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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