

Conjuration Of Terror

Xasthur

A saviour conjured to lead the "blessed" through this hell,
Adverse lords dominate the crimson sky,
Demonic shadows shroud the heavens,
The codes they dreamt (superstitious fears transformed into) engravings on their skin.

Faith led to their own end, nothing remains to resurrect,
Judgment day took a morbid turn,
Christ set the fire, for all to burn (a fallen angel's return).

Running out of tomorrows and tomorrow is now.

The weight of ignorance cursed all their beliefs,
Yet curse the children who have nothing to pray to.

Vomited blood,
Human waste blessed the centuries (only a fool would die for mankind).

A torturous reflection remains of a spherical demise.