

# Inquisition

## "Invoking The Majestic Throne Of Satan"

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In the cryptic shadows of the mystic full moon night,  
echoes from the chanting hymns of darkness bray with  
might.

Here I stand in mountains where the pagan songs are  
sung,

Only to invoke the mighty ancient king of hell.

Satan, in the night we summan thee,  
Chanting magic words of blasphemy.  
Black mass in a lonesome cryptic land...  
Worship of the black majestic throne!

Members of infernal worship gather in the night,  
Serving Satan and his demons for the heathen rise.  
Voices from a lonely forest honors natures ways,  
In the form of ceremonies that invoke the king.

Satan, in the night we summan thee,  
Chanting magic words of blasphemy.  
Black mass in a lonesome cryptic land...  
Worship of the black majestic throne!

In this lonesome heathen lands torches summon  
demon winds,  
Fire now ignites the skies.  
Rites of darkness shall begin as I raise my ritual sword  
Standing within a pentagram.  
Thunder bolts in the skies of fire burning heavens's  
realm of gold,  
Angels fall with burning wings.  
Wars in cosmic battlefields is the answer to my call,  
Mighty is our victory

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