Return to the Northern Carpathian

Graveland

From cold winter fog Long shadows emerged During endless night Sharpened the talons on the rocks Above trees, above rivers Their eyes shine in the stars Covered by the shroud of the night In the silence they follow the call of blood At the endless night No one will open a door When the ghost knocks Whispering pitifully at the darkness Grey shadows feel the taste of freedom Blood is their love potion The night opens its kingdom They follow the warm smell of the prey The voice of the darkness Whispers at the doorstep With a silent lamentation speads the cold Ancient magic in his words Taking away the light, warmth and hope At the endless night Darkness and winter come back From the wet mists of oblivion From the forests of dormant murrain Dark clouds covered the moon Cold wind is picking up The frightened trees nestle Death walks in a dreadful silence Grey figures in funeral attire Reaching their sharp talons Hungry, insatiable and unquenchable Fangs dripping with black blood Fountains of blood Red on the walls The death will dance in a wild dance A lamentation of the dying is its anthem On the altar of the dead bodies The last drop of blood will be shed Darkness and evil from the depths Of the forests and mountains Are coming back to the Northern Carpathian