

Denethor

"Visions Of Black"

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Impaled bodies on the fields of hell
My eternal hunger can't be stilled
Black shadows are marching on and
The clouds pale the light of moon and
stars in my visions of black

I've dreamed that you and I exterminate
the pathetic christianity, burning the
churches, the sky glows red and we
march on under this great shadow in my

visions of black

Bodies crushed by a mesmerizing power which
has come forth by our blackend army. We
are raping their daughters, killing their sons and
when the light of another day is behind the horizon
the angels cry in my visions of black

Prepare to meet us in battle!

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