Virtues Of The Beast

Septic Flesh

[Music: Spiros A., Lyrics: Sotiris V.]Hail to those that walk my lonely path
Bearing the mark of the chosen one
They are the cross!
They are the travellers of the plains
Common ground of all directions
They lead to me
I lead to themNever lie to me
The father of lies
Never deny your deeper desires
To all those true to me
Their instinct and mind
I grant
The Virtues of the BeastForged in fire
Iron wills of warlocks and witches nourish me
With their love they heat my broken wings
Making me strong
Lifting me up
Above the dream
Blessed are the restless minds
The angel tribes: for they shall inherit the earth
Blessed are the morning stars for
They shall burn the heavens with their Luciferian lightThe Virtues of the BeastNever lie to me
The father of lies
Never deny your deeper desires
To all those true to me
Their instinct and mind
I grant
The Virtues of the Beast

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