

# Loathsome Serpents (Ogiel) - Chokmah (Beelzebub = Chaigidel)

Black Funeral

Encircled in the lie  
Whispering brilliance, incantations arise  
I wait longer for the surge within  
The hindering shadow which draws out the beast  
Appearance is cracking, my skin is so cold  
The veins grow thin, wire bound  
A new type of thirst

Surrounded and concealed, I cannot stand up  
Restricted by the weight of the false light  
Wanting to stand up and lacerate the sky  
Pouring blood to bring a new fire of sight  
When you can't be held anymore  
As when you find nothing matters  
Only to corrupt and devour  
The ones who are only slaves  
And the strong who stand in your way

Born again screaming the names of the shadow god  
My own birth as the lord of the abyss  
I am down in the darkness still wanting your soul  
Or what you think it is

Blackened skin and serpents surround  
They are making me stronger, when I wish to crawl again  
Across the ground in snake like moments  
Severing insects breed in my name