

Behexen, Baphomet's Call

Alone I walk under the freezing moon.
The meaning of my life is broken.
I wonder the insanity of mundane travelling.
The knife of distress ripping my heart...
I want to die. A shadow of fear descent upon me.
I feel the burning hate inside.
The master Satan has come forth for me...
I rise my glance and scream your name the mighty Lord Satan.
I feel your hand as it touches my hair.
You whisper the unknown languages to me.
Your burning breath touches my face.
You breed the darkest form of blasphemy... into my heart.
Suddenly you're gone.
Again I hear the howling wind and dropping rain.
You resurrected to me and showed the power of the throne of darkness.
Proudly I continue my journey in the dark night.
The black flame of Satan in my heart.
The black flame... of Satan!