

# The Night of the Demon Lord

Barathrum

Dread the end of summer  
On the blackest of all nights,  
The feast of samhains waking  
In the mist of pagan rites.  
The sunlight now is waning  
As the undead walk the land.  
Tonight's chaos - no mortal understands...  
The festival of darkness  
Under red october moon:  
The powers of black witchcraft  
In evil winds of ruin:  
Demons ride the autumn sky  
In thunder clouds and rain -  
The gasps of forlorn souls who live again.  
Dare walking this night, ye wanderer,  
Ye life and soul you'll loose!  
When hunted by his jetblack hound,  
You'll surely meet your doom!  
His eyes are burning red like fiery coal,  
His cape - his leathery wings!  
His breath will sear your back like winds from hell