

The moon rises, dripping blood in the astral sky  
my grave is opened... flesh becomes nothing  
the cold of the grave entices the warm flesh towards us  
I leave my grave shroud on the tomb  
hunting the life in the form of the wolf  
the bat banner of my house is highest in night  
from which know the blood bathes  
the wisdom of Lilith and the lust of Cain  
such is and shall always be  
the flesh tears under our hooks and stakes  
youth exists in our morbid kiss  
knowing the grave flesh, cold grip of life  
then you know our darkness  
I shall return to the tomb, shrouded in the grave cloth  
awaiting night again... our darkside symphony  
written in the blood of the sleeping