

Denethor

"Reaping Souls"

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In times when the fullmoon rises beyond the mountains
And the wolves start howling
Black souls are gathering
In front of the gates of heaven

To rape the virgin who's been worshipped for centuries

On the icecold winds
Ravens are circling above
The moon is reflected in our eyes

Sparkling with warlust

As we storm the gates of heaven

In the forest
Wolves are coming together
Raping the lambs of your pathetic "god"
We are harvesting the blighted crops

As the winds swirls through the air our hearts are filled
with sorrow

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