First Sin: Sorcery

Besatt

When the day fades, starts the time of black ravens of the nigh
t
Pale shine of the moon wakes demons from their daily sleep
Shine of black candles heralds succeeding ritual of holy blood
Figures in hoods are focused in prayer, they whisper silent fol
lowing

The priest in purple gives the sign by drawing symbols
The altar decorated in black drawns in fumes of suplphur
The golden chalice filled to the brim with wine mixed with bloo
d
The naked victim mentally ready for the return of hellish ghost
s

Incantation, sorcery, demons
Power over the astral
Blood, sorcery, ritual
The gates of hell are open

Let our flesh intertwine in dance
Let our flesh feel the hellish heat
Let our flesh writhe in sin
Let our souls follow the path of demons

Snaky dagger shines with silver and drips with sticky blood
The tribute given to the four elements from the four sides of t
he world
Arduous anthem carried by the wind still sound in our minds
Burning symbols, insignia of enemies, the first sin is commited

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