

The Ancient's Rebirth, As He Rides The Nocturnal

I rode to see the twilight to welcome the dark
Awaiting the sky to reflect the colour of my inner

The night is breeding harmony of evil
Confirms the existence of 'the horned one'
The night is breeding power to my soul
What other people fear is my virtue

Then so subconscious he finally arrived
Destroyer of the light
The master of the night

As he rides the nocturnal skies
The angels hide in fear
Cause of his evil (ness)

In my eyes the night became his mantle
The one breeding harmony of evil
The one breeding power to my soul
The one that almighty of the night