

The Rites Of Demonic Possession

Gospel of the Horns

Instantly I sleep, joined by my infernal allies
On behalf of the magician, make me strong
Dividing the thoughts of realism and individualism
Frozen are my lips as I taste the perfume of blasphemy
Thwart the non-believers in this room of mysticism
Symptoms of possession in this silent night

"Scandal, imperialism, as I join the demonic underground,
I challenge all my faiths with the lusting for knowledge."

The rites of demonic possession

"The night is long and this night
We shall ride with the horses of apocalypse
As we join our master (Sathanas) in the abyss."

I begin my voyage to immortality
I confront my own fears and inhibitions
Charge this knife, oh carry me beyond

Enticing and weaving to achieve the hidden secrets of occultism
Delving into the astral plane
Resurrecting once again with diabolic forms