

## Funeral Winds "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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