

Naglfar, Black God Aftermath

Droning winds sang my name in choirs so silent and grievous
Imploring me to awaken, to enlighten my moonlit eyes
Famished, grinning in pain, branded stiff by those scorching rays
In vicious grief these tears I shed, when beholding my fallen realm
In shadows entangled, in solitude I mourn
Cold hymns of obedience engulves my resurrected soul
Feed me... fill my lungs with the souls of the sacrificed ones
Worship... call for the black god aftermath, call for my return

Aftermath... call for my return!

As the son of the elders I'll see
As a descendant of the dark breeds the hate I feel
Only my own cries of vengeance I hear
Obey, speak my name! Bow before me...
I'm the one who'll stand by the throne
Of fire born with darkness within
Behold my call for this night that soon shall fall...

Raising the chalice for the black god aftermath, to it's glory and grace

Bring the damned souls into me, bring the virgin's blood to invoke me!
Hear my hunger, listen to the nocturnal preaching of mine
Shadow wings embrace the earth, lay the land forever in dusk
Unveil me, the faceless one... The one forlorn and once dethroned
Let my gimness be unleashed, set free the holocaust with me
Cold humns of obedience unchains my wrath upon the earth
Arrival... the birth of an era obscured by sulphur and flames

Aftermath... call for my return!

Now brimstone fills the black nights, since aeons riding these winds
Still, the black god aftermath prevails