

Under A Funeral Moon

Secrets of the Moon

On the day of my final sacrifice
the chilling steel open my veins
Blood stains my skin
Silver chalice must be filled...

Drinking the poisoned blood
I enter my shadowed coffin
Two goathorns in my hands
I raise my arms and close my eyes
to receive the infernal hails
from my brother in the land of the damned

The howling wind blows in the naked trees
Moonlit fields are glowing in the dark
Below me, the path to the cemetery
where my spiritual brother take me

They halt at the shadow of an oak
My nocturnal funeral commence
Laying in my blasphemous sleep
I am lowered down to the pit

A raven sings my last song
as the wolves howl their goodbyes
The funeral moon glows strongly now
for I am nearly there

This night of late October
the darkside opens it's gate
Morbid souls wait for me
For satanic conspiracy

Flowers of doom
Rising in bloom
You will see
Our immortality!

Inn I De Dype Skogers Favn

Det gaar en vei over fjellet
inn i de dype skogers savn
Garder her led grusom skjebne
Ved likbaal sørget mang en ravn

Pesten trod den Norske mark
fra havn over land til annen havn
Med tunge subbende skritt den seg
inn i de dype skogers favn
Dauden i sort gjorde sjelen frossen,
gjorde huden veik under en norrøn himmel

Det gaar en vei over fjellet
inn i de dype skogers favn
Langsom vandring fører meg
inn i det dunkle skogsriket

For aa finde en gard, eldet og forlatt

fra en ensom, sort og endeløs natt...