

Behexen, Night Of The Blasphemy

The rite of black mass. Deep in the dark forest.
Goats face in the ground. Surrounded by the congregation of darkness.
Nocturnal prayer for the mighty lord open this infernal night.

The circle of pentagram closes us inside.
Shielded we are under satans black wings.
It's the force of the dark side.
Children of the night we are hiding in the black fog.

We invoke the dark lord.
From the beast we pray the christians death.
Goathorns rised up. The blood and corpse of the christian desecrated,
we close ourselves in satanic mass...

Hail Satanas
Ave Satanas
Honestus Satanas
Regie Satanas

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