

Wohlstandskinder

"Nocturnal Rites"

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Come to the meeting
Nocturnal rites
Kneel to the master
Eat the night
Can you feel the power
The burning flame
Blood on the pages
In the book of black

Oh, nocturnal rites
Yeah, in the dead of night

Legions of bastards
Can you feel their eyes
Dead on the alter
Lie your broken dreams
Mass hypnosis
Under a neon sky
Into psychosis
As we shun the light

Oh, nocturnal rites
Yeah, in the dead of night

You're inside the circle
There's no escape
And the circle's inside of you
You can try and get out
But it's way to late
And we're watching over you

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