

Besatt

"Time For Gathering"

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The night's colour are calling me
They are tempting my senses
Without borders

The world is rotating in fiery pentagram
Full of false and hypocrisy
I'm rejecting it

Mirror of my condemned soul
Is breaking makes free
Demons of evil

In candle-lights dusted books
With hidden truths
I'm absorbing them

Destination- it's a card given by fate
Hatred- it's weapon to destroy the enemies
Instinct- it's gift shows you the way
Pain -it's delight I receive and give to others

In hellish fire horned beast is my destination
Symbols of cross wakes my hate
I choose black paths instinctive for years
My life is passing away in delight and pain

The sound of great bell is ringing
Around giving initiated the sign
To gathering

My heart beats and speeding up the rhythm
Giving the strength and the power
To my body

For long mystic night
I'm putting on a habit for time
The mystery

On the altar of pain
I'm giving my sacrifice
Without regret

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