

# Ghost B.C., Year Zero

Since dawn of time the fate of men is that of lice,  
Equal as parasites and moving without eyes.  
A day of reckoning when Venice is to burn,  
Come down together now and say the words

Hail Satan, arcangel Lord  
Hail Satan, welcome Year Zero

Crest falling, kings and queens comforting iller faith,

Since fate of men is equal to the fate of lice,  
As new dawn rises you shall recognize now

Evil trouble for nations,  
victim to fall for temptations,  
a daughter to fall for a son.  
The ancient servant deceiver,  
the masses standing in awe