

Pact Of The Black Templars

Drowning the Light

A pact of death was made on this night
An urn filled with cemetery dirt
The black templars spilling their blood in this soil
Embracing the cold void of dedicating their souls to this pact

To finalise such a union one cannot turn back
All must have blood on their hands

A soul of lost innocence with no home or kin
Ravaged by the toxins of modern man
An unfulfilled shattered vessel
With dreams never to be realised
Whom no one will miss is chosen...

To finalise such a union one cannot turn back
All must have blood on their hands

Taken in the dead of the night
The throat is severed and spills...
The life blood of this insignificant flows
The bridge of the nose split through to the ivory bone
Gouged and torn by the cult... for the cult
A bond in blood and a pact with death
A new Satanic order is born