

Rotten World

Besatt

Walking the mist by old overgrown graveyard
Seeing mouldy gravestones eaten by time
I absorb the energy of rotten deathly ancestors
Being in nowhere I caress the image of night

Created naked land
Without sanctities
Gates of abyss are opened
The nest of my Antichrist

In thick silence behold grey autumnal trees
I found the track to destiny and wild obsession
I feel the power of primeval bloody rituals
Waking ancient sleeping demons from lethargy

Infinite vale of human agony
Borns again the triumph of hell