

Ad Hominem

"Dunkelheit's Pest"

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Dunkelheit, the darkest night
Dark cold earth foze to ice
In frost and gloomy grim
Die Dunkelheit, Grayish and glommy brume
Where wolfs are howling deep
Despair of funeral night, at grave of zion slaves.

As night reveals me the truth
Unholy wind blows chilly
Through the hairs of black
A grim perverted sorrow
Sculpt me deep and dark
Visage of frost and pain
When night and fog, scarify my bleeding soul.

On my darkthrone of unholy night, reign supreme my
darkest legions from my scared keep of hell, screams
of
suffer of christians souls haunt the sky, the call of
freezing bells of damnation.

As the grey mist whispers silent, flaming words of
wrath and hate. Came pale shadows of the night to
give
them my unholy might, from our forests deep & dark,
path so nocturnal.

Fullmoon of the mighty wolfs, drawes in a grayish act.
Desolated blackness, a scorched soil in black.
Emanates from stairs below, the pantheon so dark.
Shivering in catacombs, black rain falls from the sky.

In abyssic caves of darkness, Unknown and sad
shadows.
Blackened from th Styx below, destroy the bruning
priests. Is my soul to reach the sin to brun the cross
of lies. Wolfnacht rise in grim unholy fullmoon
northern sky.

