

# Rotting Raven's Blood

Satanic Warmaster

Rotting Raven's Blood  
The Stench of Darkness  
From a kingdom that unveiled it's gate  
Through the putrid flesh

Sucking the force of death  
From around the white bones  
When the black feathers are forever gone  
Swept away by the northwind

The wings that now bear the epitaph of life  
In runes carved on dead flesh by the maggots  
Towards the cadaverous gate awaiting to be unlocked  
By a key cast in silver of our grievance

All remains silent on this winter funeral night  
When the lifeless onyx eyes reflect the starless sky  
Glance of a passage to solitary awaiting throne  
A skull on a sceptre and a jewel-adorned crown

Rotting Raven's Blood  
Trickles onto the snow  
To consummate the cycle of life and death  
Inside this pentagram