

Intestine Baalism, Wind Of Death

You figure remains the same as before
The indescribable color of your skin
Suits the king of this evil dominion
Fly away on your wings
A curse is released, a suffering worse than death
A world where illness is spread to humanity
Corrupt smells are filled
Angels suffer and fall
In the eternal night a black sun burns ark red
The symbol of despair
Our guardian star
Furious winds of death are blowing
Black rain showers the world
As long as the black sun is in the sky
Our power is unlimited
Brethren of evil
Now show your power
The lord of night awakes
Light can never defeat us
Swords are longing for blood
The blood of saints