

So many names have been given to me  
For what the humans fear is versatile  
I was born under the yoke of evil  
An armoured fist of satan

Yes, fear me in the howls of wolves  
Fear me in the pale moon itself  
Where my presence is near  
Your soul will coil with ulcers  
Lie a cancer of hate and evil  
I will reach far in the universe  
Infecting every church with darkness  
Ceremony echoes to me

In my devotion I am is weapon  
Pointed at your feebleness  
Throats I slit and drink the blood  
From a chalice made of a skull  
Beat the drums of the satanic march  
With the human bones  
Let be heard even in the wind  
Satan is too strong  
You will stand but a little chance  
Face th death eternal  
Spilling blood of the holy martyrs

Glory of the sacred war  
In my devotion I am his prophet  
Slashing curses on the skin  
Taste the poetry of my tormented soul  
It's the last thing you'll know