



## Plaguemorn

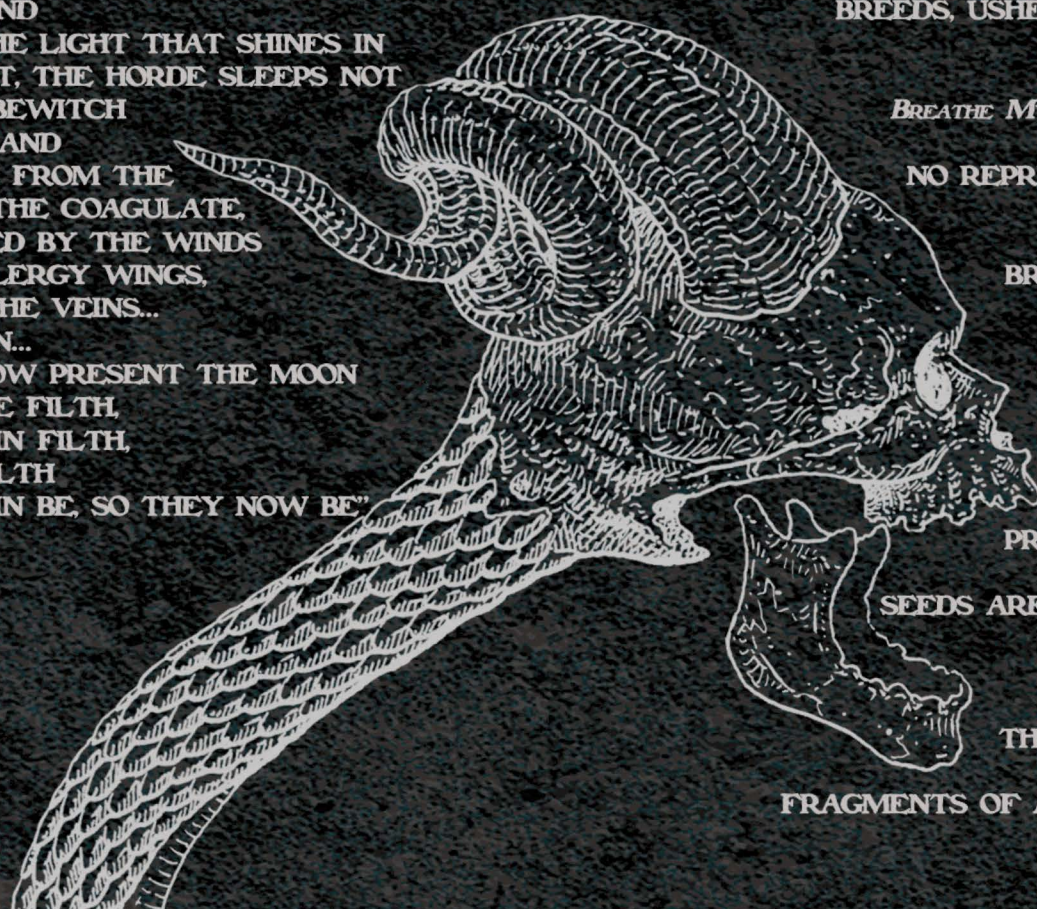
*RISE O PESTILENCE THINE STAR AWAITS*

AWAKENING, SPEWED FORTH FROM THE HORNET'S  
HIVE A VULTURE'S SPAWN ENSLAVED FROM THE  
LIGHT BEGONE CULTIVATE TO VITIATE THE  
CULTURED DAWN BY THE STENCH OF A DYING  
STAR

BEYOND THE MOUTH OF THE RISING SVN, IT  
DESCENDS AND DESCENDS BY THE WAVE OF A  
HAND UNLEASHED UPON FLIES AND THE LARVAE  
THEY BRAND

WITHIN THE LIGHT THAT SHINES IN  
THE CRYPT, THE HORDE SLEEPS NOT  
AS THEY BEWITCH  
EXTRACT AND  
SUBTRACT FROM THE  
CORE OF THE COAGULATE,  
ENTRANCED BY THE WINDS  
OF THE CLERGY WINGS,  
DISSECT THE VEINS...  
ENLIGHTEN...

