

Nocturnal Witch

Zemial

An old castle of torment shines under the moon,
A crystallized silence casts a shadow over the moors:
Unseen, mouldy, catacombs, summoned to breathe again;
The witch of lust eerily commands:
"This night will never end!"

She weaves,
The spell,
Of death!
The mistress of the night!

Unknowing virgin peasant girl is bled by the hands of death,
The witch possessed by Satan, drinks the wine and the victim's
last breath.
Piercing screams of agony fill cold dungeons of old
The numbness of her body means the reaper's touch is cold!

Bitch,
Nocturnal witch
The mistress of the night!

Sick winds blow in these lands
(prepare for death)