

Sleepless Evil

Watain

Out hard into the darkness our praise is sung,
on cloven hooves, in cloven tongues, from cloven hearts
and from cloven heads;
from the dark past echo the chants...

(Unto the) saints of murder, gods of all, who turned
their back towards the world.
In them, the shadows, we commit our deeds.
Nocturnal crimes while calm you sleep.
Secret is their legacy, their horrors violent.
Nameless as their graves, forever silent.

They never sleep. They never rest.

Dwellers in the realms infernal; Sleepless, evil ones.
Emanations of the night eternal. Sleepless evil demons
of the old world

Far beneath the world of man, in halls lit by a light
owing nothing to that of day.
There they dwell, they who weave the webs.
There it walks, that ought to crawl.

The haunted fields forever they must wander.
In twilight locked, forever to abide.
Until the doors shall open at the crossroads, into the
other side...

Smell Vitriol, smell blackest bile.
They're drawing closer to the gate.
The Serpents are about to reconcile.
Worlds are to burn, yes, the hour is late...

Rise now from your realms infernal!
Sleepless, evil ones.
Emanate from night eternal!
Sleepless evil, Satanas, come forth!