

## Woe Of Tyrants

### "Nocturnal Rites"

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Come to the meeting  
Nocturnal rites  
Kneel to the master  
Eat the night  
Can you feel the power  
The burning flame  
Blood on the pages  
In the book of black

Oh, nocturnal rites  
Yeah, in the dead of night

Legions of bastards  
Can you feel their eyes  
Dead on the alter  
Lie your broken dreams  
Mass hypnosis  
Under a neon sky  
Into psychosis  
As we shun the light

Oh, nocturnal rites  
Yeah, in the dead of night

You're inside the circle  
There's no escape  
And the circle's inside of you  
You can try and get out  
But it's way to late  
And we're watching over you

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