

Akerbeltz

"The Knife"

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For the weapon conceived
By evil, for it's blade made
Of silver, the one that was
Stealed by the witches and
Was made to be a holy image,
For the sharp weapon of the
Devil, for it's hilt made of
Bone unburied from a holy
Grave from a slave of the
Right path, that once was
It's right arm! For the blood
Thirsty knife of fear, for
The blood that's been poured
By the sharp edge of terror,
And for the bloodbath never
To stop. Ready for the KILL!
The moon templates with
Her icy shine the edge of this
Weapon consagrated to the
Gods of death and impurity
Tempting to it's use, for
Feasting on hot blood. A hand
Is used by the knife to move
Deep inside with a morbid
Rush, to feel the flow of
Blood, innards exposed to
The freezing moon, with her
Light, the blood shines black,
And a light steam emanates
From the still beating heart.
SOLO: Ritual Mutilations
The knife is pleased to feel
The taste of blood, integrated
As one with the hand... The
Knife comes from within! Under
The sign of hate and under
The moonshine the blade
Shall rise from within!
Ritualistic death, or death
For revenge, death for
Pleasure, death for despite
Death for fear, death by the

Knife, always by the knife...
Ritual mutilation, death for
Pleasing the gods of death in
Demand for their attention,
Always by the knife!

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