

A Venomous Kiss of Profane Grace

Limbonic Art

The dead speaks to me
From beyond the grave
That is what my conscience is
I've buried the dead alive
The blood of the child is pure now
In death it gives me life
The circle is complete
Begin another ...
Dark cold icy death
As the scorpion stings the minds obsessed
A venomous kiss of profane grace
As shades of hatred reigns
Silent screams of suffering
I stand in flames of torturing
Goddess of flesh hunger and desire
Grant me wings of hellish fire
Know that all my creations spring
From blood on the cross in blasphemy
I am death the creator of sin
And of the pure I am the wind
The dance of creeping shadows
Enchanting all insania
I've become evil in soul and mind
In a demonoid fantasia
A venomous kiss of profane grace
In a world so fundamentally weak
I see no beginning only the end

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