

Darkmoon

"Vengeance For Withered Hearts"

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Essence of the full moon, night wind chills me
Fire in the distance, through forest trees
We gather strength for the morrow's night
This war shall be won
Kill the father, the Holy Ghost, and banish his light

Dark wings enshroud chaos
Harboring hatred deep inside
Serenity, lost in voids perverse
Eternal pain, all that remains
Revenge

Blood of centuries past ancestry left dead
Cries from the spirit realms fuels my hatred
With power seething in my eyes, I release this curse
upon you
Curse upon you
Destroy the chapel with the priest vengeance
Shall be mine
Shall be mine

Soaring through the midnight sky
Wilderness surrounding me
Prepare for the gathering
We write in ecstasy
Entities forsaken
Dances of immortality
Strike down those, who oppose us
Withered hearts as cold as ice
As cold as ice

The morning falls across the field that will yield to
battle
This day the end
Raise the blade to drive the Christian hordes away!

Revenge!

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