Funereal Might

Arsis

And blood becomes the light, so conducts the night.
Cold Morta came howling,
marking the curse with a five-pointed star.
Raw grave of torment,
screaming now at the moons' dolor.
We're feeding on the dead.
A vital lust, longing for blood.
This wrath born to razors,
clawing forth towards the brazen sky.
This wrath born to razors,
raging forth with funereal might.
And blood becomes the night, so conducts the night.
Even Forneus, Marquis of Hell cowers now
to our phantasmic rule.

You must fear the ghost of nightfall
When dreams from the sky will stare.
And feel the breath of our call.
The moon conducting the nightmare.
We're feeding on the dead.
A risen thirst, longing for blood.
This wrath born to razors,
clawing forth towards the brazen sky.
This wrath born to razors,
On the grave of your christ, denied.
This wrath born to razors,
raging forth with funereal might.
And blood becomes the night, so conducts the night.

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