

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 power
Twisting his mind, the ways of the wicked
There's no turning back
Ten thousand eyes, hiding the glory
Who's the chosen one?
Who could have known, death ws a blessing
It's the Devil's Child
The 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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