

Black Flames March

Watain

We sing these words of praise to Thee.
Mightiest of Might, Unbound Divinity,
Sung so loud by a Nameless Kin.
Resounding through the halls of the Temple of Ain.

As our deeds of Fire, unto the Last,
Illuminate the Darkest Path.
This war will end when All is Nothing.
With Truth as the only weapon, I am the Will of God

So shine bright
With all your Might.
The Adversarial Fire
Burns High tonight

We march to this symphony
Which resounds from afar,
Yet burns within as cacophony.
And each step that we take leaves but ashes
On the crooked trail behind (and bridges burnt).
No words. No forms. No thoughts.

God (of the other side)
Soveriegn of conquest.
Dark One.

Yet thy Light illuminates my Path.
The Black light of Daath.
By the Powers of the Eleven Heads,
And Through their Gate; Now, Come!
Now, Come!

Heading far beyond the gates of death.
Disembodied Black Flames March
In perfect Unity, burning sublime.
Reaching ecstasy divine.

So burn high
With all our Spirit's Strength.
The Liberated Flames
Mark the end of the blind tyrant's reign