

Hymn To Ahriman

Black Funeral

Crumble you days of gilded pestilence - and rot in your imprisoning fear - I cast down your scornful - worm-eaten delusion - cloaked as tatter'd redemption - I roar forth a thousand swords - from stronger mountains - than you could ever dream of falling from - and pierce the rusted armour of your salvation - I bear up this darkening world - upon my serpent-kiss'd shoulders - and shake loose the detritus - of your crippled hope - Ahriman stands beside and within me as your Omega blooms - Ahriman stands beside and within me as your weakling children earn - Their dust - Ahriman stands beside and within me as your fallen empires mark your grave - Ahriman stands beside and within me as you weep for false glories lost - Rise up on broken feet, oh hobbl'd aeons of despised light - you'll stand at this moment of thy end if ever at all - my word is the dirt tossed upon your waiting grave - and my deed is the truth that buried you there