

To The Sound Of Storms

Sacramentum

Calm and silent is the beautiful night.
Soft winds appeared to increase in strength.
The metallic scent of blood suddenly filled the air.
Lightning of destruction fills the crumbling sky.
Proud I march over the useless bleeding waste.
Free from those pathetic chains that holds us to our fate.
The chanting of the storms seems to be louder every night.
The sky is slowly fading, and gone is the futile light.
To the sound of storms, infinity will fade.
To the sound of storms, damnation will reign.
Mortal souls are shattered by unholy storms of chaos.
Our wrath is restless violence.
The sound of damnation is calling.
Proud I march over the useless bleeding waste.
Free from those pathetic chains that holds us to our fate.
Greater storms are to come, so I have been told.
Black and desolate, everything is cold.
universe in universe, no light is to be found.
Black were our hearts, and black is the end.
To the sound of storms, infinity will fade.
To the sound of storms, damnation will reign.
Mortal souls are shattered by unholy storms of chaos.
Our wrath is restless violence.
The sound of damnation is calling.