

Ornament Of Grace

Enthroned

Unto thee, o mighty fatality, do we give thanks for that
thy name is near thy wondrous works declare
When we receive the congregation, as we were judged
uprightly
Shadows cometh neither from the east, nor from the west,
nor from the south
The temple of my breath would hear the laments through 39
curses

Our blood sang out with glorious glee as Leviathan
trounced waves
Surrounding circles dusted with glow, chromed ice melting
in with astral flow

The serpent blesses the Jupiterian core
Andromalius wouldn't wish for more
An evocation in filled ecstasy
As one arm, we locked them with humility

"Hail Leviathan, Lord and Master of Water
We thank thee for being present at our ritual
We bid you, go in peace"

An ornament of grace

The temple of my breath hears the laments of 40 curses
Let's step to new Circle...