

## Born of a Jackal

Lord Vicar

There's a cross on the top of the mountain, erected by the hands of fools  
Time has come for the Beast to be unleashed; He's bound to rule for thousand years  
Yet again there are those who oppose him, uplifted by their iron rules  
Holy fathers from the Christian orders living through their thousand fears

Once he was the most powerful Angel, trusting to inhuman dreams  
Finally he will have his true vengeance; the privileged and Ardent Son.  
Seed was sown in a disgusting union, breeding in unholy means  
Everywhere there are crosses on fire, be awake, the Beast has come.

Born in a graveyard  
Of a torn Jackal  
Hail his ancient Guard,  
Father fallen from the grace