

Bestial Devotion

Samael

narration:

Tired and submissive

Lying down on the black altar

She waits passive and anguished

A frost silence glides into the assembly priest reflection:

Only my invocation resounds in the heads of the followers priest with the crowd:

- Glory to you Ounis

- Praise be to Ounis the 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 crown priest with the crowd:

- Glory to you Ounis

- Praise be to Ounis narration:

The blade penetrates deeply in the young flesh

All together copulate with the bloody wound the priest:

Here's the theatre of our dreams

- This is the beauty of absurdity priest with the crowd:

- Glory and praise be to Ounis

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