

## Satanic Surfers

### "of The Night"

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In an arcade of woods in a sombre forest  
I rise my hand in a devoted hail  
To the obscure Horns that lead me  
To my black destiny to grow humble

As the funeral breeze blows in my face  
And runs through my blonde hair  
I know who I am: A dweller of a palace encircled in the  
mist

I see the fullmoon behind the grim branches  
Like the unspeakable truth in this soil  
They both give a vision of a purified mind  
A black heart has knowingly burned  
All that is impure from this forest of sorrow  
And everything that is not of Satan

To each man his own, and to me this silence  
The serenity that awaits for the beastly roar  
To awaken the somber kingdom given to me  
In the darkness, still so far far away  
A gate waits for me to enter the circle  
The eternal cycle of death and of the night.

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