Bestial Devotion

Samael

narration:
Tired and submissive
Lying down on the black altar
She waits passive and anguished
A frost silence glides into the assemblypriest reflection:
Only my invocation resounds in the heads of the followerspriest with the crowd:
- Glory to you Ounis
- Praise be to Ounisthe priest:
- So her blood may quench your thirst
- So her meat may appease your hunger
- For you we'll eat the red crown
- For you we'll lick the green crownpriest with the crowd:
- Glory to you Ounis
- Praise be to Ounisnarration:
The blade penetrates deeply in the young flesh
All together copulate with the bloody woundsthe priest:
Here's the theatre of our dreams
- This is the beauty of absurditypriest with the crowd:
- Glory and praise be to Ounis

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