

The Eerie Obzidian Circuz

Diabolical Masquerade

You are on my will
Pathetic humans

Bloodstained Lips Drawn Back From teeth
To Reveal a Wide Humourless Grin
Lifeless Eyes in a Cold Black Stare
Three Years in The Grave - Undead Presence
Riding the Winds of Harvest
Bloodline of the Sand and Soul
Miracles of the Undeserted
Descending From the Vault Above
When the Cirkuz Comes To Town
Beware of Who's the Clown
Drawn To Jolly Children Laughter
The Devilman is Here in After...
Demons Clad In Black
Demons Don't Wear White
Tearing...
Tearing You Apart...
They are Tearing You Apart...