

Horna

"His Grim Storm"

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In wolfnight we come on winter's black wings death
beside us, old and feared, for all might is in Death.
As of tragedies, and as of desecration's sword, as
storm of Doomsday we grimly ride.
We bring the war of end, we bring Shadow...
Name we haven't been given, for those words
suitable are forgotten, buried by dust of time.
We are all that what fear, all that what hate and all that
what doom holds inside.

We have been foreseen, Antichrist-Armageddon-
Judgement Day-Final War,
in books that are through weak minds written with
words spawned of Christ, dressed with fears.
Indeed, we are death that is condemned for you, as
war that ends all life,
as war that brings Darkness and as war that thus is
your Death.
So it is written...
So it shall be...
New age order, Kingdom of Satan.

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