Nighthatred "My Darkness In The Enchanted Forest"

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The gusts of the malicious black wind tear down the

golden leaves from the curved branches in the enchanted forest, cold whirlwind brings dark, touches the ground with hatred, sets fire wrath in the souls... Bestial wrath of the battle.

O, Lord of the Night, Bringing Honour and Pride, I see the winter shades going away, as the ships leaving for the evening sea, accompanying with the ravens screams. Under the silver moon in the crying clouds... My incinerated heart

is bleeding... Winds and storms were summoned from the past by the art of evil wondering and the blasphemous lust of midnight, and they will stay here till the end of times, collecting the power and malice. In the darkness, among the black stones. The trees whispered, curved the bared trunks... Night came to me, in the crown of dark blue skies, glorified by the spirit of cold storms. And Darkness.

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