

# Nunslaughter, Black Horn of the Ram

You have fallen now  
From the hand of God  
Come to my embrace  
Triumph of the Ram

I will build this temple made from Rams horns  
A tribute to our darkened lord

Come on in, we welcome you  
Light the candles, for the dead  
Burning evil, scent of death  
Sense of power

Thirteen years I built a structure made from rams horns  
Although the Christian faith tells me to be warned  
I watched it grow I made it bleed I never turned my back  
I saw the horn of the ram and I made it black