

# Priest's Hellish Fiend

## Aura Noir

Blasphemer!! Leaving the dead barren fields behind  
I'm on the prow with the glow from my torch  
Searing winds howl harsh and pave the way  
Towards your parish adorned with stolen gold  
I see your congregation of fictitious souls  
As my dreaded shapes and shades unfolds  
All the while, Satan's cloak, it covers you  
In the fluctuations you call Hell.  
This be your realm  
Your sanctuary  
But I am here Crawl through the hallways  
I've displayed your daughters' heads  
Covered in the juices of my lust Creep towards the gallows  
Your brothers there, swaying  
From my ropes woven with their entrails  
I'll carve a new cross unto your face  
I've carved my commandments on your back  
I will serve your sons' blood from your scalp  
As I drizzle salt onto your skinless skull  
Alive, raped and ravished by the hounds of hell  
Crazed by the viciousness displayed  
Through the black forces that dwell in this domain  
The glare of Satan's power has prevailed  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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