Is this the holy thing to see? Is this the land that sun shines Above the Heaven? Hear those children's desperate cries: Oh - children do they cry? Do they hear their fathers' sigh? Is this the fertile place to be? Is this the land that sprouts Green reach gardens? Hear those souls' flickering cries! Do they beg? Do they smile? Do they frame the long line? Here shines the sun of a lower God The light of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS Here burns the bright torch of soul The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns The horde of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS Well blossomed is his existence So unwilling in their souls to see So weak to face him from The outcast angle of earth So rapid do they flee When bells of order are echoed Nemesis for the anxious heavy spirit Nemesis for a generation free

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here shines the sun of a lower God
The light of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Here is born the light for the blind world
The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Against on what prophets wrote
The aura of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS
Will reign, will prevail,
Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here burns thy bright torch of soul The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns The horns of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS Against on what prophets wrote The spirit of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Will reign ,will prevail and Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Here burns the bright torch of soul The flame of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS Here reigns thy mighty crown of horns The horns of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS Against on what prophets wrote The spirit of SANCTUS DIAVOLOS

Will reign, will prevail and Tranquillize the human race

Grantis spiritus SANCTUS DIAVOLOS