

Sepulchred Within Opaque Slumber

Enthroned

Primigenian fluids, emanating black nectars from the hidden path.

A forbidden fruit still to be devoured.

Through poisonous breath we invoke the ancientlores.

The Primigenian call to the ones of Azoth...

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Debetvr Soli Gloria Vera Satanas.

A whispering call.

An Invocation in the helix of the red Gods.

Stellar Mantras call my name

In Tongues of fire we drink the elixirs of immortallity.

A shimmering call...

The voices within my blood gathers as one.

Canting the lores of our ancient path.

Splitted then forged within.

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Consecrated unto our hidden masks we rise.

Primary valued atavisms from the shadows.

The hidden face of the spirit I am!

The mask of deathis my name!

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