

Temple of Sord



OF TERROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL



OF TERROR AND
THE SUPERNATURAL

TEMPLE OF VOID



The Embalmer's Art *

Here. This town. Secluded slice of life.
Picture-perfect front of diabolic atrocity
What cold horror lies beyond these
warm smiles and hospitality?

Potter's Bluff
The Embalmer's Art
Master work of the wicked

Unsuspecting ones wander incautiously
The geniality of the accommodating
town of death

Last moments to life
captured in macabre photographs
of anguish and final breaths

Self-Made God
The embalmer's task
Engineer of perverse monstrosity

Town mortician
Nefarious puppeteer
Creator of this depraved paradise
to which you have returned

Carefully stationed piece
of this morbid puzzle

You too have died

Savage Howl

Incandescence of lycanthropic eyes
radiate across the rayless tangle
of knurled branches
and engulfing timber

Its heated breath clouds the distance
as rapid pounding engulfs your chest

One tries to run with natural intent,
but feeble limbs give ill response
But the hunt follows; trampling through
the snow and frozen brush

You sense its presence
You hear its savage howl
You're in the company of the wolf

Exposing footprints
Closing chase
Leaping force
Drags your body to the ground
Blurring vision
As fangs descend into flesh
Wince in agony
As your entrails stain the snow around



Beyond The Ultimate[†]

A cursed reflecting pool
Brings a visage from
beyond the grave

Haunting, cryptic visions
of the netherworld
You wake in cold sweat

Summoned
For sacrifice

Feed me
I must dine a feast of blood
Once, I too paid these
sacrificial dues
You must now give them to me
So I may walk once again
in daylight

(Lead: Erdody)

Compelled to obey
Payment by plume of the blade

Beyond the Ultimate, we can feast
and gorge ourselves forever

Invocation of Demise[†]

This door, a way
Looming access below
Descending stairway

Long shadows drape where they
once danced behind flickering flame;
now coated in the fungal stench of
forgotten time

We are silence
We are nothing
Followers of space
Adhering only to
the demise of humanity

A cold sleep
Invoking a way
Outside
Patent Grave Cosmic
Life ends
Life ends

We are silence
We are nothing
Followers of space
Adhering only to
the demise of humanity



To Carry this Corpse Evermore**

(Guitars: Erdody)

Rot in Solitude*

Brick by brick
Your spacious coffin climbs
As mortar dries
The lighting subtly dies

Pompous fool
The blame is all your own
A scathing tongue
Brings immurement within stone

Weakness. Onset. You'll rot in Solitude

Thrice chance been given to turn back
Attrition atoned within the catacombs

Nemo Me Impune Lacessit

Your body as sealed as your fate

You will be left to starve

Exanimate Gaze*

To Thee, thy course by lot is given
Guilt breeds suspicions
and deceptions
From Eden to contemporary times
Charge and strict watch must
be made

Ageless task
A Burden of Penance
For centuries to come

Through me
you go into the city of grief
Through me
you go into the pain that is eternal
Through me
you go among people lost
Abandon hope, all ye who enter

Lifeless eyes
Ever vigil
Exanimate Gaze
that is our tyrant and enemy

Take it, my love
Let this knife lead you to us
Make you well again



Bargain in Death^{††}

Waking – You grasp and you claw
but there is no escape

Scratching – The slivers of pine
stabbing under your nails

As you panic – Your breathing
gets faster as air runs out

Entrapment – Within the confines
of this oblong box

Double-crossed
Left to die

Conscious – Effects of your
serum have well worn away

Regretting – This insurance ploy
gone completely awry

Kicking – But six-feet of dirt
keeps your coffin-lid sealed

Screaming – The painful acceptance
that this is the end

Gasping for air, sweating profusely
You clasp at your throat

(Lead: Blanchard, Erdody, Awn)

Words & music by Temple of Void.

*Organ by Omar Jon Ajluni.

† Additional guitars by Mike Erdody.

Recorded by Clyde Wilson at
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Mixed by Todd Konecny at
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Mastered by Tony Hamera, Detroit, MI.
February–July 2014.

Cover painting by Bruce Pennington.

Ink illustration by Bubba McKenzie.

Photography by Chris Betea.

Photo retouching by Clint Ford.

Layout & Design by Alex Awn.

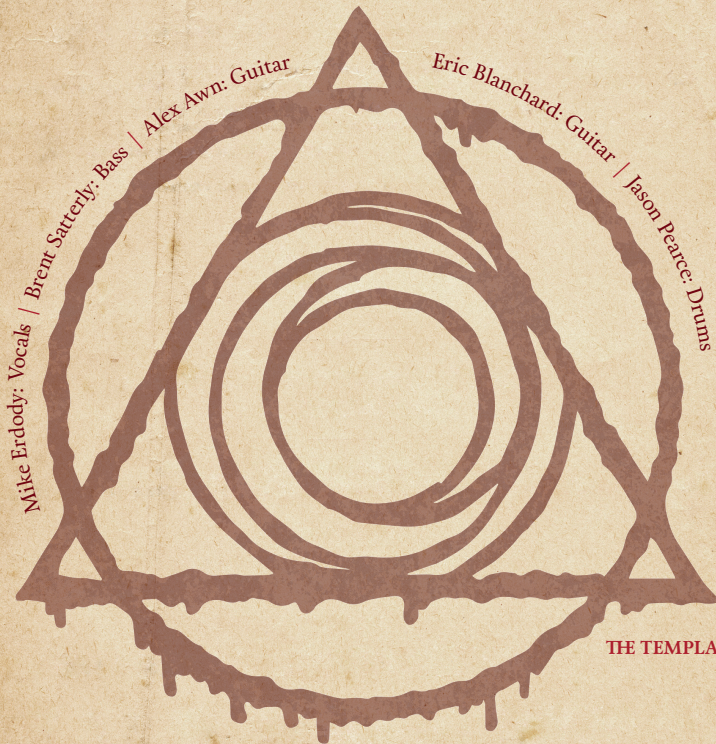
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Mike Erdody: Vocals | Brent Satterly: Bass | Alex Awn: Guitar

Eric Blanchard: Guitar | Jason Pearce: Drums

THE TEMPLARS