

Zyklon, Vile Ritual

Recite the unspoken
A manifest of the Great Self
A solid faith in what you can accomplish
A supreme vision of capability
An arcane text
Describing an outrageous test
Too bold the modern ones would say
You can always pray
A vile ritual bleeding
Like a spear of hate
Almost like the predator's feeding
Consolidating every man's fate
Oh venerable ancestors
Please grant me with my pagan fest
I'm equal to my human contest
May it be a fight for all the best
Would the few of us ever accept
A moral that is slightly trite? A sun that never sets is still being bright
Small pieces of heathen soil can make any man's blood boil
A violation of anything supreme has come into regularity in any scene
Never condone the residue of human scald
Boiling in water that is still cold
A modern day heresy it would be in fact
Just let me have my vile ritual intact