

# Black Mass

## Psych Ward

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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