

# Those Of The Night

## Inquisition

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Storms of Fire  
Bring my master  
Winds of Evil  
Bring my master

Summoning the Ancient of doom  
Calling from the shadows of dawn  
Standing on the altar of stone  
Raising Satans Legion up high  
Gathered in the Ancient Woodlands

Celebrating seeds of all sin  
To the sounds of Hell in the lonely Night

Those of the Night, so full of Might  
Like the darkest dreams, so unreal but true.

Black Spriest speaks  
All Hail Thee!  
Bring to me Blasphemy  
Chanting to the Bringer of Sin

Serpent God Below  
Hiding in the veil of black  
As the mighty Legion attacks

Those of the Night, so full of Might,  
Like the Darkest dreams, so unreal but true