

Black Metal Sabbath

Cephalic Carnage

Black gate of the mortal
Sabbath held in thy honor, summon the anti-god
Is there nothing sacred? Is there nothing pure?
Cool winds are abound me from this fire well breath
Embracing the myth, everything I am to believe
Embracing the evil, everything that surrounds who I am
Smoke will rise from the graves of our elders once slain
Crack the whip, night draws near, darkness swallows me whole
Worship upon the dead, praise all Harassathoth
Satan summon ka-put ancients forces arise
Beelzebub suck my balls, Beelzebub will suck my balls
Corpses' rise from your tomb, paint thy light unto dark
Is there nothing sacred? Sexual urge for the dead
War, holy war, infernal names invoke the storm
The end of man has come to pass, goatwhore shall reign supreme
Lust for the dead in the cold night, a chill grasps my breath
I hold onto nothing, for this I shall fall, smoke a bowl
Read thy necronomicon, balls of fire, erupt from the pyre
Of unholiness in my mind, abaudahdine is honored
To behold black metal sabbath
Shootin' up to get my rush
This time I think I'll take too much
Barely breathing, profusely bleeding
I'd get my gun, if I could move
and put myself in the ground
Take a pill get all low, high again you jones
Twisting convulsing, overdosing, skin turns pale
Writhing in sweat, moribund death comes for you
Slicing your wrist as you die you now want to live

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