

# The Myth of the Eternal Return + Black Wings of Death (Running Wild cover)

Panychida

As the moon grows to its completeness  
I pray to gods of old  
On the mighty hill I stand  
Resurrecting the world  
In the shine of the north star  
Where heaven meets the earth and hell  
Imitation of the act of gods  
Fire, noise, screams shall prevail

Darkness grows deeper as the aeon declines  
Return of the dead, soon a new morning shall rise  
Hopefully looking back at the authentic time  
Resurrection of free will, there our origin lies  
Darkness grows deeper as the aeon declines  
Return of the dead, soon a new morning shall rise  
History's revocation reminds the golden age  
Cosmos conflagration, return to the myth

I pray to gods of old  
Resurrecting the world  
Where heaven meets the earth and hell  
Unfettered dance shall prevail

As the blooms wither these days  
Our strength grows immensely high  
Return to the golden age  
Imitation of the archetypes  
Nothing can last, what's not brought back to life  
Cosmic image shining bright  
Sacred moment with sacred vibe  
Repeated beginning of our time

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Black Wings of Death  
The churchbell of doom is tolling  
The angel of death is near  
The ghost with cowl and the sickle  
Spreading terror and fear

He's taking your breath,  
He's twisting your spine  
He poisons your soul and  
He poisons your mind

Grim reaper will gather in his seed  
Blood will splatter his path  
A phantom that's sealing your doom  
The damned's foreboding of death

He's taking your breath,  
He's twisting your spine  
He poisons your soul and  
He poisons your mind

Riding high on the black wings of death  
Like a nightmare that choking your breath

Like the terror that blackens your soul  
It's the dream where you fall on a six foot deep hole

The dice of life are falling  
The weak and the poor will lose  
The rich in their ivory towers  
Can't feel that their head's in the noose  
No chance to talk him round  
The black death is spreading its wings  
He's the Jonah of unbridled fear  
The pain to beggars and kings

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He's twisting your spine  
He poisons your soul and  
He poisons your mind

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