

Nokturnal Mortum, To The Gates Of Blasphemou

The day is (always) going away and (the) night covers
the children of coldness and darkness by it's screen.
The frozen flame (in) wrath tears the letters...
The thirst is free and the rivers of blood flow to the unknown.
Death opens it's gates and the victims fall down to its scarlet lake.
The ancient cults of blood that give the pleasure
to the children of the nightmares and cruel reality.
The awesome castle stands where the flesh is worth a life;
the blood and the rage unleashed by the master of the night inside.
The star drops down its light through the gallow loop,
as nightflower grows in the appointed place.
One who tasted its bitterness will get immortality,
and the master will dip him into the stormy waters of blood and chaos.
The moon drops down the tears of light weeping for the great forests.
Its gladness is expressed in these drops
of silence and paradoxical eminence.
Ancient master!
Give the power to the children of nightmares and take their gifts.
And they'll come to your gates (that are) widely opened for them...
power, eminence, immortality, blood, death and chaos.
The castle!
The great castle!
The shelter for the ones who eternally search and find chaos.
In it those who give the true history to the world
and take the stillness from it...
We are on our road.
The blood is flowing,
the heaven is on fire,
we are awaited by chaos...
to the gates of blasphemous fire!