

Simonia

"Devils Masterpiece"

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When the spring open her arms
To meet the fragrance of May nights
Every creature of evil come to see
The miracle which was made for me.
On the big field filled with blood
Grows the flower which will never be cut.
And all the demons gathered around
To see the flower which will never be found

I'll take this flower and hold it tight
It will help me in ancient rite.
Hail brides of Satan!
Open your wings and fly to the woods
Let's make a Sabbath!!!
Hail, Lord! Please hear my pray
Destroy my enemies day by day
In the dark Evil Night
We will make a rite!

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