

Barathrum, The Night of the Demon Lord

Dread the end of summer
On the blackest of all nights,
The feast of samhains waking
In the mist of pagan rites.
The sunlight now is waning
As the undead walk the land.
Tonight's chaos - no mortal understands...
The festival of darkness
Under red october moon:
The powers of black witchcraft
In evil winds of ruin:
Demons ride the autumn sky
In thunder clouds and rain -
The gasps of forlorn souls who live again.
Dare walking this night, ye wanderer,
Ye life and soul you'll loose!
When hunted by his jetblack hound,
You'll surely meet your doom!
His eyes are burning red like fiery coal,
His cape - his leathery wings!
His breath will sear your back like winds from hell