

In deep devotion and respect
I kneel before the black-clad altar
with grief and glory, love and rage
sweet tunes and the Doomsday's hell-clang
playing in my dark soul's scenery
and beyond the frozen waste
divinity presents itself

A Satan's servant I am
a pupil of forgotten doctrines
of nature's grandeur, courage and self
true wisdom of my god
I choose to serve
without the bonds of the prayer-beads
without the collar of orthodoxy

Apotheosis of my human spark
shedding away its reptile skin
as the true light embraces these ravines of mortality
hell awakens and is conquered = by me
my own liege, my lord I am
channelling my magic
through this human focus

In the embrace of the divine flames I walk
had I tears, I'd weep for this splendour
the unseen temple portals open wide
in hilarious blasphemy or a manasir prayer
animal masks will betray the godly countenances
no dogma for the Satanic order
Lucifer's children are free