

1. Kathaarian Life Code

Desert... Night...

Coyotes Feel the Cold Wave of The Dark
Red Eyes eats through
the Vast Nocturnal Landscape
A Strong Light - The Only Night

This is where he made Sculptures
from the Visions that Created The Force

Baphomet in Steel
For the Flesh of Cain
A Throne made by remains
of 12 holy Disciples

New Disciples rose,
one by one, ten by ten
All met under the Desert Moonlight
Knowledge fired across the Landscape
Sparks that mixed with Coyote Eyes
Diabolic Forces in a Ceremonial Union

And each Beast of the Land
took its own way in Living
(the) Seven forbidden things
were Eternally Desecrated

Kathaarria was Built - World without End

2. In The Shadow Of The Horns

Face of the Goat in the Mirror
Eyes Burn like (an) October Sunrise
As Once they Gazed upon the Hillside
Searching for the Memories...

In the Shadow of the Horns
only seen by the Kings
of the Dawn (of the) First Millennium
upon the Thrones

In the Shadow of the Horns
Cleansed like the air in the Night
World Without End

(we've become) a Race of the Cursed Seeds
for five United Forces
in the Eternal Dawn
the Kings that held (their) heads high

The Triumph of chaos - Has Guided our Path
we Circles the holy Sinai - Our Swords Gave Wings
Invisible force of our Abyssic Hate
Our seeds Boil as we gaze upon the New Millennium

Weeping by the Graves of the Glorious Ones
(so) the hardened Frost Melts Away
Clouds Gather across a Freezing Moon
I kiss the Goat - Witchcraft Still Breathes

3. Paragon Belial

I lay Enshrined
Contaminated Time Warp
My Flesh Years
For the Tombworld

My soul like layers of Frost
Simulating a Spectre Shadow
Frozen in Time and Space
I was Hacked out of Ice

Faded am I, behind a wall of consciousness
Still feeling a different World
Surrounding Me
Chilling Voices fill my head -
I Open My Eyes;

The Boiling Sea Beneath

The Castle of Faust
Belial finally Comes Forth:

"The Ancient White light writings
were just lying men and their Pens
You are the same, only in Black.
Return with the knowledge
of making your own god"

Dreaming of the Tombworld:
I Enter Into an Eternal Oath
Creating my Paragon Belial

4. Where Cold Winds Blow

Where Cold Winds Blow I (was) laid to Rest
I Can not reach my Rusty Weapons
the Blood and Sword that Guided my Path
for they Drowned in the Sands of Wisdom

I was, indeed, a King of the Flesh
My Blackened Edges; still they were Sharp
Honoured by the Carnal Herds
but asketh thou: Closed are the Gates?

My Mind cut my Winged Weapons
and Teeth that was my Pride
And from the Forest all would hear:
"Wisdom Opens the Gate for the King"

My Weapons Sighted - My Tears they Tasted
Summon my Warriors - To the Land of Desire
To the Domain of Hate - Where Cold Winds Blew
For Lust for Hell - We Rode with the North Wind

Only I could accomplish a fucken Self-deceit
There are only Two Paths - the Mind or the Sword
And the Mind was Open like the Sights in a Dream
But the Sword was like a Stone around my neck

I Entered the Soul of the Snake
and Slept with the Armageddish Whore
(but) without my Throne and my Weapons;
Where Cold Winds Blow became my Grave

5. A Blaze In The Northern Sky

Hear a Haunting Chant
Lying in the Northern wind
As the Sky turns Black
clouds of Melancholy
rape the Beams
of a Devoid Dying Sun
and the Distant Fog approaches

Coven of forgotten Delight
Hear the Pride of a Northern Storm
Triumphant sight on a Northern Sky

Where the days are Dark
and Night the Same
Moonlight Drank the Blood
of a thousand Pagan men

It took ten times a hundred Years
Before the King on the Northern Throne
was brought Tales of the crucified one

Coven of renewed Delight;
A Thousand Years have passed since then -
Years of Lost Pride and Lust

Souls of Blasphemy,
hear a Haunting Chant -

We are a Blaze in the Northern Sky
The next thousand Years Are OURS

6. The Pagan Winter

Horned Master of Endless Time

Summon thy Unholy Disciples
Trained for Centuries to Come.
Gather on the highest Mountain
United by Hatred;
The final Superjoint Ritual...

This, The Pagan Winter
Kept for the Obscure (ones)
Candles hold the only light
Sextons hide in Fear

For this Eternal Winter
A New God Ruled the Sky
The Million Hands Of Joy
Have something holy to Burn

From the top of the World one could see
The white light Servants Flee
Engulfed in an Infernal Cyclone
Created by (our) Blasphemy

Religious bodies Crossed the Sky
the Vision was our Wine
Roar of Fire, Feeble Fools
Into The Furnace Fire