

Venke Knutson

"Dead Of Night"

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Death throes the seeds of lightning
Thunder cast in rain
Castrate humanity
The woman smells the game
Complete in time intact
And weave another year
Demand apocalypse
And do not despair

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT

Danger approaches hold on tight
Ye ancient souls
The hounds are pacing
Out in distant roles
Bring in the alchemist
And screaming mortal witch
Sample the moonlight
And dance with the bitch

In the dead of the night
Children start to die
In a manger of blood
Dead is the night

Death sows the seeds of lightning
Thunder cast in rain
Castrate humanity
The woman smells the game
Complete in time intact
And weave another year
Hold your heads up high
Do not despair

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