

Abigor, In Sin

Marching through the woods
Our weapons held high
Here is our meeting tonight
Our fire burns higher then ever before
Our master's awaited with pride
We get immortality
We are eternal
We drink the blood flowing warm from christ
So sweet to taste the liquid might
Our satanic unity is done
Join force Belial
Hypnotic trance
Awaiting the beast
Waiting for the end
Whispering voices telling me
To rape to kill the priest
Floating caused by magic
Never ending hate