

Wind Of The Black Mountains, The Shadow (Hill of the Horned Goat)

Cold and black, the night shall be
Naked bodies filled with lust
I proclaim in my master's name
Receiving poor souls from which I take
Hatred for god, you all will follow me
Satan's disciples, I will set you free

In the feast of darkness
I shall feed upon your weakness
The shadows are cast upon the hill
Hill of the horned goat

Where joy forever dwells, hail horrors
Hail infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new possessor
One who brings a mind not to be changed by place or time
The mind is it's own place
And itself can make a heaven of Hell
A Hell of heaven...
Better to reign in Hell than to serve in heaven