

Blackheims Hunt For Nocturnal Grace

Diabolical Masquerade

Soaked in Darkest Lights
Deep in his Soul - His Shallow Grave
In the Deepest of His Inner
A World of Immortal Arts

As the Cold Midnight Winds captured his Sullen Spirit
He still Lay there in his Dominion of Dreams

His Wings was Covered by Snow
Deep in his Soul - The Wind Blew
By the riddle and Wisdom
A Hunt for Nocturnal Grace

Souls were Heading towards Death
Death was Heading towards Life
Life was in the Coffin of the Crypts
The Crypts of Blackheim - The Only One

The Mercy is for the Wisdom and the Slayer is our Reward
No Time to Dread by as we shall be Unborn

With Thirst for the Blood of the Sacred One
Three Years of Yearning for Purest Cold Flesh
Amongst the Wolves He's the Kingly Beast
A Hunt in the Forest of Elder's Dark Myths

"...A Dominion for Blackheim...No Mortals to Enter...No Enter..
"

The Lightning in the Skies
The Sign of his Elder Past