AESTUO IN IGNEM DIABOLI

Darkness gleaming, Eyes of Dawn
The serpent's vision, damnation's light
Behold his coils, like a cancerous flame
Swollen from the abyss, from the grave of god
Burning with passion in the devil's fire,
Directing the wisdom of inviolable hell,
Induced and annointed as a weapon before him,
To feed the fires of heaven's castration

A single cell in his intent; one angle in his eye-
His wisdom that burns empty all which holds truth!
Whole in the spearhead of possession and yet slithering in twine
It is his spirit which drains the chalice of salvation

And rising, outstretched wings of death
Embrace my heart with sharpened bones
They are my temple, and I am his flame
And for redemption below; I am his coronation
To carry the devil's mark and swallow his torch
And the thorned garlands on baphomet's horns
I wear them with pride; for I kneel on his tongue
Standing in his flames I am reborn...

With vision to open the entrails of god,
Poison to spit; and a blade for his name
Leviathan; Devourer!
Thou art my temple, I am thy flame!

Aestuo In Ignem Diaboli
In Inferno Nulla Est Redemptio!

Ascend from the below; for the word must be silenced
Devour the sun and the moon in their eminence
Devour the body and blood in it's arrogance
Crush every star before the threshold of death;

Let thy light shine alone!

Forever burning with the frenzy of the rabid seraphim
Unbound in the shadows of the great order reversed
I am cursed, and tormented for his burden is mine
And there is no star to guide; nor solace to bind me

And following his distant call,
I am Guided only by the spiral of flames
Kneeling in the dragon's mouth
To devour this world; I am blessed

With vision to open the entrails of god,
Poison to spit; and a blade for his name
Leviathan; Devourer,
thou art my temple for I am thy flame!