

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