

Inquisition

"Hail The King Of All Heathens"

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Followers of heathen culture, gather! Now is the time to unite.

We are the sons of a true god, mighty creator of our race.

Elements of nature grant us wisdom, domination, power and control.

Those are the ways of survival for existence of the wolveren breed.

Ceremonies of the heathens, deep inside a mystic temple.

Voices of an ancient cult are chanting to the hymns of night.

Worshipping the moon in the darkness far in a land of solitude.

Summoning the ancients of the woodlands,

Summoning the demons of the sea.

Dressed in a shiny black robe I uphold a torch,

All in the name of my master ruler of the underworld of fire.

Lord of the strong and the brave your arrival I await.

King of the heathens, I sing to thee!

Hail... Lucifer

Hail... Abaddon

Hail... Beelzebub

Hail... Satan

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