

## Impaled Fields

### Black Funeral

Enriched in the mountains of an ancient land -  
The wolves howl to our calls -  
A banner stained in blood -  
Black and crimson - a sign of strength -  
The wallachian bat the raiding force -  
Against the invading prey -  
Let our stakes be sharpened against the sun -  
Prepare to hold flesh high to the birds of prey -  
Wallachian forest, wolves of the forest I call -  
Swords sharpened and prepared for blood -  
Let no arrows or wounds touch your backs -  
Lest I impale you in the field of death -  
To feed the land the blood of the living -  
A am a Prince of Darkness - Of Draconian honor -  
The banner of the dragon is held high -  
Let our raiding force strike in night -  
To bite and tear deep into the Turkish host -  
To feed from their life and fly into the night -  
As the bat and shadow embraced forest -  
To feed from those straggling behind their armies -  
Greeting them with a forest of the impaled -  
Rotting and life taken to fuel our spirits -  
Something they cannot break -  
Hail thou Impaling Prince -  
Prepare to hold flesh high to the birds of prey -  
Let swords strike deep, let the mace fall into the skull -  
The music of solves and the flies around the carrion -  
Is the music of victory