

Purest in him is the urge to kill  
A secret dream, a suppressed will  
In the night of the mind  
The beast still howls  
Calling him into the deepest night  
Into the deepest night  
Above the pits of woe  
Shines himself the morningstar  
Gives him the urge, gives him the might  
To darkest wonders, to darkest arts  
True prowess, fulfillment as man  
Devours the one to become one  
Takes to not to be taken  
Whoever that takes shall be given  
Whoever that falls shall be devoured upon