

# Goatlord "The Fog"

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The thirteenth of November  
Full moon lights the sky  
Ghouls gather to chant  
They summon the fog  
Horns emerge from the fog  
The lamb's throat is slit  
Blood floods the coffin  
Their shepherd is here

[chorus]  
The fog  
The fog  
Black stinking fog

Now the dead shall rise  
Floating through the fog  
Clutch on crucifix  
The gates begin to open  
Finally the time has come  
Shepherd leads his flock  
Into the valley of fog  
They'll wait for you...

[repeat chorus]

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