

Thy World Inverted

Thyrane

The scissors of sinful lust clip the angelic wings, all the grievance of the past now culminates.
Rejected is the rotten fruit in the heavenly gardens, and praised are the names of the fallen ones.

Let your slaves come to me and i shall teach them impurity.
Thy world decorated with chaos, what a pleasant sight that is.

Behold the arrival of beasts and pestilence.
The rope tightens around thy necks.
A new sun is summoned to rise, to provide warmth in which to rot.

Like souls swept in emotional intoxication, they all seek the absence of flesh.
(then so be it...)
Cloaked with disease and dismay, together with the last rays of day,
thou shalt fade away.

A fulfilled divination, this is our paradise.
Thy world inverted, spiritual domination.
Thy kingdom come...perverted!