

Les Litanies De Satan - Act II: From Hell

Necromantia

Master of disorder, Bestower of crime's blessings
Lord of the magnificent sins and noble vices, Satan, it is you
we worship
God of reason, god of justice, Admirable legate of false fears
You welcome the beggarliness of our tears, Sustainer of the ref
ined sorcerers
Restorer of the vanquished, It is you who endows them with hypo
crisy
With ingratitude and pride, In order that they can defend thems
elves
Against the attack of God's children, Sovereign of contempt
Reckoner of humiliations, Treasurer of long-standing hatreds
You alone fertilize the mind of man crushed by injustice
You breathe into him ideas of premeditated vengeance
A righteous intoxication in the torture he inflicts
And the tears of which he is the cause, Founder of hysterias
Blood stained vessel of lust, You encourage sterile and forbidd
en loves
You ensure the delight and joy of carnal pleasures
King of the disinherited, Chamberlain of our tears
Assure us of the delight of those delectable crimes
And grant us the glory, wealth and power
You the Son who was driven away by his father
And as for you impostor, worker of Deceit
Usurper of affection, We shall violate the peace of your body
We shall have you confess the impudent lies
Your unforgivable crimes against man
You profaner of bountiful vices, You Epitome of idiotic puritie
s
Accursed Nazarene, A do-nothing king, a coward of a god