

# Let My Blood Become His Flesh

Azarath

White pale horses swept the land of degradation  
Ghouls of war and decimation spilled the blood  
Gallows embrace the prophets of the fallen kingdom  
Rotten heavens weep for genocide  
Genocide! Genocide! Genocide!  
Genocide! Genocide! Genocide!

Vultures float above the rotting sea of carrion  
Black robed phantoms pray to the gods below  
Dark horizon storms with pyroclastic clouds  
Somber chimneys breathe with furnace fyre

Wind blows and rips the shroud apart  
Into the darkness I fall  
In sin I leave the world behind  
Blinded by grace that will set me free

I'm a dreamer  
Let my spirit wander to the spheres of the damned triangle  
I'm a blasphemer  
Praying for salvation  
I'm a dreamer  
God's forsaken me

Razor fucked my veins  
Let the blood run free  
Sacrificial candies burn  
Raise the devil's host  
Blessed with seven sins , let my blood become his flesh!

The new path to the labyrinths of hell  
Leads me through the fell woods of time  
Where I meander in the abyss of the space unborn

The night is dark and cold  
Stench of freezing blood  
Ritual is done  
Raise the devil's host  
Blessed with deadly sins  
For my blood became his flesh  
Amen