

God of Our Own Divinity

Morbid Angel

Praise Us, God of Witchery
Lord Of All Undying
Being thy blessing to thee Now guide us, by thy hand,
Show us ways unknown by mortals
Enlist thy sight, Enlist thy will,
Free us of the undevine
Release the ways, that blind our minds,
Break apart these rusting chains
Bring the light, to wake our souls
To you we praise and speak your name Absu Your Strength within Us
Absu Your ways Embrace
Absu Rise in Assemblance
Absu Your Will Alive Your Presence, ornate and breathing,
Within the serpents crawl
Tried, by man as Heathens, by courts of a lesser faith
Undead, and always dreaming,
Bathed in worlds unfleshed and clean
Awake. silent and watching, through timeless life. Raise this being to Life
Become the same as a God
Raise this being to Life
Become one with the Gods So blessed by thee, chant the names to rise the soul
Branded, by this sacred marks, veiled in secrecy
Alive, and always dreaming,
God of our own Divinity
Rise, Your wait has ended, this time is ours Raise this being to Life
Become the same as a God
Raise this being to Life
Becoming a God

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