

Infernum

"Black March"

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Descend... in blades...
Eyes pale, and skyward.
Proud... in Death...
Possessed, by honour.
Sound the horn, my Son
The horror winds call forth...
Sound the drum, fair Noble
Call forth the Thunder song...
Soak the Earth, with Blood
The horror winds call forth...
Sound the drum, fair Noble
Restore the Wolven laurel...
This is the route of red...
March ever on!...
Through Night and through dread...
March ever on!...
Ascend... in flames...
With arms, extending.
Proud... in Death...
In embers, of honour.
Sound the horn, my Son
The horror winds call forth...
Sound the drum, fair Noble
Call forth the Thunder song...
Soak the Earth, with Blood
The horror winds call forth...
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Restore the Wolven laurel...
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