

# Ancient Rites, Exile (Les Litanies De Satan)

O Satan, prends pitié de ma longue misère !

Oh Thou, the most savage of angels  
God only judges mild  
Those who chant songs to his praise  
Oh Prince of exile...

To whom in every tale done wrong  
(but who) after defeat, always redresses more strong

Like a patron saint of  
Heavens rejected souls  
Distinctively closer to  
Humanity Thou art  
Connected to  
Mother earth more profound

Oh Thou fallen angel of gloom, joyfully I join thy side  
Even if this means eternal fire, I embrace thy kingdom of night

Exile, exile!!!!

Wandering in Thy wastelands  
Far away from the heavenly autocrat  
Close to Thee I chose to repose  
Liberated from God's wrath  
Exile!!!

A temple raised for the ones like us  
With plentiful room for science  
A shelter for creative minds  
To dream away in silence...

Oh Thou fallen angel of gloom, joyfully I join thy side  
Even if this means eternal fire, I embrace thy kingdom of night