

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

Sacrilegious 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

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