

Funeral Mist

"Soul Harvest"

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On moonless nights we rise
From tombs of ancient death
Old souls of magic
Spirits of forgotten knowledge
Warlords of the old world (and)
The abyssic beasts of hell

On starless nights we gather
In mystical crypts and secret shelter
Sometimes in the open
Or in endless woods of might
Mostly untrodden by mortal man
(Certainly) never in their presence

In the absence of the plague called humanity
The warlords raise their swords
And the beasts of hell raise their claws
Towards the deep dark sky

Waiting for the infernal master to come
Waiting for the unholy blessing to receive
Waiting for the harvest to come

On moonless nights we raise our swords
Hungering for the blood to come
On starless nights we raise our claws
Grasping for the flesh to rip and tear
Under the deep dark sky
We praise the lord of darkness
And prepare ourselves...
For the harvest of human souls

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