

Dance Of A Thousand Knives

Enthroned

Screams of Anguish are rising in the Land of Brahmn,
As the cult of Tugs, prepare the flesh for the grand goddess,
Chants of allegiance raise panic within dementia,
With pride the offering lay waiting for their cinsumation...

Vehement mistress of vengeance,
My love has no limits in space and time,
Our souls are burning drowned in your sombre essence...
Ask and your request will be granted by any crime... by any crime.

KALL, our time has just begun
KALL, seven names, seven Demons...
As my blood flows for thee, take me into the absolute paradise.

Dissected hands, tortured skulls
Your set of death revealed all your magnificence,
Within the shadows, Reign from east til West

Under the SATAN's realm or as a dominant goddess
You are our great monstrosity
In all it's beauty and perfection