

Abigor, My Soft Vision In Blood

So we reached our aim
The replacement of day
The obliteration of the sun
The triumph of the soft moonlight

Mankind reduced so much
How deep my slumber is
You are not the one you think
We are masters - you are slaves

Why weeping?
Why bleeding?
Did you believe in the false god?
I'm laughing
I'm celebrating
I have foreseen my triumph

Now we are divided
But we know our time will come
Than we take our weapons
To stand together as one

Mankind exist to follow
To serve and not to think
We are born of the ancient race
To lead you in total darkness

Counts and lords with black blood
United under the funeral moon
The second wave of darkness
Is to be invocated

Darkness created
Dark age foreseen
The process of freezing
In my soft vision in blood