

Lord Belial "Sons Of Belial"

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Black circles move randomly
Cosmic void of endless darkness
Aeon is near, yet far away
Cold death and vivid nothingness

Stranger aeons and death did die
Ill-natured beasts of time haunts
Uncertain moment of death
Unveiled is the fear of dying

[Lead: Fredrik]

Sons of Belial chants in tongues of the ancient
The symbol within the circles takes form
Black edition of the seal sacred to the wicked
North is hailed and so is the earth and all filth

[Lead: Thomas]

Touch the black seal of Belial
Feel the dark enlightenment

Immense wickedness gather
Light of christ is no longer bright

Rise!

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Rise!

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