STRAIN NOW PRESENT THE MOON  
BREED THE FILTH,  
BREATHE IN FILTH,  
BE THE FILTH  
"AS VERMIN BE, SO THEY NOW BE"



## Corpseborn

WITHIN THE FURY OF DESOLATE WINDS,  
VERMIN RIDE UPON WINGS OF THE  
SCORCHED, PRAYERS REACH THE VOID ONLY  
TO RETURN IN A FIRE OF VENGEANCE AND  
HATE AND SCORN. NO REPRIEVE FROM  
THEIR FATE. A SAVIOR THEY DETACH FROM  
THE CROSS OF ROTTING FLESH; YET HIS  
STENCH AND DECAY IS WHAT IS LEFT  
STARING BACK.  
INGESTING REMNANTS, THE PLAGUEWORM  
BREEDS, USHERING THE TORMENT OF  
HYDRA

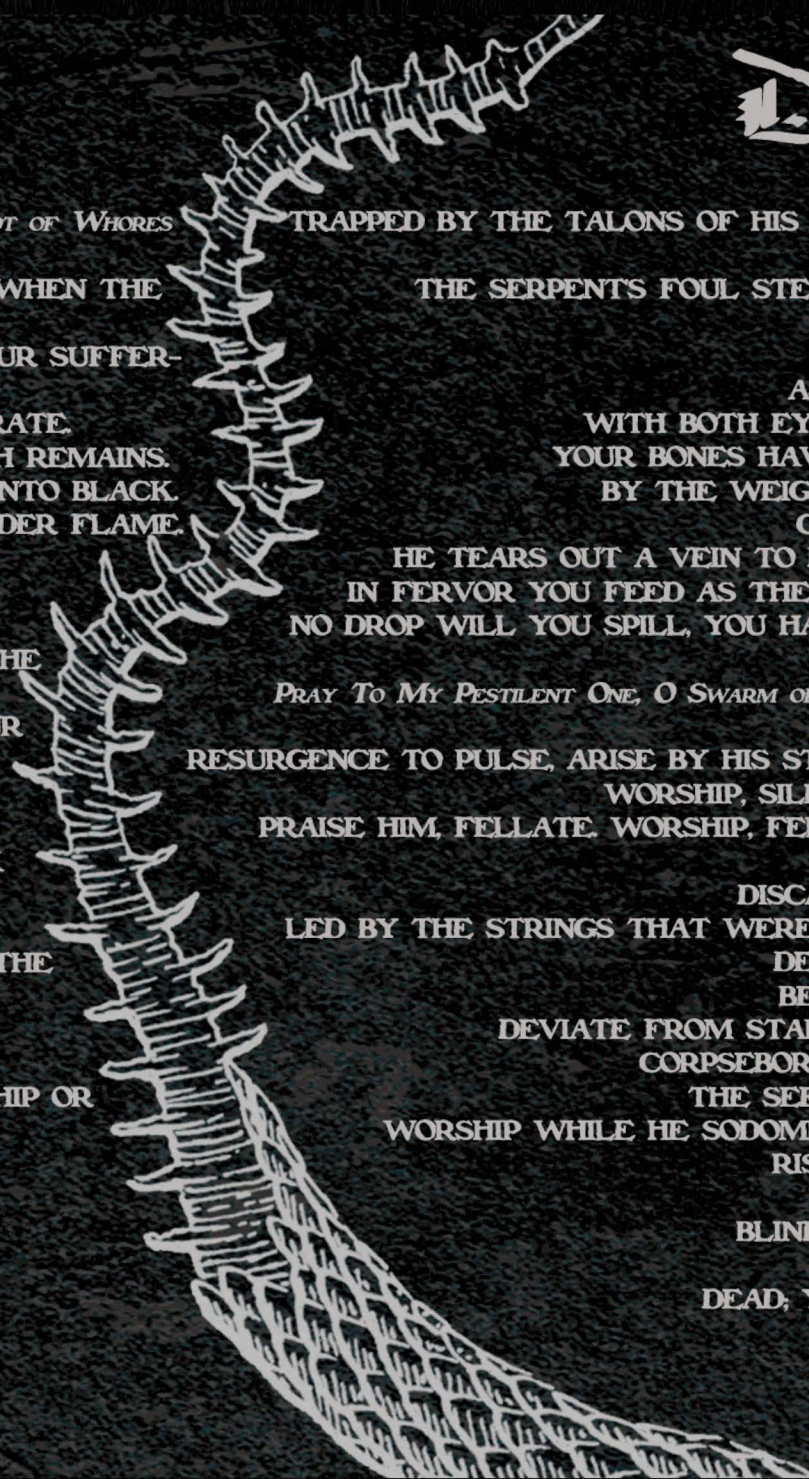
*BREATHE MY PESTILENT THY GLORY DIMS*

NO REPRIEVE FROM THEIR FATE  
INGESTING REMNANTS,  
THE PLAGUEWORM  
BREATHES AND BREATHES  
AND CAUSES LIFE  
TO FUCKING CEASE  
FLIES DROP LIKE FLIES  
AND THEIR LARVAE  
SCREAM,  
DROWNING  
THE SOUND OF DEAD  
PRAYERS FROM THE VOID.  
SOIL NOW BLOOD.  
SEEDS ARE SOWN. ROOTS UNFURL.  
STEMS BREACH FORTH.  
CORPSES BORN.  
HORNETS SWARM.  
THE SUN CASTS ITS GLOW  
ON THE MARROW DUST;  
FRAGMENTS OF ALL, CARRIED BY WINDS  
NOW CALM.

## Summit

*DIE IN MY PESTILENCE, THOU MAGGOT OF WHORES*

THY TONGUE MEANS NOTHING WHEN THE  
FLESH IS BOILED TO SLUDGE  
SMOLDERING YOU MELT, AS YOUR SUFFER-  
ING PROLONGS  
RESUSCITATE. ANIMATE. DENIGRATE.  
BEHOLD, YOUR CROWN OF FILTH REMAINS.  
ENSLAVED TO THE VEIL CAST INTO BLACK.  
SCATTER IN LINES AS ANTS UNDER FLAME.  
BURROW IN BILE REFLECTING  
THE VILE SOMATIC MUTATION,  
