

Wolven Empress

Goatmoon

It is the time of autumn. Red eyes glare in the tick of the forest

The Nocturnal host, invincible in war
And their depths of rustic Cimmerian shade
The Wolves growl my name. Come with hatred
The hordes attend me. I accept the sword of obscurity
Blades with signs. They invite me to see glory

I do so, for now. I burn like the orb of night
A ride towards the Lord. On the throne in the middle of woods
She, the queen of night time wolves
Her sad, lonely beauty torments me as mine torments her
With white flame, white power
Devil's rapture, poison and honeywraps me with the spell
The spell of white power. She wants me to serve him
I revere the starlight, snow and beauty

Ice grips my heart and I enter the part of the evil one
Promised in my dreams, so long ago
I was possessed and moonstruck
Spidery webs of insanity spun
As the wolves are my own blood and the night is alive
With a thousand sparkles of majestic winter
And the snow crystals shine
And I let blood flow from my blackest blade