

Harbinger Of Pestilence

Black Funeral

Beholding the path of Paitisha
The devouring worm within us all
Cast our sight into the twilight veil
Glancing to a world of decay
Weakened religion crumbles
Show now the foundation of the way
For those who cannot be uplifted
Shall then be devoured by our children
Chishmak form insects in clouds of hunger
Apaosh, who brings clouds above the enemy
Bring the storm of insects
Consume all that these sheep may eat
That famine shall encircle them
Reaping their harvest
To then make wolves of men
Beholding the path of Paitisha
Cast our sight into the twilight veil
Glancing to a world of decay