

Slechtvalk, Whispers In The Dark

Hide yourselves for death has come.
The evil is strong in your heart.
You worship the unlord and his son.

In your blood he bathes, his perfume reeks of death.
His scorched talons reach deep into your soul, you're stuck in the cold.

From below a voice calls to you.
Deceiving your mind and making your heart go blind.

Someone whispers into your mind,
words of the evil kind,
to torment your broken soul,
and prevent it from becoming whole.

Soon the day will come, the last harvest is being prepared.
The separation of the weed and the dars.
In their fury, hellish flames of despair are craving for,
their consumption of the damned, the ears which brought no fruit.

Someone whispers into your mind.
Words, that make your heart go blind.
To shield you from the knowledge.
About the harvest, which is at hand.

Slowly your heart goes cold.
Poisoned by the demons of old.
Will you let them have,
the delight in your death.