

Satyr IX

Electric Wizard

I hear the night calling it knows my name,
I hear the night screaming summoned again.
My need My lust for vengeance, black wings of hate,
My wrath at last has reason, legions awake!

And when the night calls,
We rise, we kill.
Our covens grow in darkness,
Nurtured by weed and pills.

Rise, Rise,
Legions of Hatred.
Rise, Rise,
Legions of Hatred.