

## Pure Holocaust

Immortal

The mighty sound of damnation calls  
As the holocaustsky draw near  
Above the sorms over baeskade  
Rule the power of the vrilla  
It has come to ride the seven winters  
With winds of war and winds of cold  
Lightning strike the northland  
Leading us into seasons of frost  
Stand in the fog with so cold a heart  
Watching the death of the sun  
Valleys abound a thousand of coffins  
The holocaust has just begun  
It's the march of the blasphemous masses  
Into damnation all will fall  
Chapels of black unholy demons  
Chanting the words of the funeral rites  
Pure holocaust  
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