

# 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