

## Virtues Of The Beast

Septic Flesh

Hail to those that walk my lonely path  
Bearing the mark of the chosen one  
They are the cross!  
They are the travellers of the plains  
Common ground of all directions  
They lead to me  
I lead to them

Never lie to me  
The father of lies  
Never deny your deeper desires  
To all those true to me  
Their instinct and mind  
I grant  
The Virtues of the Beast

Forged in fire  
Iron wills of warlocks and witches nourish me  
With their love they heat my broken wings  
Making me strong  
Lifting me up  
Above the dream  
Blessed are the restless minds  
The angel tribes: for they shall inherit the earth  
Blessed are the morning stars for  
They shall burn the heavens with their Luciferian light

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