

# Shemhamforash

## Grand Belial's Key

Consumed by tongues of fire burning like Phlegethon  
Holy gardens reduced to ash  
Extinguishing light of hope, bringing the end of the days  
Words of my gospel scattered  
Sacriligious scorn spat in pale creeds  
Thin is the line between pure being and pure nothing  
My sole companion woe to Thee  
At my command  
Let the blood of the infants flood the streets of Bethlehem  
O ye of little faith with ethics rotten in a moral cage  
Dead meat thrown down to the worms  
To feed religious tumor corrupting marrow of repugnant swirl  
At my command  
Let the blood of the infants flood the streets of Bethlehem  
At my command  
Let the heads of Samaritan pave my ways  
Shemhamforash  
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