Christhammer

Angel Corpse

The dream pervades mysterious and lewd
I am One of Many offered unto thee
Bearing proud the brand of sacreligion
Sacrificed not in vain to Azazael
Cast down from the Heavens yet never Fallen
He - whom gods hath scorned
Eden's imbecile perimeter ruptured
I am of the Shining OneWhip merciless their flesh
Goad with firebrands
Trumpet the advent of the bloodspray
Enraptured by torment and flames
Broken on the rack crush the cult of Nazarene
My cup runneth over...
Each Nazarene I kill
Is one thorn more
In the crown of their false saviour
A king foresworn in a halo of flies
Prostrate disciples of derisive subjection
Their spirits exude deification of defeat
A talisman profane - vile birthright borne
Enslaving vigour as if nailed to a cross
Scoff at this inheritance of wretchedness
The Daimons erect shatter shackles of deceit
Sons of Vengeance consecrate burning ways
Wolves no longer in the guise of the weakGammadion upon our shields
The Conquerors draw nigh
Pentagrammaton - ashes to dust
Unbridled conflagrations purifyChristhammerSwoon - poison souls procured
Acknowledge the rot of divinity
The dream pervades mysterious and lewd
I am One of Many offered unto thee
Bearing proud the brand of sacreligion
Sacrificed not in vain to Azazael
Cast aside despair in chaos consecrate
For visions become truth in wakefullness
The seeming sorrows that mark my face
With head held high are tears of joyI am the spear in the wound of christ

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