

Mare

Kampfar

In the shadows it's crawling
Towards the pale light
In the moonlight
It twists and turns

When the darkness is freezing
From the blood of the moon
And the howling is bleeding your name

From the cold winds of the moon
It's spreading like rats
In the cold light
It turns into red

In the shadows it's crawling
Towards the pale light
In the moonlight
It twists and turns

It's cold

It's riding, it's riding
The devil in red
It's crawling, it's crawling
A devilish triumph under moon
It's riding, it's riding
The darkness prevails
It's freezing, it's freezing
In the blood of the moon