

Lord Vicar, Born Of A Jackal

There's a cross on the top of the mountain, erected by the hands of fools
Time has come for the Beast to be unleashed; He's bound to rule for thousand years
Yet again there are those who oppose him, uplifted by their iron rules
Holy fathers from the Christian orders living through their thousand fears

Once he was the most powerful Angel, trusting to inhuman dreams
Finally he will have his true vengeance; the privileged and Ardent Son.
Seed was sown in a disgusting union, breeding in unholy means
Everywhere there are crosses on fire, be awake, the Beast has come.

Born in a graveyard
Of a torn Jackal
Hail his ancient Guard,
Father fallen from the grace