'll be in the freezing wasteland
But come thirsting for unearthly strength
And you may find the bliss that never ends

Seasons rise, seasons fall
Yet the Tree of Night is florescent forevermore

A venomous thorn from its blackest bough
Is buried deep in the chests of the chosen
Piercing the side of the heart every time it beats
Never to let us forget what we truly seek

Sancti Satanae plena sunt omnia
Letum et dolor lumen sunt in gloria

Invoking...
Beseeching...
In prayer and rites we're torn
Reborn and slain again by that transforming force

And the song of ravens keeps raging on!

Come and harvest the fruit of rebellion
Partake in the orgy of apotheosis
To stand upright and to choose your own way
Eat of this offering and nothing will be the same

Kingdoms rise, kingdoms fall
Yet the Tree of Night is florescent forevermore

A venomous thorn from its blackest bough
Is buried deep in the chests of the chosen
Piercing the side of the heart every time it beats
To wake us up from this cursed cosmic dream