

Demon Thor

"Tolling The Black Rite Bell"

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This is the ancient time when the torches light up the
corridors of the palace
When us disciples of the lord of shadows practice
sacrifice
We drink the blood and bless ourselves knelled in front
of the victim
Laid on the mortuary table covered
In black stained of red.
Intense vampires, don't stop
Drinking the hot blood that runs fast
The black witch of pleasure looks
At us with beauty and lust
The blood runs by the side of her
Mouth, her eyes burn like hell
She surrenders herself and her long
Black hair slips between my fingers
Bitch vampires, one by one she bewitches with her
power she inflames in us the fire of hell

Fell her...

The swords reflect the shine of black
Candles lighted around the pentagram
Don't break the circle, don't break the spell Satan is
present - night of the scarlet death
When the midnight comes I'll be convoked to

TOLL THE BLACK RITE BELL
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We summon seven legions of
Hell to proceed the ritual
The sacrificed victim must rise
Become one more of the Satan's
Living dead and live in between our medium
We close the circle and the high priest
Turns it impenetrable.
Once more we recite the secret
Words of pact and invocation
The ominous mist of beauty's

Resurrection spreads on...
It becomes intense involving
The ritual and the mortuary table
The wound heals, and the girl
Slowly opens her eyes
Pretty smile... mixed of innocence
And wrath, in the supreme mystery...

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