

From the gates of Heaven,  
we fell towards the abyss  
once crossed, we were as gods  
born through the northern winds of night  
fallen to earth, our domain is one  
beasts of nature... werewolf rising  
Walking the earth, the flesh is ours  
feel the rope around the flesh, tighter  
my spirit is the time of darkness,  
the blade which finds the flesh,  
vengeance and wrath are one  
my spirit is eternal, exact in its nature  
equal to solar power, balanced with night  
Belial, I am this number,  
I am no one,  
Belarion towards the Throne of Sorcery  
We are walking with Christ no longer,  
lies are the inconsistency of all that is natural  
Burning temples, let us open the Book of Belial  
reclaim the power of the Crimson Warlock, Sorcerer of the  
Highest Order