

Funeral Mist

"A Diabolical Meeting"

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As I march towards the stars to meet the gods of
creation
Leaving the past behind
As I march forward into time
The light of the stars reflects my eyes

Traveling the immense distances of the cosmos
All for the need of knowledge
As I am blinded by the intense light of the stars
My vision fades

When my sight returns the true face of the creator
Is revealed to me
The sign of the horns is all I can see

The journey has weakened me
But when I finally meet him
I am filled with delight

As I feel the presence of the mighty
All my soul is strengthened again by the will of the
darkest power
As I know now I am one of them
I am assured of highly diabolical possessed arts

My dreams of this diabolical meeting
They have finally come true

Oh, mighty master of all dark
Lord Satan, my existence is thine

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