

## Nocturnal Worshipper "Prince Of Death"

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This burn under the sign of pointed view so far  
Massacred evil alive in themselves  
On subdivided forces of this incarnation  
All Satanic wimple kingdom  
Rejoiced with the arrival of the envoy  
Forth fight coming to the Earth  
Through the yowl timeless of the North

In through this shadowy night  
Was warmed a diabolical potential  
That would become a funeral reality  
Because the sleep would await soon  
By the age and the sorcery of the ancient ones  
His deep eyes turn into Black  
The Heel kneeled, the time has come  
For the chosen one arise

Like a thick pace his music sweeps  
From end to end, the other hand of the shot  
Attracting the goddess to his side  
Mortifying even more the dominion of dear smarts in  
fire  
Now the fame of the prince of death sounding like  
A blaming fierce aged on gray rotten sky  
The bringer of severity marked  
All the jokers, opportunist, and the false  
Just fell in the name of Satan

But in the fight a promise broken in a  
Conspiracy - the lady a snare to she'd his blood  
The insane who raped his wife  
Didn't think he was overthrowing  
The pillar that supported himself  
Now we see the morbid insane  
Turned up and crashed to your bones  
And to the blood of your veins  
Hold on that to us and run,  
Your people, your sword, your circle  
Your misguided horrend

I can feel your spirit  
Your eyes in black

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