

Blood Hunt

Urgehal

The coffins are closed
When the daylight shines
On the freezing stones
Of this castle

The coffins lie deep
Into the Crypts
Of it's darkest halls
Past dungeons and narrow walls

This is the home
Of the majestic counts

Many milleniums
They have lived with immortality
Streaming in their veins

Feeding on human blood
As a source
To their delightful existence and beauty

Feared as the plague
Their wings across the land
And sets of into the night

Searching for a victim
Rich of precious blood

Blood Hunt

...the coffins are opened...