

Eden Below

Katharsis

Shadows in the black fog...
Restless, endless, soulless, wandering
Gate of darkness' morbid children
Shadows in the black fog
Dawn of evil blood so eagerly awaiting
Raised within an ark of grace and
Beauty hidden

When they creep from their layre
In the mass-graves,
On the dark fields of infinite anguish,
Under a hollow indifferent sky,
The eternal sky

It is time to reach out for the sceptre.
It is time for our master to conquer.
It is time for the olde hooded reaper.
Grimlorde death, he is once more to ryde.

Shadows in the black fog
Lifeless, fleshless, breathless, haunting
Fear and plague and misery's messengers
Shadows in the black fog
Dawne of evilhearts so solemnly
Embracing, leave their crypts to join
The olde earth's funereal procession

When they turne into shape in the
Dark storm that will blow
On the day of our glory
On the day of mayhemic destruction

For Lord Luzifer's triumph in heaven
It is time to take over the
Thrones of the earth
and to rule over all with an iron fist
It is time for the faceless
Archangels to awake
And to rise from the holiest of hells

Shadows in the black fog
Scornfull, wrathfull, dreadfull roaming
Curse of mortals, doomsday's offspring
Shadows in the black fog
Ceremonial servants for our nightly
Sacrificial mass for Satan and
His demonic-court now reigning...