

## Night of Divine Power

Satyricon

Dark Forest Trees over the Funeral,  
All day the Army ride  
They moved in deeper  
So Dark that they weren't even...  
Too lead us passed this wicked Dense  
I can fell the Presence of the Shadowthrone in the deepest Dark

When cold Winds Freeze  
When Night came and dark Fog came over me  
Let that Horde come to me  
As they walk right by  
When all the Death is near  
I wander eternally  
Invincible Fog is near  
We walk the Fields of War  
The Cloak of the Moon it can slip all them through  
And the Flame is the Wrath of his Sword