

Ahriman

"Satanic Funeral"

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Night is falling; the forest is prepared for the ritual for
the funeral

Wrapped into dusk and fog,
Showing the way into the dark nature.
Gods and demons are sacrificn
On this day... on the chosen day

Lilith to the twilight
Moloch to the night
Belzebub to the endless space.

Shadows, nightmares,
Witches are murmuring prayers,
At the altar of the forest.
Summoning Berstuk, the mighty
And Pan the spiteful.

Lilith, the twilight.
Moloch, the might.
Belzebub, the endless space.

The light of the moon lights the circle.
The stars are summoning the universe.
The streams become red.
The rocks begin to move.
The dead animals snarl up again
The signs, which are relieving the pain of my soul.
The child of breathed prayers borns, the silence.

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