

Hail The King Of All Heathens

Inquisition

Followers of heathen culture, gather!
Now is the time to unite.
We are the sons of a true god,
mighty creator of our race.

Elements of nature grant us wisdom,
domination, power and control.
Those are the ways of survival
for existence of the wolven breed.

Ceremonies of the heathens,
deep inside a mystic temple.
Voices of an ancient cult
are chanting to the hymns of night.

Worshiping the moon in the darkness
far in a land of solitude.
Summoning the ancients of Woodlands.
Summoning the demons of the sea.

Dressed in a shiny black robe I uphold a torch.
All in the name of my master
ruler of the underworld of fire.
Lord of the strong and the brave
your arrival I await.
King of the heathens, I sing to thee!

Hail... Lucifer
Hail... Abaddon
Hail... Beelzebub
Hail... Satan