

# 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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