TRANSGRESS YOU MUST NOT,  
FOR THE AIR YOU MUST BREATHE  
WILL FILL WITH ROT.  
SCREAM YOU CANNOT FOR YOUR  
TONGUE IS NOT.  
FLESH FROM YOUR FACE HAS  
PEELED IN DISGRACE.  
SCREAMS FROM THE SUN REEK  
WITH ROT.  
TO SUMMON THE RAIN,  
TO SYPHON THE FLOOD. FROM THE  
BRIMSTONE HE ERUPTS  
SCALE BY BLACKENED SCALE,  
SPEWING FORTH THE BOIL  
THE SERPENT IN BLOOM, WORSHIP OR  
DOOM  
ENSLAVED TO THE VEIL,  
CAST INTO BLACK.  
DECAY IS LEFT.  
THE SERPENT AWAITS.



## Dustcult

TRAPPED BY THE TALONS OF HIS EMBRACE, NO AIR,  
CAN'T BREATHE  
THE SERPENT'S FOUL STENCH SUFFOCATES,  
ASPHYXIATES,  
STRANGULATES  
AS YOU FALL LIMP,  
WITH BOTH EYES TURNED BACK,  
YOUR BONES HAVE BEEN CRUSHED  
BY THE WEIGHT OF HIS BLACK,  
COLD DEAD HEART  
HE TEARS OUT A VEIN TO DRIP IT ALL BACK  
IN FERVOR YOU FEED AS THE SERPENT BLEEDS  
NO DROP WILL YOU SPILL, YOU HARLOTS OF GREED

*PRAY TO MY PESTILENT ONE, O SWARM OF THE FALLEN*

RESURGENCE TO PULSE, ARISE BY HIS STRINGS. FALL IN A  
WORSHIP, SILENT & DEAFENING  
PRAISE HIM, FELLATE. WORSHIP, FELLATE. SWALLOW,  
FELLATE.  
DISCARDED, YOU WAIT.  
LED BY THE STRINGS THAT WERE WOVEN IN FEAR,  
DEFLESH YOU MUST  
BE VEILED, MUTATE  
DEVIATE FROM STARDUST YOU CAME,  
CORPSEBORN YOU ARE FROM  
THE SEED OF THE WORM,  
WORSHIP WHILE HE SODOMIZES YOUR SHAME  
RISE TO THE ALTAR,  
DUSTCULT.  
BLINDLY YOU FOLLOW,  
DUSTCULT.  
DEAD, YOU ARE HOLLOW,  
DUSTCULT.  
DEAD YOU ARE.