

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.