

Runemagick, On Funeral Wings

On Funeral Wings
Captured in the abyss
Burning souls on the throne
Realm of lust and fire
The ones who forseen the desire
Unleash the force
Death to the light of no remorse
Curse the profets of the false
Let's ride on funeral wings
...and celebrate their death
Let them drown in darkness of oblivion
Spit at the grave, no turn back, no regret
And the journey goes on
Memories of the past are lost