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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...

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!...

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