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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