

Ulfhethnar

"A Call For Rising Mists"

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A forest of nocturnal cruelty
Under the blowing frostwinds of the night
Blade shadows over painful screams
In spite of the pale moonlight
A black circle of spectral faces
Surrounded by tall dark trees
Blood mingles with the nighted blackness
A call for the rising mists
Words of hatred and of pride
In this vast and silent forest
We write in consecrated blood
The plans of our forthcoming conquest
Cold winds born in damnation
Torture their bodies with frozen pain
Mine are these gathering black clouds
Death comes through the night skies again
A call for the rising mists
For the throne will be ours.

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