

## Asphyx "Evocation"

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Deep in your mind in a subconscious voice  
Eager to call, he who's guarding the gates  
Feast of evoking, he who comes from the  
depth  
Circle of Seance, in a trance of decay  
Mass for abyss, so it will be done  
Die! Only a soul, is worth his affection  
Giving your life, his only need  
And at the gate the Master is waiting  
Come, kneel and beg for his grace  
One out of all has the privilege of approval  
The rest remains dwelling through  
the crypts of knowledge  
Fighting the powers of forgiveness, remain  
an evil black soul  
Only a soul, is worth his affection  
Giving your life that's all he needs  
Circle of seance, not one soul will awake  
Eager to call, mass for abyss  
And at the gate the Master was waiting  
Only one of all had the privilege of power  
The rest is there to die a thousand deaths

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