

Lux Ferre, Next To Satan

Hordes rise from Hell's Abyss
And glorious Evil strikes the skies
The burning casualties on flame
Are all what matters for Hell's pride

The battlefield is your realm
And Honour defeats all filth
Commanding Hordes with taste for Pain
Proudly I gather the remains

Now, weak embrace the Fear
All evil forces will arise, god's end is near
I shall do now what is right
Mighty Word of Satan, obey!

I am next to Satan
I shall be Thy command
I am next to Evil
Grant me powers for your will

Next to Satan

I am next to Satan
A shall be Thy command
I am next to Evil
Grant me powers for the kill

Next to Satan

Master's orders may deceive
The ones condemned to Pain
For I have Satan's trust
With my bare hands I shall slain

Forgotten Demons now revealed
Dark Legions with taste for War
Commanding proudly I enslave
The weak race in my domain

Die, you deserve the Pain of my misdeeds
I shall bring you Death in Satan's name
Casualties of War, with War we fight
Mighty Word Of Satan, obey!