Evocation

Demoniac

Deep in yout mind in a subconcious voice
Eager to call, he who's guarding the gates
Feast of evoking, he who comes from the depth
Circle of Seance, in a trance of decay
Mass for abyss, so it will be done
Die! Only a soul, is worth his affection
Giving your life, his only need
And at the gate the Master is waiting
Come, kneel and beg for his grace
One out of all has the privilege of approval
The rest remains dwelling through
the crypts of knowledge
Fighting the poowers of forgiveness, remain an evil black soul
Only a soul, is worth his affection
Giving your life that's all he needs
Circle of seance, not one soul will awake
Eager to call, mass for abyss
And at the gate the Master was waiting
Only one of all had the priviledge of power
The rest is there to die a thousand deaths

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