

# Ancient Rites, Rise and Fall (Anno Satana)

Noble Caesar, forgive me  
But I was the knife ending Thy ambition  
Yet I held Thy standard proudly  
As Thy legions burned the world

Oh gorgeous Minoan empire  
Blessed were Thy art and culture  
Earthquakes undermined Thy glory  
Then I led hostile forces into Thy land

[Chorus:]  
I am the desires most profane  
The pestilence cursing thousands  
I am the burned village  
Decimating diseases without a name

Anno Satana!  
Anno Satana!

Rise, rise, rise and fall!  
Rise, rise, rise and fall!

Dear Robbespierre, hail to Thy revolution  
Which turned into an endless execution  
(So sweet Thy blood must have tasted  
in the hour of Thy own execution)

Rise, rise, rise and fall!  
Rise, rise, rise and fall!

Anno Satana!  
Anno Satana!

Clever, mad Rasputin  
No intrigue too grand  
A pleasure it was watching you rise  
But the delight so overwhelming  
As I witnessed your fall

Throughout history my misanthropy  
Always has been grander than thine