

The Land Of Phantoms

Black Funeral

A predator of humans, who haunts the roads near Tirgoviste,
holds the soil of its decrepit grave...
to slumber and give rebirth
unto the blood of Nachttoter...
Ghastly images haunt the domain
decayed as the tombs of stone
numerous apparitions we have evoked from beyond the graves
those, the stakes in which much blood was lost, they cast
our biddings...
be it light or dark...
many frigid and warm nights, when the black flame
devours all
there was a talon formed...
which struck the light from Yeshua's horde...
Through the manipulation of flesh and spirit I have
become a shadowgod and devoid of humanity...
I discovered the Philosopher's Stone,
all was revealed...
Enter this dominion, prepare thy funerary posture,
they haunt in malignant forms...Das land der Phantome!