

Enthroned, Scared by Darkwinds

Alone in my sinister crypt, I evoke the ancients,
I raise my chalice of pure blood sacrificed angels,
towards the moon, and I cry my reading,
my sorcellery breeding the infernal awakening.
The winds is changed on fire, in a cyclone,
the prophets coming from nowhere,
show the eternity paths,
the no return ways,
lost in the depth of gloomy forests from the North.

The fog of the new moon,
effaces the engraved epitaphs on a medieval tombs,
but the accursed winds are rising,
calling the vampires from their sleep,
the creatures of apocalypse...

...And it's throughout, the incessant fire,
that the apparition is revealed dark,
surmounted by two large horns,
the goat master came more deeply from darkness
to punish the profane and reward is faithful...

The darkwinds breakout all their rage,
frighten and take away,
blessed souls of the damned,
in the domain of abomination
I have opened, the gates of chaos,
on this alive and holy world...
Nobody will e able to close them forever!!!
Forever...!!