

# Whispering Forest, Darkest Side

When hate and fear become united,  
and blackness veils this ground.  
Stand here with your heart so cold,  
and hope for the death of the sun.

See the rise of black goddess,  
from the torment.  
It shades the land,  
leading you into the darkest side.

Portrait this forest,  
ancient reflections of evil ones.  
Search for your frost deep inside  
then fire walks in you.

Step into the entrance hall  
behind the white shroud.  
Hear the demons rumble,  
join our waxed souls.

Join our waxed souls...

See the rise of black godless,  
from the torment.  
It shades the land,  
leading you into the darkest side.