

Nights Like These

"Almighty Andras"

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He runs through an old misty moor
Surrounded by darkness and cold
Hunted by the christians so weak
Clad in shadows and nocturnal veil

Searching for a shelter in the somber night
Escaping the holy christian light
Seeing a shadow, standing so proud
Great evil shade, secret to the crowd

Oh mighty Andras, rise with your demons
Servant of Satan, slayer of christ
Crush down the race of christian filth
Oh warlock Andras, ruler of night

He enters the tower of darkest might
Invokes his spells from the deepest of nights
Pervert legions smite the sheep soul infidel
Hordes of dusk arrive, they shall prevail

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