

Bird of Ill Omen

Sabbat

Its black is deep forever to hell
It claws catch surely game
Its beak is endless greed anytime
From anywhere, fellow's comin'

Watchin' you, the bird of ill omen
You feel death, death is near
Catchin' you, the bird of ill omen
Waiting for brutal death
Look! Over your head!

Its eyes decide terrible destiny
Its wings bring death, son of Satan
Its black reaper lives on human
Unfortunate death and not satisfy