

Blessed be, the grim arts!

Satanic Warmaster

The birth of death, in 1456 when you, the son of the night,
son of the Transylvanian plague, started to impale the inferior
Turkish race.

We hail your grim art of misanthropy!

The pain was great, your hordes of grim death arose.

Fear and death, agony and sick ecstasy to anyone who didn't obey
you!

The grim art of misanthropy has started; suffering for hours,
under your sight the human race was suffering for your pure pleasure

...spilling blood everywhere.

Prepare one stake to enter the victim's anus ...then he saddled two
horses,

started moving slowly forward, the ropes holding the feet to the
horses...

The victim hoisted up into the air on the stake.

No mercy for the weak ones! No mercy for the human race!

By the grim art of misanthropy we shall prevail our will! Our higher
law!

Obey, or you'll die subhuman.

We shall build again the Order of the Dragon! Our suffering empire!

The grim art of misanthropy shall return! We stand victorious!

Hail the son of eccentricity! Evil Dracula! Evil Dracula!