

Hollenthon, Premonition - Lex Talionis

Stank lagoons with grasping claws a serpent have released
From dungeons of despair and farce to feast on brackish hearts

The walls a tint of crimson fierce speak of vacant names
Beheld by missive magot-pies, prophetic in their crow

In vested misery, thy devils damn thee black
Not all great Neptune's oceans may ever cleanse your robes

For Weyward Sisters guide the hand, the hand that held the scythe
To lands undiscerned in tongue, Cimmerians have roamed

Infidels of tawny hue cannot hide behind
The cross that bore a bastard child and reigns in fiery fear

No ends of earth may stifle choirs oracular from magot-pies
Perched upon a hungry vault to witness serpent's jaws

Mandibles, sabre-lined, ruthless tear through flesh
Grant the mercy shown to those in dungeons of the past

Forsaken hymn cacophonous concluded long and drawn
To realms of stank lagoons retreats Leviathan to find repose