

Thy Endless Wrath "In The Storm's Winds"

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Darkness' clouds invade the sky,
Hiding the olden lord's wrath.
From the past as a mark,
In our fear
And destiny they are.

In the dark,
I wait
Anxious
For the arrival
Of the ancient fire reign.
Oh fire purify this land,
And that from the abyss
The ancient serpent rebirths!

The messengers of the darkness,
Whom in our fear lie,
The unholy lords of the unlight,
For whom I wait in every night.
Ride in the dark reign,
As a midnight nightmare,
Cross this land from the south
In the apocalyptic winds.

Fly beings of the night and come
In the storm's wind.

Now, the gates of the nocturnal kingdom
Open are
And my eyes, get blind
In this storm night.
Come unholy forces,
Come to show me
The real dark side!

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