

Funeral Winds

"Raised By The Fury Of The Ancient Ones"

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From times of ancient glory
We summon the spirit of our ancestors
Breed of the darkest kind
Raised by the fury of the ancient ones

From those ancient times
We summon the powers of our ancestors
For we are their mighty descendants
We will rise to claim what's ours
To rule our mighty empire again

For the glory of the ancient ones
We will destroy the light and it's servants

Grotesque powers will be unleashed
When we open the gate

Raised by the fury of the ancient ones
Raised by the fury of the ancient ones

Raging chaos will conquer all
Servants of the light will die in agony
Our hatred feeded by immense evil
Is the key to the gate of our mighty empire
We shall rule the earth once more

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