

Nocturnal Rites, Winds Of Death

Through the winds of death we ride
I swing my sword up high
You'll taste my steel, I won't abide
Cause you know you are gonna die

Clad in leather and chains we slay
We fight for king and land
We'll burn your homes and bring you dismay
With our vast swords in hand

Glory, victory, forever hail

Howl in mighty rage
Clad the sky bleak
Claw the hide of enemy
Hail the winds of death

We spread the ashes of your dead
There is nothing left to save
We sear the ground where they bled
We pledge doom upon your grave

Make them cry and bleed
The storm shall howl and now descend
Hordes of shade, they call, they heed
They call, they heed