

Nights Like These

"The 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, piss on the hypocrites
Crush the christian race and give them shameful kiss
Oh warlock Andras, spit on the sacred face

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

Oh mighty Andras, piss on the hypocrites
Crush the christian race and give them shameful kiss
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