

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?