

Bathory

"The Wind Of Mayhem"

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Praying to the wind to return
Chant the heat of infernal lightning
Gaze at the sky and its poisoned clouds
Listen for the sound of thunder

Now the tide has changed...

Stand on the cliffside alone in the night
My hair is blowing freely in the Wind
Fell so cold yet my yearn give me heat
Raise my head to the sky and breath in
Now the time is right...

It brings us curse, lust, hate, damnation and death
Wail through darkness and bring evil
It squall it screams
Satanas is present but yet he is unseen

THE WIND OF MAYHEM

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