

Episode 13

"The Black Mass"

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The aroma of blood and phobia we taste
The growing hate and the silence feel
The dream that we see while we're awake
Are the heritages of septic eras

Every tyrant shares my spell
Centuries of sworn worshipping
How could they forget me!...

The cruel water we forced to drink
The flesh we wanted to chop and mince
Are now on our domination turn

Bleed me, hang me on your neck
Paralyse me with your strength
I please you in chains
My peerless...
Within the long tasting imperial hunger
A pandemonium was a heartbeat of Lord
Surrounding hole shattered pleasures
And becoming grave in a bed of filth

Every tyrant shares my spell
Centuries of sworn worshipping
How could they forget me!...

Bleed me, hang me on your neck
Paralyse me with your strength
I please you in chains
My peerless...

Beyond the mountains of a lost kingdom
I will spend my fate on hunting their unborns...

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