

# Samael, Bestial Devotion

[narration:]

Tired and submissive  
Lying down on the black altar  
She waits passive and anguished  
A frost silence glides into the assembly

[priest reflection:]

Only my invocation resounds in the heads of the followers

[priest with the crowd:]

- Glory to you Ounis
- Praise be to Ounis

[the priest:]

- So her blood may quench your thirst
- So her meat may appease your hunger
- For you we'll eat the red crown
- For you we'll lick the green crown

[priest with the crowd:]

- Glory to you Ounis
- Praise be to Ounis

[narration:]

The blade penetrates deeply in the young flesh  
All together copulate with the bloody wounds

[the priest:]

Here's the theatre of our dreams  
- This is the beauty of absurdity

[priest with the crowd:]

- Glory and praise be to Ounis