

# Lux Ferre, Next To Satan

Hordes rise from Hell's Abyss  
And glorious Evil strikes the skies  
The burning casualties on flame  
Are all what matters for Hell's pride

The battlefield is your realm  
And Honour defeats all filth  
Commanding Hordes with taste for Pain  
Proudly I gather the remains

Now, weak embrace the Fear  
All evil forces will arise, god's end is near  
I shall do now what is right  
Mighty Word of Satan, obey!

I am next to Satan  
I shall be Thy command  
I am next to Evil  
Grant me powers for your will

Next to Satan

I am next to Satan  
A shall be Thy command  
I am next to Evil  
Grant me powers for the kill

Next to Satan

Master's orders may deceive  
The ones condemned to Pain  
For I have Satan's trust  
With my bare hands I shall slain

Forgotten Demons now revealed  
Dark Legions with taste for War  
Commanding proudly I enslave  
The weak race in my domain

Die, you deserve the Pain of my misdeeds  
I shall bring you Death in Satan's name  
Casualties of War, with War we fight  
Mighty Word Of Satan, obey!