My icon is the pentagram
The warmth from me
Are pleasures of the flesh
I fill you with ecstasy
My nature is that of excess
Let me out of the circle
And I will burn you

I will burn you!

My icon is the cross of Peter I turn the aeons I destroy dead dogmas And create the paradigms Of the new order Of the new order!
Of the new order!

I sparkle with vitality and force Why,
Fools of fear
Do you want me to burn inside the dead?