

Behexen

"My Stigmas Bleeding Black"

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Ave, salus infirmorum, miserere nobis!

The wounds of the suffering are open
My stigmas bleeding black
Wounds from the five blades,
Of the inverted star

The Devils black vomit
Flowing from the wounds
The hammer of Satan
Has struck me by it's brute strength

Master! Guide my hands to your deeds
Terrifying cruelties
For I am your spear
And I am your born

The sacred light of Lucifer
Burns my skin in blisters
Boil my flesh in your hatred
Let your spirit live free in me

Black and stabbing chains
From the pentagram to my limbs
Through the wounds of devotion
Towards the evil destiny

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