

My icon is the pentagram
The warmth from me
Are pleasures of the flesh
I fill you with ecstasy
My nature is that of excess
Let me out of the circle
And I will burn you

I will burn you!

My icon is the cross of Peter
I turn the aeons
I destroy dead dogmas
And create the paradigms
Of the new order
Of the new order!
Of the new order!

I sparkle with vitality and force
Why,
Fools of fear
Do you want me to burn inside the dead?