

# Nocturnal Rites, The Devil's Child

Born into sin,  
a lust for the evil  
Betrayed and deceived,  
benn giving his number  
Serpent of death, child of the darkness  
A servant to torture, a slave to power

Twisting his mind, the ways of the wicked  
There's no turning back

Ten thousand eyes, hiding the glory  
Who's the chosen one?  
Who could have known, death ws a blessing  
It's the Devil's Child

The power he holds, witness the progress  
His senses unfold; the choice has been made  
Eyes lit with fire, a snake in disguise  
Collector of souls, the work must go on