

At Down Of A Funeral Winter

Enthroned

Among the blackness icy prevailed,
I draw the black curtain of death,
thousand of lost souls fallen
in the depth of the crypts of pain,
through the voices of the past.

The angles of damnation follow me
travel through the (foot) lost paths,
the huge black forests,
during the eternal nights of a funeral winter.

Drowned in the shadow
light the kingdom of deads,
has condemned my soul
has haunted the hibernal forests!

My coffin burn in a chapel,
by the flames of damnation,
will still remain now and forever
in a ceremony of the shadows of the past.

...And the souls will recall the way of my cremation
with the singing the voices of the night
on the threshold at the gates of the kingdom,
of the shadows behold the moonlike throne.

I cry for my anterior life,
but at dawn of my rebirth
and by the power of my blasphemy,
I raise with the forces of evil,
my curse is eternal!!!

The wolves howling their song,
towards the gates of hell,
the Northern abysses let to hear
among these leed north winds,
the weeps of victims sacrificed,
to bloody rites of Shub-Niggurath,
the black goat of the eternal woods.

When the night is deep
and the sun is in the sign of Ram,
the chant of darkness will be uttered
towards the Northern winds.
The key will be turned,
and the gates will open
facing us, in the darkend kingdom