

Ulfhethnar

"The Evil In The Deepest Of The Winds"

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Devoted to the pleasures of coldness and darkness
To the somber powers of sublime honours and praises
It's the hate in the deepest of the whipping night
It's the evil in the deepest of the winds
Satisfying the hunger for murders
Which incites a desire of clemency in the enemies
Under the frozen sword, offerings to the stormy
Dreadful deity of the ages
Harden my soul with your wrath
Granting me your offspring
Proud of it's majestic hate and might
Leaning at my feet are the incredulous in pain
Barren lands entreating for blood and for your beating
strength
Unholy coldness reigning now and forever, source of
all my pleasures
Eternally at my grace lie the kings of the forbidden
It's the hate in the deepest of the whipping night
It's the evil in the deepest of the winds.

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