

... of the night

Satanic Warmaster

In an arcade of woods in a sombre forest
I rise my hand in a devoted hail
To the obscure Horns that lead me
To my black desting to grow humble

As the funeral breeze blows in my face
And runs through my blonde hair
I know who I am: A dweller of a palace encircled in the
mist

I see the fullmoon behind the grim branches
Like the unspeakable truth in this soil
They both give a vision of a purified mind
A black heart has knowingly burned
All that is impure from this forest of sorrow
And everything that is not of Satan

To each man his own, and to me this silence
The serenity that awaits for the beastly roar
To awaken the somber kingdom given to me
In the darkness, still so far far away
A gate waits for me to enter the circle
The eternal cycle of death and of the night.