

Azazel Two

I stand upon an altar of earth
A hill, beneath a blue, cloud bare sky
My hands strain upward in surrender
Parted lips in bitter anguish cry
From deep within acid seared bowels
Comes dark pain, churning hate, song of fire
I -- supplicant before dread Satan
God of all those who would make men die
Curses be upon that manner of men
Who would warp my mind, twist my soul, lie
God's tenderness was once in my heart
Now, raging Eblis is poised to fly
God is love -- forgive me in your Grace
For I shall destroy, it is my desire
Evil bound in blood, a pact with Satan
My bondage, power to make men die
Extract your price, I pay in delight
Even eternal fire, endless lie
Or, take your due in some other way
I, a man of ire will not cry

If the wheel must turn a thousand times

I grasp my fate to it I aspire

Lightning flashes, the voice of Satan

Thunder from Eblis will make men die

The pact is sealed between us now

Power is mine alone from the sky

Use it I will in my raging wrath

An open wound -- vultures poised to fly

No longer used to other's ends

Weakness cast aside, I will not tire

I am not of God but of Satan

Fearless if eternal death I die.