

Satan's Werewolf

Satanic Warmaster

A forlorn eye burns on the altar of darkness
To reflect the fire of the majesty of death
In his glory and in praise of all evil
Awaken the wolfish shadow, let darkness reign

Satan's Werewolf - The chalice of life stands barren
Awaiting fulfillment from the cursed wine
Satan's Werewolf - In the light of this one candle
The blood is the life and my blood is Satan's

In the name of Lucifer
My blood for his majesty to live once and again
On this dark journey on a path adorned with ashes
To travel into my dreams and to find the true light
The blazing torch second only to the morning star

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To forge not works of art, but swords of death
for therein lies the most noble art of all
Come forth ravenous, in a world without end
For all that is great is built on their sorrow

To consume the libation in morbid transfixion
from a chalice now filled with their contempt
And to gloat from atop the highest pyramid of skulls
For all that I seek shall be begotten in warfare