

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