

Blackwinged Messiah Of Blasphemy

Beastcraft

You called for me, the rituals brought me forth.
Opened the gates into your deasesed planet.
I have come freely, manifested to teach you the crafts you seek
.

To become one with me,
I need to taste the blood,
Cut your skin, bleed for Satan.
Raise your daggers towards the sky,
Unite them into the symbol of the horns.
This is the night for profanation and sin.
Nocturnal creatures, at dawn we die.
Drink from the chalice of unpure blood.
Become one with dark.
Cast aside all human emotions.
Sacrifice the one dearest to you.
Show Satan that you live and die for the glory of Hell.
Cut their skin,
Blood for Satan.