

Funeral Mist

"For The Glory Of Xul"

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Out of the shadow lands beyond this world, a mastery
emerged with sin
This is where a mighty legion ruled supreme under the
wings of their lord
The mastery of the night, the dominion of XUL returned
to walk the earth once more
To haunt and slay the mortals, to suck the blood out of
their fresh wounds
The end of humanity is here in the name of XUL...

The pounding of the hoofs of our galloping steeds
Sound like thunder over the lakes of ice
Between the snow-covered mountains the war cry
echoes
A prelude of the bloodshed to come
The blood in our veins cold as winters frost
Our steel bared to strike with all might
Unholy slaughter
Death cries muted in blood
Die bathing in your own blood

Our legion of shadow lead forth by the dark
Bound by powers not of this world
Arrows and spears no use against us
For you can't kill what's already dead
Bright crimson stains marking the snow-covered
ground
Your carcasses left for the wolves
The legion of XUL stands like a vision of death
Triumphant over mankind

For the glory of XUL!

Jehova's disciples burn on their own cross
Their souls for the beasts from the pit
All idols burn Christianity dies!
In an overkill of demonic wrath
The celestial father killed on his throne
The heavenly clouds raining tears
The black flag of chains on top of this world
All hail the darkness of XUL!

For the glory
For the might
In the name of XUL!

All hail the dark
All hail the darkness
All hail the darkness of XUL!

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