

Naglfar, Blades

Your final moon sets this night you shall die
Your pathetic merciful god, where is he now?
He didn't listen to your cry

We will come to you like thieves in the night
To extinct, to erase you
Filled with pure darkened wrath
Filled with passion for murder
Sons and daughters of Christ
On the night of all nights: die
Feel the kiss of the scythe
In your horrorfilled eyes it gleams bright

You will fall to your knees
Call to God for salvation
Raped by blades straight from Hell
Behold Satan's creation
As you drown in the dark
Feel the pain, feel the torture
You got quenched by the scythe
By the powers of death's might

We will come to you like thieves in the night
To extinct, to erase you
Armed with blades straight from Hell
Filled with passion for murder
Sons and daughters of Christ
On the night of all nights: die
You got quenched by the scythe
By the powers of death's might

Your final hour sets, now you know you will die
Face our powerful bloodstained blades
Meet your maker? No! We will send you straight to Hell