

Death SS, Mandrake Root

Dig black dog, dig down under the Gallows Pole
the hanged man has ejaculated all his last seed.
On the crossroads he swings
stark naked and withered.
He gave his sperm to fertilized bewitched lands.

With my shoulders to the wind I look towards the sun
I rise my sword of power over this deadly place
and as I draw three circles over the black root
I can bring to the light the apple of the Djinn.

Look out! When you snatch it from the ground!
Its scream can lacerate your mind! Aaahhh!
The mandrake root! The mandrake root!

With its almighty tuber I will be wealthy and strong
my sex will be young forever, no woman shall resist!
The blood of a black rooster can reinforce its result
the "little man" is ready! Let magick live again!

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Its scream can lacerate your mind! Aaahhh!
The mandrake root! The mandrake root!