

# The Black Mass

## Pagan Altar

Through the corridors of darkness, on the wings of mans  
desire,  
Conjured by the soulless ones at the everlasting fire.  
Borne on waves of insanity from mans primeval past,  
The mantra of the tumult has awakened him at last.

Drawing near in the gloom comes the twilight of all  
shame,  
The ravens of night have flown away to set Valhalla  
aflame.  
For too long now the right hand gods have fought between  
themselves,  
With paths that lead to paradise from this demented  
world.  
This is the age, the age of Satan, now that the twilight  
is done,  
Now that Satan has come.

Blue velvet shrouds the altar, black candles pierce the  
dark,  
The skulls of the unbelievers peer sightless, bleached  
and stark.  
The inverted cross of burnished gold the burial urns of  
light,  
The pungent smell of incense wafts out into the night.  
This is the age, the age of Satan, now that the twilight  
is done,  
Now that Satan has come.