

Crown of Horns

Cryptopsy

Capricornus Rex in tenebris
I long to feel the dark caress
Of your cloven hooves;
I seek the loving warmth of your anus
As I place my worshipful
Lips about your teats. We hate, and so we gather
By the light of the moon;
The art of veneficium...
This we learned from you...
To make them grieve in their lord,
Their redeemer in flames
Fanned by the scorn of the children
Who now curse his name. Sire of sin,
You embody me
Undivine...
To you we congregate;
None so vile,
Your magnificent
Crown of horns
Inspires deeds maleficent. Destroy the parasite [x3],
Destroy Jesus Christ. They'll crawl in their perdition,
The righteous will be lost
Where gutted angels lie fucked...
Beneath the funeral cross;
We'll dig them a mass grave soon,
And bring to their knees
Those who would have rescinded
The laws of disease. "The children have turned",
The cherubs wail,
As anticross triumphs
Where the cross has failed. Hell-spawned majesty, we eagerly
Await the advent of the
Next millennium
When you will return with a swarm from
Beyond to claim your carnal
Lost dominion.

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