

Nokturnal Mortum

"Under The Banners Of The Horned Knjaz"

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Where was the sunrise - sunset now. Where the sun was - it was the night. In the crystal look reigned in hell, through the darkness of the fog heart beat stopped. And in the flames of the blood flowing through the sleep dreaming wounds. Inside the fog dust of the earth around it ... falling from cliffs into the abyss of the bottomless abyss, I see hell - old master leads me to silently through the frailty of shabby gray. Bloody tape fate hands tied, without complaining I plunged the dagger into her stomach. Goddess of the night dooms day meal, a star in the fall may be alive. In my blood all the snakes marsh poison in his temples beating fight anvils. Swords of war are preparing hell. Heavenly throne will be grave. Horned prince, dressed in a book steel, thrust his sword into the winged heavenly "fighter". I'm in the army of Hell, I Azazel, Belial, I, I Ktulu. I have demons, I'm Seth, I am Sir, I am a warrior of evil. I Lucifer opened his eyes to this world, steeped in vanity. Pierced through his ferocious storm bloody lightning, living in height.

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