Marduk, Sulphur Souls

Praise hail Satan

Our wrath is about to be unleashed

Upon you - oh lord of goodness

For so long we have waited and believe us

The future will be a vast black memory on your grave

Behold

From our synagogue of Satan

We say to you

Black metal warriors of northern lands

Lift your swords up high

Let us praise

The horned one

The lord of the sulphur souls

The city walls of Babylon

Are now decorated with the bodies of your

Weak followers

Here they hang begging for our mercy

With a symbol of your teachings

We can't do nothing but hate

Behold

From our synagogue of Satan

We say to you

Do never lower your heads in awe

For a god so good and mild

Let us praise the one with black horns

Woe

Woe to you oh falling god

See how we scorn your work and worshippers

See how they hang in shameful nakedness

On the bloodstained walls of Babylon

The white sun bites us

But why be afraid

The bright morning star has turned black

Your empire is ruined oh god of life and light

And I am your Judas