

# Black Sunday (La Maschera del Demonio)

Battlerage

Wicked shadows  
Lurking trough the hearts of men  
Burning pyres  
Holy flame to purge the land

Lost in lust for Satan, fury from the sky  
Avoid her witching gaze  
Don't look into her eyes

Tried and marked  
Hooded men complete the task  
Condemnation  
Forced by nails to wear the mask

In death you cursed your blood,  
screaming as you die  
Her beauty is your doom  
Don't look into her eyes

YOU LOSE YOUR LIFE  
THE DARKNESS WILL THRIVE ON  
BLACK SUNDAY  
ON THIS WICKED NIGHT  
HER CURSE SHALL ARRIVE ON  
BLACK SUNDAY

Crypt of darkness  
Entombed alive in holy ground  
Evil's waiting  
A nightmare waiting to be found

Returning from the dead to haunt you in the night  
She rises from the grave  
Don't look into her eyes

YOU LOSE YOUR LIFE  
THE DARKNESS WILL THRIVE ON  
BLACK SUNDAY  
ON THIS WICKED NIGHT  
HER CURSE SHALL ARRIVE ON  
BLACK SUNDAY

Tied and marked  
Hooded men complete the task  
Condemnation  
Forced by nails to wear the mask

Returning from the dead, she haunted you in the night  
You did not heed my warning  
You looked into her eyes

YOU LOSE YOUR LIFE  
THE DARKNESS WILL THRIVE ON  
BLACK SUNDAY  
ON THIS WICKED NIGHT  
HER CURSE SHALL ARRIVE ON  
BLACK SUNDAY