

Dahak (Serpent Arise)

Black Funeral

In the desert lands, mountain range cruel and sharp
a throne is taken, a young prince is of age
Ahriman arise, lead the child to greatness
enter a pact with me, your head shall be above the sun
strike down the weakened father, raise yourself as god
begin this transformation, an immortal spirit of darkness
to now a kiss on each shoulder, corpse white flesh
appears
black pits open and from the abyss comes serpents
black and venomous, hungering for the brains of men
transform now into the storm fiend, immortal one
none shall smite you, shake off the human yoke
become something greater, a beast awakened
in the serpent king does he become, our father of old
who made witchcraft the common practice of the land
strike down the righteous, those followers of false light
Arise Azi Dahak, scorpion soul, filled essence of lizards
who fell and was imprisoned in the mountain of Demvard
Whisper to us the way of the sorcerous path
who shall be as Gods, druj and serpent darkness