

Gathering Under The Red Moon / Apophis - The Serpent Self

Zemial

Sparks of light in towers who sleep for years
Sound the Great Horn, invoke the Chosen Ones
The Earth is feverous, the Seas turn red
R'lyeth emerges through the blood red waves

Gehenna awaits for more to come
The wolf Fenriz regains the Sun
Eternal frost and cold:
Form the winds of Night emerge forgotten Kings and Thrones

Gathering, under the Red Moon
Your god is weeping!
Gathering under the Red Moon
The name of the Wolf we hail!

Spells bring down the walls (of heaven)
Almighty Gods come forth
We ride on black chariots in Full Moon
The Great lands of Stygia are reborn

The snow carries signs of red ruby
By the blood of a thousand worms
Once more screams of pain are heard in dead towers
The smell of witchcraft fills the air:

Gathering, under the Red Moon
The Moon is bleeding!
Gathering, under the Red Moon
The silver Thrones are Ours

Beware, of the black hours
Before the Sabbat dawn
I stand enchanted on ancient heights
To see and listen
To the waves of Absu roll:

I raise the horns in blasphemy,
The heavens burn again!
Night: