

Watain, Reaping Death

There is a place beyond the dreamworlds,
Past the womb of night,
Lying in wait beyond the barriers of light,
Shunned by the living, cursed by the dead
Here's no peace, here's no peace

None within, none without
Skinned bare by daggers that never doubt
Timeless in wisdom, unbound in might,
Holy Evil!

By trembling hands concealed,
Yet by fearless ones revealed

There the blood of Abel impregnates the soil,
In which hungry darkness dwells and serpents coil,
So that plants may rise to bear the strangest fruit,
For all of ye that hunger

Higher! Higher! Come on you sons of fire!
Daughters of the black moon,
Practitioners of art most dire

Dance! Dance! In twisting, white-eyed trance,
Let us praise the flowering darkness

Brush forth across the land of Nod ye wicked ones,
Ye who wear the mark and hold the keys,
Come now, let us worship,
At the womb of blasphemies

Rivers of blood! Rivers of blood!
For the black earth's quenchless thirst,
The offering must never cease,
Until the last man has been slain
Upon the altar of Mefisto

Higher! Higher! Let's set the night on fire!
Black moon bear witness to our rite,
Beneath the devil's pyre

Unchain, Set free, the flames of the Adversary!
Scorch the earth and devour all,
That sifted from the ashes be

Hail! Hail! Thou who makes the cosmos wail!
In anguish as we fuck the world,
And sodomize the god that failed

Cain! Cain! By thy blade let all god's men be slain!
Harvest now the fruits of death and set the night aflame!

Again!
Fire!

Gather! Gather! Raise the flames for so long scattered!
For aeons cursed, yet proud we stood,
Our liberation all that mattered

It's time! It is time! The bells of Armageddon chime!
Rejoice ye now, oh hungry ones,
Harvest time has come...