

# The empyreal lexicon

## Bal-Sagoth

So cold are the spaces between the stars  
For blackened suns are the only legacy of worlds long deadX'atham ry'aa, Tha'zai tonn  
Darker than a score of hells, wherein astral horrors dwell  
Macrocosmic realms aflame  
Prey of fiends that have no nameX'atham ry'aa, Tha'zai tonn  
Darker than a score of hells  
Where astral horrors sublime dwell  
Macrocosmic realms aflame  
Bow to the gods that have no nameSo cold, at the heart of a frozen star  
Behold the cosmic codex, the tome of the astral abyss  
Such diabolical evil  
Sublime macrocosmic malevolenceFear is the power, terror is the keyX'atham ry'aa, Tha'zai tonnI have won,  
bow, yield, kneel, darken the sun  
Narra, Gorra, Kaasha, I arise, bow, yield, kneel, Parhelion dies  
Narra, Gorra, KaashaX'atham ry'aa j'aiigh, Tha'zai tonn nax'a gorrhaSo cold, the spaces between the stars  
X'atham ry'aa, Tha'zai tonnHeed not the voice of the Lexicon  
Lest its whispers drive you mad

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