

## Abyssal March

### Hecate Enthroned

A sickness is breeding here  
Within the soils of this world  
Creation reduced to tarnished silver,  
Accumulation's hollow child  
Following greed sullied parables  
They build on works of corruption  
Raising the towers of Babel  
On the backs of mindless men

Cleansing flame shall descend  
The burning tongues of Phlegethon  
In the name of our dark lord  
Shall their blood feed the river's flow

Staring into their eyes  
Nothing but emptiness  
My blade shall be answer  
As it falls through their flesh

Your gold and silver is tainted  
And their rust shall bear witness  
Your lives and deeds wasted  
And your legacy is dust  
The blood of billions stains the earth  
None shall escape the fires  
Of the infernal goddess' kiss  
Humanity scattered,  
they march into the abyss