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