

## Venke Knutson

### "Venom"

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The scenth of Zenith clogs the midnight air  
You look around to see yourself and stare  
Hot knives you know you're not alone  
The thunder burst your mind and cracks your bones

This is our hell and that's the way we live  
Your eyes tranfixed by a deadly riff  
There ain't no door way to Satan's mind  
He takes your soul and leaves your shells behind

The sings of man dictate eternity  
We are the sons of Satan-we the three  
The final gift of hades is Satan band and now the  
future lis in his beloved hands

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