

The great Necropolis / Baphomet erected

Satariel

In a season of dead lust
In a season of agony
Pain springs out for an aeon to rule
The banes of our newfound gods have arrived
As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the belows
The world is in shadows swept,
and only Baphomet can still erect His seed falls cold,
for the world is now far too old Yes, our towers must fall,
and with them we all
These concentrationcamps are silent unto ears
In neonlights they hide unseen
We know not the name of he who has come
But his day is the night, and darkness his light
As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the belows
The world is in shadows swept,
and only Baphomet can still erect
His seed falls cold,
for the world is now far too old
Yes, our towers must fall,
and with them we all
In the corner darkness moves for me
The scourge that will alter eternity into days
The suicide-culture below wants my pain
Only to them something will remain
As the Necropolis grows, they approach from the belows
The lover of Tiamat is not dead,
in secret striving for new ways of killing himself
And by the Ancients curse our blood will soon do Kingus deed
We''ll never reach too high
The world is in shadows swept,
and only Baphomet can still erect
His seed falls cold,
for the world is now far too old
Yes, our towers must fall,
and with them we all
In a collection of absolute nothingness is where to set a new b
reed,
unknowing of that we still bleed
Dead but dreaming we wait for pains aeon again...
In their veins...