

# Watain, Satan's Hunger

The winds of darkness blow again...  
Ridden by the mares of night.  
They beckon me in dreams and visions.  
From far beyond creations light they sing to me...  
Wrathful beast of Satan's fire.  
They urge me further on my path.  
Now soaked in froth and dark desire,  
at the threshold of the inverted womb I stand.

Surrounded by darkness...

Amidst its blackened clearness  
there is naught to veil my sight.  
I can behold as they ascend,  
the malformed horrors of the night,  
and feel the crosses turn...  
Each sense grow dim as if one with the dead,  
and as I fall on my knees to the ground I am fed  
with the fumes of shallow graves

Into the starless night, I follow the stench.  
Urged on by a thirst that can not be quenched.  
Into the starless night, I must go.  
The urge is so strong, it's all that I know...

Satan's hunger. Satan's hunger.

The luring lament of a witch,  
the psalms of angels fallen.  
The chanting of the undead.  
They echo in the wind...  
Sanity and senses with darkness now aligned,  
like tentacles and angelwings  
in foulest love entwined.  
And the graves begin to open...

The brightest light  
will always cast the darkest shadows.  
Shadows in which truth lies concealed.  
For deep in the tunnels  
beyond the dream of this world  
the mysteries truly reveal...

Into the starless night, I follow the stench.  
Urged on by a thirst that can not be quenched.  
Into the starless night, I follow the call.  
Urged on by a lust, that eliminates all.

Satan's hunger. Satan's hunger!