

Nocturnal Worshipper "A Tomb In The Satanist Hill"

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Old scrawly gravestone never shivered with a storm
By the invoked force, ancient verses
The sepulchral dead silence darkens the mountain
higher top
Ground burned by our pagan flames of redemption
Buried down witchcraft secrets, times and times Black
Souls
Guardians of Sword and life lies on the Ice of the Fog
The twelfth Night comes we form the blasphemic
ceremonial union
Awaiting the Signs of Death to open the Gates of our
Lord

The icy winter Wind
On the top of the Mountain
Caresses my gravestone
Raised in Immortality

In my hindmost sacrifice hour
Hear up the ghostly gallop
The weak light of the Moon reflects
On the sharp blade and dazzle
My eyes in black that see the
One with scythe in hands and hood
It's howls of wind freezing Heckti
Finally it's defy! Says:

"And now we will die united
Do the Oath of the Ancestral Key
Come into the center of the pentagram burning
It's our code - And you are one!"

We read the Ancient Manuscripts, cursed words of
Black Spell
And we see His kingdom by the opening of the Gates
Under His sceptre we are named as Glorious Black
horsemen of Hell
This is the evil seed from a triumphant race
I enter into the endless forests alone glorified by the
Key
An invisible power guides my eyes and sword
Roving through the Night by the shadow of the scrawly

gravestone
Raised in my cold mountain in the head of my grave

The icy winter Wind
From the top of the Mountain
Caresses my gravestone
Raised in Immortality

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