

Azarath "Invocation"

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Raise the chalice, mistress of earth
Neither mine, nor bread we will sanctify here
Veins spill the sweet red nectar
Those beyond the gate shall devour the flesh.
Open the seal!

Raise the chalice, grand master
Through blood we speak to the Dark Gods
Pass the chalice, close the circle
With flesh we feed the hunger of chaos.

"(...) And now we travel from flame to flame
And tower from the will to the glory!
Agios o Baphomet! Agios o Baphomet!"

... From flame to flame... Agios o Baphomet!

The air around seems to breathe
The air seems to touch our skin
We are the key, we invoke Thee
Come, enter your world of sin.

Blood down your throat, mistress
Delighted we behold the colour of your lips
Pass the chalice, close the circle.

"To Satan, the giver of life... grant us our desires!"

Open the seal! Enter our world!

"To Satan, the giver of life... grant us our desires!"

"To You, Satan, Prince of Darkness, Lord of the Earth!"

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