

Black Mass

Backyard Ghost

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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