

The Blessing of Death

Seance

For those who fear the dark
Shall always be blessed
Those who live thru spells
Restless death will taste
Born dead the promised
Land of salvation
The sickened coming
Bringer of damnation
Awakened lust - holy - witches blood
Devils spawn - blessed - by no priest
Dark instinct - evil - shall prevail
Burning death - alive - faith will fail
Fire walk with me
Lord of the dead talk to me
When I was a child
The dark would call my name
In my dreams thru blood and fire I'd revel
"Pactum cum diabolo" born of the devil
Swinging, smiling - rotten from a tree
For I've lost the blessing
I will always be
Blasphemy - against - all that's holy
Merciless - to all - death unfold thee
Fire walk with me
Lord of the dead talk to me
Fate given with birth
servant of evil
Though, I'm a true witch I can't die by fire
I feel only the pain the pain the one desires
They've tied me to the stake
I await my fate
The flames grow oh so high
I wish that I could die

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