Hysteron Proteron

Infernal Majesty

Purify the land of these catholic heathing whores sanctify their flehs into the holy ground
Witch you will now a bleed upon your womb in which i spit into these flames of crackling fat for now
You burn dog's of satan's legions howling our satanic spells departed spirits whaling at their call
Deacons fasting praying oh the end is very near their bodies blowing in the wind of gallows hillI will return to feed upon your soul their reculent lives blessed death I will enthrall
Once thy moon is full your darling moppets will be mine spiders spinning webs
While i watch you sleep at night shadows in the forest the wing beats of a bat
My unearthly presents haunts you as the wind blows on your neck
Eternally condemned undefiled in their mission i hope you all burn in hell
Kicking shriecking convulsing on the floor the devil slowly sucking at your tet
The innocent blood of god's chosen to be saved the gathered masses starring anxiously
Disembodied voices echo bliss into my mind hard the Harold angels sing in glee
I am of no witch no sundry acts to hell unlock the door to the hill once more
For the cleansing of her soul to beginI will return to feed upon your soul their reculent lives blessed death I will enthrall
Once thy moon is full your darling moppets will be mine spiders spinning webs
While i watch you sleep at night shadows in the forest the wing beats of a bat
My unearthly presents haunts you as the wind blows on your neck
Eternally condemned undefiled in their mission i hope you all burn in hellStep by step tighten the noose around her neck snap the life out of her
You will not see the light of day golden waste runs from her feet feel the religious relief
Hanging in the tree swinging in the breezeCome with me don't be scared I'll take you to a place we have prepared
Hysteric fools thy tongue of man condemning flesh to rot by angelic fiction
Rise decry and the decumbent rise the powers of satan embroil
Emetic submission of scruples of thought sands of time
Gluetenize on the goddess of themes sands of time in the fields of wheat the departed are sown
God's acre where the bread be crown succulent fool's she sicken us all
Digest the remains like timber you fall
Emeses the devil and fill the streets of gold you thought you defeated the beast
To rise from the ashes to kill again again again
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I will return to feed upon your soul their reculent lives blessed death I will enthrall
Once thy moon is full your darling moppets will be mine spiders spinning webs
Thou shall be dead before the morning light
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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