

# black mass

## Intense Mutilation

If you call my name  
It's but one of many by which I'm known  
    The borneless one  
There is no pain or anger that I am not  
    Hell will come, he will come  
Two nails in the palm of the hand  
    Hell will come  
I press the dagger to the center of my heart  
    Of my heart  
I draw you close within the circle of my arms  
    Of my arms  
    Asan Un Nefer  
    Asan Un Nefer  
    This my spirit hell  
From me come all things black and bright  
    In the name of the damned  
    My infernal service is at hand  
    Hell will come, he will come  
Two nails in the palm of the hand  
    Hell will come

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