

## Horns Aflame

Enthroned

Quod Me Nutrit Me Destruit.  
Confined within matt slumber.  
Nailing and fucking.  
Nailing their last hope on his cross.  
Futile answers to an obvious question.  
Knowledge seeking knowledge.

The shadows of idiocy branded in symbols.  
What is there to see for me?  
The flame of baphomet!

Horns aflame... Agios!  
Knowledge in eternity, the flame of baphomet.  
Horns aflame... See the horns aflame!

Shine O shine in between his horns the goat lord  
has arrived to bring light on this decrepitude...

Burn O burn, O torch of wisdom, so the children  
of the lost might find their way in to my embrace.

Penetrate!  
Deeply Penetrate the womb of the blinded.  
Cum thy leaches for the sake of evidence.  
And spread thy acid seed corroding them inside out.  
There's no place for haste in ignorance.  
Time for clarity has come.  
Wisdom seeking wisdom as his horn is burning...