

## Pact Of The Black Templars

### Drowning the Light

A pact of death was made on this night  
An urn filled with cemetery dirt  
The black templars spilling their blood in this soil  
Embracing the cold void of dedicating their souls to this pact

To finalise such a union one cannot turn back  
All must have blood on their hands

A soul of lost innocence with no home or kin  
Ravaged by the toxins of modern man  
An unfulfilled shattered vessel  
With dreams never to be realised  
Whom no one will miss is chosen...

To finalise such a union one cannot turn back  
All must have blood on their hands

Taken in the dead of the night  
The throat is severed and spills...  
The life blood of this insignificant flows  
The bridge of the nose split through to the ivory bone  
Gouged and torn by the cult... for the cult  
A bond in blood and a pact with death  
A new Satanic order is born