

Blackmass, Torve Morte

Oh, infernal beasts rise up your horns to mutilate
Oh, demoniacal hordes raise your weapon to destroy
Oh, bestial legions unfurl your black flags to blind
All the saints who are dying in their paradise
Oh, unholy creatures devour the light to annihilate
All the Christian's faith in its holy light!
No! No more a fake divinity
On the wings of Apocalypse we came
Tender preys to the magical slaughter
Rotting inside, ripping away, tear the veil of light!
Torve Morte -- Torve Morte!
Oh, this is the Torve Morte!
Shadows, darkness, and sulphur
That's Torve Morte
Annihilation, intimidation, and damnation
That's Torve Morte
Oh, infernal beasts rise up your horns to mutilate
Oh, demoniacal hordes raise your weapon to destroy
Torve Morte -- Torve Morte!