

Behind The Scenery, Pure Evil

By the light of the moon
Consumptive creatures awake
Crawl through the dark
Beware of parents awake
A pilgrimage of pimpled hordes
To worship satan in the woods

Poor evil -
Tormented by a hydrocephalus
And paranoid haemorrhoids

Poor evil -
Worshipped by pale pimpled hordes
With bloody plastic swords

Icy winds blow through the forest
Satan's parish trembles with frost
Purulent pimples in black and white
Beaming through the gloomy night
A fire within the mystic circle
Straight from hell

A stench of diabolic transpiration
Disturbed by puberty
In dark winter nights
They molest you
Pre-school education
Has to be done

Salvation army of evil force
Celebrate Lucifer's rise
Rotten beavers from the wood-path
The sacrifice
A penknife cuts through the flesh
Entrails and blood
Stinking clouds in the air
Satan vomit into the woods

Unholy error
Lucifer is a poor devil
Rheumatism is the price
For the nights within frost, snow and ice