

Immortal, Pure Holocaust

The mighty sound of damnation calls
As the holocaustsky draw near
Above the sorms over baeskade
Rule the power of the vrilla
It has come to ride the seven winters
With winds of war and winds of cold
Lightning strike the northland
Leading us into seasons of frost
Stand in the fog with so cold a heart
Watching the death of the sun
Valleys abound a thousand of coffins
The holocaust has just begun
It's the march of the blasphemous masses
Into damnation all will fall
Chapels of black unholy demons
Chanting the words of the funeral rites
Pure holocaust
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