

Insidious Dream Of Inhuman Fear

Thyrane

Carrion the altar, in the temple of reformer.
Guts of offering...Satan has worshipped in order.
Ancient way to raise the force of evil,
goddamned desecration to ecoke the Devil.

Beware the serpents...in the shadow of thy dreams,
they are set io motion, to salute their master in devotion.
In the house of torment, in the swing of death,
doze the reflection of embodiment of Seth.

The extremist element of hell...is the impulse of sulphur smell
, praise the snake - beat your fear.
Step forward - embrace the scales, compose the rhyme with bewit
ching strains.

Enter the blackened garden - bleed for the oldest reptile, ther
e is no light,
It shall give you the eyes of delirium.
Penetrate the mysteries - sing for the flames, baptize your bam
e with the agony of sacrificial lust.

Carrion the altar is you from thy dreams.
You're a chronic bastard, yet a lamb of god.
In the house of torment, in the coffin of your death,
sleeps thy body without christraping flesh.