

U.V. Impaler

Aborym

Az e jszaka szulott je, a forditott let sar ja,
A rettegett ordog, orokke ego legenda..

The native of dragons, The leader of the wolves
Rhadamantus tyrant, The Great Impaler Void

He hated the lairs at all, never casigated the truth
Slayed the rag-pickers at all, could not spare the riches too
He nailed the hats on their heads, this way kept the traditions
of his guests
Had his feast in his forest, was made of the victims been impal
ed

Az e jszaka szulott je, a forditott let sar ja.. a karoba huzo
vajda!
A szelrozsa minden irányába menekult volna ki merre lat.. egesd
fel a csurt!

Sad sad desinty, but their catharsis had to be done.. anyway.
The nature always find the way to cut off what is rather like a
stunt.

Dark Majesty of all the mystics come back and visit our lands!
They are too much, they are too sick, we need your wise instruc
tions
For to keep the flames and to use the pales.

Lets burn the books, and change the churches to trainspotted ec
stasy
Parties! [We have] prepared the place just to take your fair,
Join the digital trance! Black fashion cult in the U.V. light.
U.V. Lord Impaler. Come back! Dark Majesty.. Visit our lands!