

Falling into a nocturnal vacuum, I call for Satan, the  
keyholder  
for his world I shall enter  
My call is answered  
By force am I taken to realms, darker than death,  
to witness the evil glory I have travelled to see

Many are the appearing shapes of Satan  
Unfolding in utter grotesque horror  
The air is frozen  
I can hear the hateful rumbling and pounding in the  
deep  
I can see flickering spectres, silhouettes blistering with-  
electric coldness

I breathe spears  
unleashing a pulsating storm of steel  
Sulphur floats in my veins  
My eyes burn with fury  
Carbonised into my heart

Far away, a wast bastard cross manifests in  
the air  
How dare it shine so clear  
here in theese hellish realms?  
Oh, did I not know of the impurity...

As the blasphemy becomes unbearable  
I behold thousands of claws gripping the  
golden cross from behind  
Soon demons crawl like furious ants all over  
the profante shape  
Screaming in unearthly rage and insanity  
The symbol of Nazarene us thirb asunder  
dripping with slime and rot

I shiver in cruel ecstasy  
and laugh the madmans laughter

returning now  
with diabolical strength  
and a vicious grin in the face