

De Mysteriis Dom Sathanas

Mayhem

Welcome !

To the elder ruins again.

The wind whispers beside the deep forest.

Darkness will show us the way "Heic noenum pax."

Here is no peace.

The sky has darkened thirteen as

we are collected woeful around a book

made of human flesh.

"De grandaevus antiquus mulum tristis,

arcana mysteria scriptum".

The books bloodwritten pages open.

"Invoco cruentus domini de daemonium"

We follow with our whit eyes The cermonials proceeding.

"Heic noenum pax". Brin us the goat.

"Rex sacriticulus mortifer".

In the circle of stone coffins.

We are standing with our black robes on,

holding the bowl with unholy wather.

"Psychomantum et precor exito annos major".

"Ferus netandus sacerdos magus. Mortem animalium"