

Novembers Doom

"Into Night's Requiem Infernal"

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2000 years, the child, the king
Taunted by the demons who prey
Beyond this day, foreseen by your God
Where is he when the darkness comes?

They come for him, hatred bound
Evil guided by the only son
Remove the one they fear the most
And only then the darkness crawls

They shall rise, to take what's theirs
Removing the virus that feeds on the weak
In Hells celebration, the loss of a king
Into night's requiem infernal

What sort of man will he become?
A living strain upon our kind
He will be raised to serve his fathers name
And only in death, this martyr will fail

They shall rise, to take what's theirs
Removing the virus that feeds on the weak
In Hells celebration, the loss of a king
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Black clouds devour the light, wicked world, this
chosen birth
The scent of nightly rain, to mask the smell of death

Arriving with dusk, to steal the faith in man
A chance not willing to take, serpents tongue that
smells the fear

They shall rise, to take what's theirs
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