

# Sons of Belial

Lord Belial

Black circles move randomly  
Cosmic void of endless darkness  
Aeon is near, yet far away  
Cold death and vivid nothingness

Stranger aeons and death did die  
Ill-natured beasts of time haunts  
Uncertain moment of death  
Unveiled is the fear of dying

Sons of Belial chants in tongues of the ancient  
The symbol within the circles takes form  
Black edition of the seal sacred to the wicked  
North is hailed and so is the earth and all filth

Touch the black seal of Belial  
Feel the dark enlightenment

Immense wickedness gather  
Light of christ is no longer bright

Rise!

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Rise!