

Deep in the dark of the forest came calls of sound from the wol
verine
As they danced their wicked dance round the fire in a dead tran
ce
Raising the chalice to the night darkly seek to their own delig
ht
Sacrifice to the only son saving blood sip it one by one
Cleansing the altar awaiting the prize the virgin clad whiter t
han snow
Holding the mass and presenting the cross pointed inverted belo
w
Doubles the blade in the cold and blessed night holds it above
to be marked
Hammering down in the soft flesh below ripping and tearing the
heart
Oh lord of this limbionic state take the prize we deliver to th
e gate
Cloven the demons cloak ascends from the earth this being never
ends
As they fall to their knees and prey as the night reimburse the
day
Colder than any mortal thing his hands stretch to infinity
All encompassing the flock there's no life in here any more
Deeper than hades he brings to his side the man who presented t
he mass
Questioning nothing the high priest is drawn kneels to his mast
er's request
Talking his left hand and passing it slow he ponders the mortal
before
Swiftly he moves and faster than hell he tears out this lunatic
s soul
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