

Venke Knutson

"Sons Of Satan"

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Somewhere in time we were born,
And brought blood, lust, hatred and scorn,
Your sorry now you trusted me,
Now I command that you get down on your knees for

Hell the deceiver,
Satan's child,
Your a believer,
And we're going wild.

Put away all your virtues,
Stop your climbing the walls,
Just sign your name on the paper,
We'll have ourselves a ball.

Was it the battle of envy,
You were so mighty and brave,
But your foolish compulsions,
Sent you to the grave.

Hell has deceived you,
You were so blind,
Just like all mortals,
You'll loose your mind.

Hell has deceived you,
You were so blind,
Join venoms legions,
Cause we're going wild.

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