

Queen Of The Sabbath

Azarath

Bodies entangled like snakes
Dripping blood and sweat
Each breath is so full of lust
This is the essence of sin.

Up there on the altar she lays stretched on cold stone
Above her a silhouette moves
Above her a head with horns.

Straight into the white chest
Dagger down, dagger up
The blade strikes the heart
Release a stream of blood.

Ave Sathanas!
Sanctus Sathanas!

No need to cry little one
You know it's your fate
No need to fear, little one
Even though it will hurt.

You're the queen of this night
You're the Queen of the Sabbath!

Share the flesh so sweet and warm
Let the soil eat as well
Send this soul into damnation
Send it straight to burning Hell.