## Cirith Gorgor "The Gates Of Hell"

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Shadows of the past fade before my eyes,
There are evil voices in the air,
I sense a presence in the darkness around,
Pervading every sound and every shadow,
The moon is full; the horned messenger
That has guarded this world for aeons
Yet now only beckons to those who still
Bear strength in their hearts,
The strength to fight, conquer and kill,
The ones that have raped this earth
For so many years,

I am drawn towards the woods again,
Where trees whisper of a storm to be awoken,
Of powers that were asleep for many years,
And a glorious past that was forgotten,
It is true that many of us had grown ignorant and weak,
Whilst the world around was slowly declining.
Fools! Unaware of the infernal wrath
That waits to be unleashed upon them,
They fell to the liars' words and bowed
Before the cross of the dead one.

With my every thought the dark enhances thousandfold,
When suddenly I emerge from the shadows into a clearing
A gruesome silence in the light of the moon,
The ground breathes pure evil,
I know I have reached my destiny in this world.

Four others I distinguish,
Grim and pale faces with empty eyes,
Now the pentagram is whole, words are spoken,
And steel gleams in the dark.
The roar of a thousand storms approaches,
The earth trembles and the moon turns bloodred,
As we cut our flesh in honour
Of our forgotten Lord's return
Demons start emerging from the abyss,
The legions of hell are set free at last,
As a vast black shadow leaves the gates now opened

wide,
Our mortal bodies lie scattered and dead.
But we shall be reborn in His fire,
And our deaths will not have been in vain,

For our sacrifice will wrap this world in endless darkness,

And tomorrow shall know the blackest dawn, For we have opened the Gates Of Hell, This will be the final holocaust of the human race.

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