

Young blood, you're so impatient
For the feast of good & evil.
The time will come and we'll all begin.
Didn't you think it just a bit baroque,
Or maybe it's mediaeval,
We're breaking bones instead of bread within.
Didn't i say it would be different,
Your afterlife, the sequel.
This festival of carnage feeds on
Large amounts of mortal sin.

Now here's a thought while you're
Assuming the position;
Will jesus raise you on the final day?
Didn't you think there'd be a price to pay
For such a grand transition?
This fellowship of ours depends on
Centuries of living prey.

One more immortal soul,
Draw closer to the fire.
One more companion in murder eternally.

Now here's the part where we
Descend into perdition,
Far from the world of your imagining.
Didn't you think there would be others
In this rarefied condition?
You want to call yourself a demon,
Please address me as the demon king...

One more immortal soul
Draw closer to the fire
One more companion in murder eternally.
One thousand years of song
With this unholy choir.
One fallen angel behaving infernally.

The only love that we have to give
Will still your heart like a cemetery.
Forever lost to forever live,
Be still forever, love...