

Salacious Gods

"Dead, Spectral Wolfmoon"

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Through the darkening showers
Of wrath I see the sign
And the unhallowed hearse
The infernal night sky
Devours the restless dead

Highest mountains never reach
The altars of incantation
Nightwinds breed the fire
Majestic descend
Of the summoned one

Moonshade flames
Of conquering blasphemy
I fierce hearse through
The night sky

Wheels cry thunder
In gospel of the hordes
Moonshade flames
Breathe blackened breath

Moonshade pale in dismal dream
Flames Breathing anger
Moonshad Realm of stife and pain

Flames Cloak of the heretics

Wrapped in a veil
Of grim silence and
Singing songs
Of the arctic heathen hearts
I throw myself under the hoofs
Of the black horde
Seen through the eyes
Of the pagan coachmen
Self-sacrifice will release my spirit
Imperial funeral
Dead, Spectral wolfmoon

Moonshade Sword of the essence
Flames A scent of dark souls

Moonshade Why must life be?
Flames Consume all harmony
Moonshade The eternal nightrealm

Flames burn forevermore

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