

Malenchanments of the Necrosphere

The Black Dahlia Murder

Ritual Of Condemnation

Ancient human obelisk awakens from centuries of dust,
Imprisoned in obsidian,
A horrid golemesque abomination.
The man of stone,
Black soul within the ebon bone,
Carved by the mad gods,
Born from the mountain's hull,
Scrolls of blackened magick unearth this hateful will anthropomorphous.
Propelling forward slow and sluggish,
But rumbling to life.
Beyond those whiteless eyes,
A blinded rage of hatred, torment, and frustration,
Aeons of suffering,
Eternal is the conflagration to crumble every feeble being,
Found destruction his means of expressing.

Juggernaut of endless enmity,
Leaden hands equipped for throttling the heartless devils who've bound him here,
With malenchantments of the necrosphere,
The end is near.

[Solo]

His poisoned heart is pumping somewhere deep inside.
From weakness armored for when the skulls of man his flesh collides.
Soldier of solitude,
Of elemental pain.
Driven to insanity when stone his form became incarcerated in his skin.
Emancipate him from his sin,
He once stood just like me,
A peasant full of apathy,
Petrified his family tree.
Shake free from the chains of bondage and arise.
Arise, arise
Arise, arise
Arise, kill
Arise, kill
Arise, kill
Arise
Storm the mortals land,
Unraveling his plan,
Fists of iron swinging,
Erase this Earth.
Enraged in rain filled footsteps lie the dead and broken,
The crushed and splintered,
Untimely their demise.

Juggernaut of endless enmity,
Leaden hands equipped for throttling the heartless devils that have bound him here,
With malenchantments of the necrosphere,
The end is here.