

Nocturnal Rites "The Devil's Child"

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Born into sin,
a lust for the evil
Betrayed and deceived,
benn giving his number
Serpent of death, child of the darkness
A servant to torture, a slave to power

Twisting his mind, the ways of the wicked
There's no turning back

Ten thousand eyes, hiding the glory

Who's the chosen one?
Who could have known, death ws a blessing
It's the Devil's Child

The power he holds, witness the progress
His senses unfold; the choice has been made
Eyes lit with fire, a snake in disguise
Collector of souls, the work must go on

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