

## Wind Of The Black Mountains

### "The Shadow"

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Cold and black, the night shall be  
Naked bodies filled with lust  
I proclaim in my master's name  
Receiving poor souls from which I take  
Hatred for god, you all will follow me  
Satan's disciples, I will set you free

In the feast of darkness  
I shall feed upon your weakness  
The shadows are cast upon the hill  
Hill of the horned goat

Where joy forever dwells, hail horrors  
Hail infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new possessor  
One who brings a mind not to be changed by place or  
time  
The mind is it's own place  
And itself can make a heaven of Hell  
A Hell of heaven...  
Better to reign in Hell than to serve in heaven

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