

Carpathian Forest, Lunar Nights

My associates have denied Christ.
Earthly, heavenly and hellish.
The only guiding light
to you rejoice to see blood flow.
I've know rivers.
I've known rivers ancient as the world
and older that the flow
of human blood in human veins.
My soul has grown deep like those rivers old.
Away under the wings with dark faces
The rulers of the night.
The goddes of Death
I, drinker of blood.
It is nothing to mourn for
It is the other world.
Do you deserve this?
Hell no!!!
What a tangled web you weave.
Over and over the whips of the world..