

## Urgehal

# "Through Thick Fog Till Death"

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In the years of grace  
Under the gods feeble command  
A holy crusade chased the soil  
For salvation and incarnation

The poor man who didn't believe  
The poor words of resurrection  
He who felt the justice of gods hand  
The same man were killed upon the cross

In the course of the years they haunted the shores  
To convince others doubt  
But far and away in the shadows  
Were the creatures  
No single man had ever seen, but feared: lurking

It turned out to be their last steps on mother earth

As the woods turned dark  
They gathered for the night  
A bleak fog glides (so silent) through  
It was like the whole world just opened up beneath  
them  
Every man and woman, children, priests and nuns  
Were slain by a vehement force  
It was something so dark you couldn't imagine  
So dark that you would die just to know it  
It damned them all forever

It was the swing of Satan's sword  
Who devoured their waspish wail

Into the rotting forest of Urgehal  
Through thick fog till: death

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