

With the Gleam of the Torches

Samael

the priest:

- Everything's ready
- Go and get me fresh meat
- We're thirsty for sacred beverage
- Hurry up! I can't wait anymore

the assembly:

- Here she is the promised virgin!

narration:

Her nude body plays with the unstable shadows
Her long hair hides half her breasts, she rises her head
Her eyes are shining with the gleam of the torches

the priest:

- Look deep in my eyes, you little bitch
- Look at your death, she smiles at you

priest reflection:

Death opens her arms to you
You tremble and your body is wet
You haven't to be scared, you'll be saved
You'll suffer, you'll die, you'll be free

the priest:

I wish to hear her weep
I wish to hear her cry
I wish to hear her yell
Of disgust... of fear... of pain

the priest with the crowd:

We gonna take care of you...