

# Seance, The Blessing Of Death

For those who fear the dark  
Shall always be blessed  
Those who live thru spells  
Restless death will taste

Born dead the promised  
Land of salvation  
The sickened coming  
Bringer of damnation

Awakened lust - holy - witches blood  
Devils spawn - blessed - by no priest  
Dark instinct - evil - shall prevail  
Burning death - alive - faith will fail

Fire walk with me  
Lord of the dead talk to me

When I was a child  
The dark would call my name

In my dreams thru blood and fire I'd revel  
"Pactum cum diabolo" born of the devil

Swinging, smiling - rotten from a tree  
For I've lost the blessing  
I will always be

Blasphemy - against - all that's holy  
Merciless - to all - death unfold thee

Fire walk with me  
Lord of the dead talk to me

Fate given with birth servant of evil  
Though, I'm a true witch I can't die by fire  
I feel only the pain the pain the one desires

They've tied me to the stake

I await my fate  
The flames grow oh so high  
I wish that I could die