

In deep devotion and respect  
I kneel before the black-clad altar  
with grief and glory, love and rage  
sweet tunes and the Doomsday's hell-clang  
playing in my dark soul's scenery  
and beyond the frozen waste  
divinity presents itself

A Satan's servant I am  
a pupil of forgotten doctrines  
of nature's grandeur, courage and self  
true wisdom of my god  
I choose to serve  
without the bonds of the prayer-beads  
without the collar of orthodoxy

Apotheosis of my human spark  
shedding away its reptile skin  
as the true light embraces these ravines of mortality  
hell awakens and is conquered = by me  
my own liege, my lord I am  
channelling my magic  
through this human focus

In the embrace of the divine flames I walk  
had I tears, I'd weep for this splendour  
the unseen temple portals open wide  
in hilarious blasphemy or a manasir prayer  
animal masks will betray the godly countenances  
no dogma for the Satanic order  
Lucifer's children are free