

Sargatanas Reign

"Sinister Glow Of The Funeral Torches"

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March to the black holocaust has begun
Funeral tones echo over all the land
The rebirth of a satanic empire of death
Without the human Christian millions of weak

Black pure imperial blood
Herited from funeral sworn
In the soil where rotting bones were placed
Our souls grew and from the curse were born

We are not human though human appears outside
Maybe human destiny awaits for this flesh
We are the face of your timeless death
A circle made of sinister, morbid intentions

The strong race is coming to end all life
The creature of god, the larva of feebleness
Of such monumental hate darkness will rise again
Bestial offering of human blood (final nail to the coffin
of god)

In the endless night to come
Roaring hell of Black Metal
Sinister light of the funeral torches
You'll see it before a sword

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