

# Christhammer

## Angel Corpse

The dream pervades mysterious and lewd  
I am One of Many offered unto thee  
Bearing proud the brand of sacreligion  
Sacrificed not in vain to Azazel  
Cast down from the Heavens yet never Fallen  
He - whom gods hath scorned  
Eden's imbecile perimeter ruptured  
I am of the Shining OneWhip merciless their flesh  
Goad with firebrands  
Trumpet the advent of the bloodspray  
Enraptured by torment and flames  
Broken on the rack crush the cult of Nazarene  
My cup runneth over...  
Each Nazarene I kill  
Is one thorn more  
In the crown of their false saviour  
A king foresworn in a halo of fliesProstrate disciples of derisive subjection  
Their spirits exude deification of defeat  
A talisman profane - vile birthright borne  
Enslaving vigour as if nailed to a cross  
Scoff at this inheritance of wretchedness  
The Daimons erect shatter shackles of deceit  
Sons of Vengeance consecrate burning ways  
Wolves no longer in the guise of the weakGammadion upon our shields  
The Conquerors draw nigh  
Pentagrammaton - ashes to dust  
Unbridled conflagrations purifyChristhammerSwoon - poison souls procured  
Acknowledge the rot of divinityThe dream pervades mysterious and lewd  
I am One of Many offered unto thee  
Bearing proud the brand of sacreligion  
Sacrificed not in vain to Azazel  
Cast aside despair in chaos consecrate  
For visions become truth in wakefullness  
The seeming sorrows that mark my face  
With head held high are tears of joyI am the spear in the wound of christ