

# 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!!