

## 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.