

In The Shape Of A Demon

Thyrane

Saviour weak, sanguinary beneath the hellish mock.
My heart gain strength by the memory of thy agony, distress.
With heaven's plague thou are deceased, with blood of thorns thou are greased,

Behold all spirits...

Ah! How god slackened by the fires in my eyes, be defeated by my sind.

As the deathreaper i will forever shed all sacred blod...
for the sake of archfriend.

God our slave, we crush thy lambs again.

Embrace me night's shadows, guide me to your host,
grant the place to the depths, that shall be my last step.
Satanic illusions of sorcery, my infernal soul reflects.
Renew my powers, demonize my being, oh! King of the hell.

Now i sall to abode of the dead to beneath your throne, paragon of death.

Afford the strength to follow thy path, and also once to die in you.

In the eclipse of the sun, transformation has begun, the wolf infiltrate the man.

Through this demonic masquerade between spirit and flesh, between darkness and light.

I wonder is this a dream, illustrated ecstasy.

In the shape of a demon, i am a witch...a wolf among the sheep.

When the last journey approachm strengthen me darkness,
That moment of honourable departure, darken with thy shadow.

When my spirit already wither, stroke me with blood.

In the most majestic ritual be my belowed.

Let the cross blaze, when i fade to beyond, taking out all oppression.

I drown in your fathomless eyes...blasphemously agitating.

...In the shape of a demon lies true evil...