

Black Sunday (La Maschera del Demonio)

Battlerage

Wicked shadows
Lurking trough the hearts of men
Burning pyres
Holy flame to purge the land

Lost in lust for Satan, fury from the sky
Avoid her witching gaze
Don't look into her eyes

Tried and marked
Hooded men complete the task
Condemnation
Forced by nails to wear the mask

In death you cursed your blood,
screaming as you die
Her beauty is your doom
Don't look into her eyes

YOU LOSE YOUR LIFE
THE DARKNESS WILL THRIVE ON
BLACK SUNDAY
ON THIS WICKED NIGHT
HER CURSE SHALL ARRIVE ON
BLACK SUNDAY

Crypt of darkness
Entombed alive in holy ground
Evil's waiting
A nightmare waiting to be found

Returning from the dead to haunt you in the night
She rises from the grave
Don't look into her eyes

YOU LOSE YOUR LIFE
THE DARKNESS WILL THRIVE ON
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HER CURSE SHALL ARRIVE ON
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Tied and marked
Hooded men complete the task
Condemnation
Forced by nails to wear the mask

Returning from the dead, she haunted you in the night
You did not heed my warning
You looked into her eyes

YOU LOSE YOUR LIFE
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