

Venke Knutson

"Hellchild"

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Hellchild
Demon of delights you won't fight
Hellchild
Tonights the night tonight
I walk the streets of darkness
Indulgence in the air
To late to save the few
Who knew of what and were
But as I near the answer
Grows into a lore
Satan's commandments
>From the pits of hellfire roar
Hellchild
The midnight oil is gathered
Scents of lust ignite the air
Bodies naked golden writhe
Their beauty without care
Babylon their peasants dream
My talisman drink the blood elixir
In pyramid demand
We have told you once before
Now you listen and take heed
You are a servent
To the dark immortal breed
Hellchild
I walk the streets of darkness
Compulsion sings despair
The beast dictates the words
For every soul to wear
Black mist Mendes whispers
Locked behind the door
Take the keys to egypt
And sing your evil score
Hellchild

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