

## **Nocturnal Worshipper "Cold Mist Of Funeral Empire"**

Visit "[Cold Mist Of Funeral Empire](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I hear the first tolls of the Bell  
Far away striking lengthy and grave  
It's the omen of the blackness that is coming  
The gloomy strokes of the sentence  
Freeze the heart of the enemies  
That ever feared the prelude's Night

The reopening of the Black Age  
When happened the devastation  
Brought by us, sons of the Throne of Ice  
Winter Bestial Horde swarms into rows  
Arms raised in a diabolic act of war

Sweeping over this Land  
The Cold Mist of Funeral Empire

And the Lord of the Ages called us to War  
Brothers, creeping and carrying all to Death  
Following the Leader, the Master of no Light  
And the Hammer, the lawful weapon  
Of the legitimate sons!

Cold steel forged in fire, blades sharpened by slaves  
The blood of the enemies will sprinkle on this Land...

Warriors of the last Millennium  
Revival from old ruined crypts  
Black marks of eternal memory  
Bringing forth from ancient times:  
Hate and weapons of Battle  
Fortify us in our will to conquer

Eternally eclipsed by the Dark clouds of Disgrace  
Opening the Twilight that faints the sun in Hate  
Intense evil turns into gray the South Hemisphere  
And the top of the Conquest of the Obscure can see

Sweeping over this Land  
The Cold Mist of Funeral Empire

