

Bathory Incarnate (Goddess of Death Arises)

Black Funeral

"Won't you look into my fog encased eyes, to be damned for all time!"

Baphomet incarnate, perceive my goddess being 77
you are all, fill thy bath with crimson

I entrance you as a silhouette on a bloodstained wall
to send thee visions of enrapture
allow my gloved hands to caress thy pale skin
before I defile thee and bathe in the force of life...

I shall send the offer to a rancorous demise
and walk as a shadow in the black of night
for my will is of the Goddess of Death...Baphomet
Incarnate!

Lillith, thou have returned to flesh
thus have bred pure strength
let the angel's wings be as their shrouds of death
and their smiles fade as though they were never...

Mastodonic forces summoned by chant and tetrahedron,
while the moon hangs low and red with a drop of blood
and the voice of command maldorous corpses rise to my
bidding to serve this malicious goddess of the black earth
Let their voices be screams...
behold Stregoica, she who bathes in blood...