

Eclipsed By Raven Wings

Goatmoon

The winds of purification howls beneath the triumph of North star,

The warrior soon to be king, enthroned by mighty horns,

New king rises from the North, carried by black metal wings,

The oath made with the goat, this alliance with dark will hold,

Hear this cryptic hymn from the depths of the horrors of night,

All light from your pathetic life is eclipsed by raven wings !