

## Where The Devil Spoke

Behexen

The towers of the palace are rising to the sky  
And disappear into the dark fog  
Demonic and heavy atmosphere  
Is resting above this place

The stone floor of the lowest chamber  
And a heavy altar of sacrifice  
Once intoxicated by blood  
When offered the purest sacrifice

Young child dressed in white  
Takes the body and blood of Christ  
"be one with your Lord  
for soon your blood will flow..."

Ritual-dagger meets the flesh  
Weak heart beats for the last time  
Severed head on a silver plate  
The Devil's mass may begin

Black wafers in the name of Satan  
Cup of blood risen high  
Come forth master of darkness  
And talk to me through the mouth of the dead  
Bloody and sadistic mass  
In the dark times of the middle ages  
The night wind still remembers that mass  
Where the Devil spoke