

On Horns Impaled

Watain

Bow for me, inferior
I demand you in the name of the horns
For I am the one
To bring the demise of the bearer of thorns
You who's father
so pityful upon the cross died
Behold it inverted
And burning under the night sky Inferior lord of heaven
Your might shall fade
Jesus has wept
On goathorns impaled Unclean vermins, scum of the earth
Blow your heads for the dark ages birth Black fire cast your flames high
Above the realms of light
Behorned father Satan
Show them all your might
Taste the blood
And the decayed flesh of his sons
Behold the desecration
Of the weaker and feeble ones A cross burned black
Soaked in sacred blood
From all of us to all of you:
Go fuck your jewish god Inferior lord of heaven
Your might shall fade
Jesus has wept
On goathorns impaled Black fire cast your flames high
Above the realms of light
Behorned father Satan
Show them all your might

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