

Pessimist

"Sabbath Of Lust"

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Walpurgisnacht, night of the witches' evil sabbath
Concubines of the devil gather in the foggy forest
Black haired wicked women, all wet and aching
Between their thighs
They commence the rites, begin to dance
Invocations to call forth Sathanas to satisfy their
desires

They devour the flesh of the gods
Purified through the body of the priestess
Into a golden sour nectar of pleasure
For your master is coming

The horns appear from the mists of the night
The sabbatical goat Baphomet
Satanic flames of lust gleaming in her eyes
"Oh Baphomet! Satisfy our aching cunts!"
"Piss on the cross, kiss the anus of the Goat
And thou shalt be granted with the carnal lusts of the
abyss."
"Oh Baphomet! We shall worship and obey you
forever!"
"So it is done..."

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