

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