The Devil's Child

Nocturnal Rites

Born into sin,
a lust for the evil
Betrayed and deceived,
benn giving his number
Serpent of death, child of the darkness
A servant to torture, a slave to powerTwisting his mind, the ways of the wicked
There's no turning backTen thousand eyes, hiding the glory
Who's the chosen one?
Who could have known, death ws a blessing
It's the Devil's ChildThe power he holds, witness the progress
His senses unfold; the choice has been made
Eyes lit with fire, a snake in disguise
Collector of souls, the work must go on

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