

Taste Of The Nightly Prayers

Besatt

In the night in moonlight
By overgrown wayside
There is forgotten cave
And shadows of hooded shapes
Holy fire burns
And wakes grim and dread

In the close ring
Monks in black frocks
Clasped their hands
Closed their eyes
In the close ring
Monks in black frocks
Their souls are ready
The echo repeats their prayers

A man with naked trunk
As a priest of wicked ritual
Draws the pentagram
Symbol of baphomet buck
Omen of black mass
Silent has become

AVE SATAN!!!

Terrible scream waked the madness
In the candle lights
Female body on naked altar
Sound of the lute
Hellish hymn - began the dance
Shrill sound of the bell
Chalice of bloody
Taste of delight

In the close ring
Monks in black frocks
They broke off their prayers
The latest gong
In the close ring
Monks in the black frocks
They bless the power of the night
It has become grey dawn!! grey dawn!!