Warden of Hell (Belzebub)

Besatt

Like every day, when sky accusesa
black sheet of night
Lost souls are slowly wandering the path
To the gates of hell

Warden of gates

An impressive growth demon Belzebub sits on his throne
Waits for recreants
The great speaker, who seduces with kindness and nice word
With grace and beauty
His heart burns with bloody hate to god
And the army of mercy
When souls are coming to his hellish throne every weak argument
Will make stronger

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