

Invoking The Majestic Throne Of Satan

Inquisition

In the cryptic shadows of the mystic full moon night,
echoes from the chanting hymns of darkness bray with might.
Here I stand in mountains where the pagan songs are sung,
only to invoke the mighty ancient king of hell.

Satan, in the night we summon thee, chanting magic words of blasphemery.

Black mass in a lonesome cryptic land...
Worship of the black majestic throne!

Members of infernal worship gather in the night,
serving Satan and his demons for the heathen rise.
Voices from a lonely forest honors nature's ways,
in the form of ceremonies that invoke the king.

Satan, in the night we summon thee, chanting magic words of blasphemery.

Black mass in a lonesome cryptic land...
Worship of the black majestic throne!

In these lonesome heathen lands torches summon demon winds,
fire now ignites the skies.
Rites of darkness shall begin as I raise my ritual sword
standing within a pentagram.
Thunder bolts in the skies of fire burning heaven's realm of
old,
angels fall with burning wings.
Wars in cosmic battlefields is the answer to my call, mighty
is our victory.

Melancholic are the sounds coming from a distant land,
haunted are the holy ones.
Could it be the rays of moons shining on the ancient throne
making saddened melodies?
Deep within the funeral night where my presence is not seen
I am a lord that reigns supreme.
I invoke majestic throne of lord Satan and his horde.
Loyal forever I shall be...