

Nokturnal Mortum, The Hands Of Chaos

To be the God - to be the Man,
to be the power - not to be a slave.
To be the Fire - to be the Hell,
to be the Ice - not to be the wave.
To be the Chaos - to be the Blackness,
to be the Moon - not to be the Sun.
To be the Night - to be the Darkness,
to be the Blood - not to be the Fear.

The hands of Chaos, the heavens burning.
I spirit on it... my last sacrifice.
The dark veils hide our faces,
in bloody dreams I hear the breath of woods.
To be the Dusk, to be the Dawn,
to be the Free, to be the Spawn.
High grass stretches its to the Moon,
it's buried in the grass among the deep forest.
The crack of trees is like the harmony of nature
that makes me listen to the silence.
I hear the silence, I see the night,
my hands are cold like the breath of winter.
The blood doesn't run through these veins, it left my body.
The wounds don't disturb and pain is gone.
The darkness is eternal!
And life of the master of blackness is immortal!
The hands of Chaos on the burned heaven ashes.
In my immortality has been born.

To be the Thunder - to be the Eminence,
to be Silence - to be the Grave,
to be the Sword - to be the War,
to be the peace - to be the shit.
To be the bird - to be the sky,
to be the cloud - to be immortal,
to be the God - to be the Man,
to be the Power - to be the God,
to be the Chaos.