Dark Throne (Darkthrone) "Under A Funeral Moon"

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On the day of my final sacrifice The chilling steel open my veins Blood staines my skin Silver chalice must be filled Drinking the poisoned blood I enter my shadowed coffin Two goathorns in my hands I raise my arms and close my eyes To receive the infernal hails From my brother in the land of the damned The howling wind blows in the naked trees Moonlit fields are glowing in the dark Below me, the path to the cemetary Where my spiritual brothers take me They halt at the shadows of an oak My nocturnal funeral commence Lying in my blasphemous sleep I am lowered down to the pit A raven sings my last song As the wolves howl their goodbyes The funeral moon glows strongly now For I am nearly there This night of late october The darkside open it's gate Morbid souls wait for me - For satanic conspiracy Flowers of doom Rising in bloom You will see

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