

Book Of Belial

Black Funeral

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