

Enthroned, Rites of the Northern Fullmoon

The black Northern winds, swept the dust
who covered my ancient tomb.
The prophecy of the ancient millenary,
call the horde of the goat...

Darkness entomb, the souls of the saints
sentenced in front of the goathrone.

Sacrificial...
Drinking the blood!
Ritual...
Burn the crypt!

The unhealthy moonlight, rise my altar of corporal sacrifice.

On a ground cover of ice,
the ritual of Northern fullmoon,
the desire of infernal majesty,
the submissiveness of the Black Pentagram.

The clouds of blood, watch for again, their immediate victims.