

Seance

"The Blessing Of Death"

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For those who fear the dark
Shall always be blessed
Those who live thru spells
Restless death will taste

Born dead the promised
Land of salvation
The sickened coming
Bringer of damnation

Awakened lust - holy - witches blood
Devils spawn - blessed - by no priest
Dark instinct - evil - shall prevail
Burning death - alive - faith will fail

Fire walk with me
Lord of the dead talk to me

When I was a child
The dark would call my name

In my dreams thru blood and fire I'd revel
"Pactum cum diabolo" born of the devil
Swinging, smiling - rotten from a tree
For I've lost the blessing
I will always be

Blasphemy - against - all that's holy
Merciless - to all - death unfold thee

Fire walk with me
Lord of the dead talk to me

Fate given with birth servant of evil
Though, I'm a true witch I can't die by fire
I feel only the pain the pain the one desires

They've tied me to the stake

I await my fate
The flames grow oh so high
I wish that I could die

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