

# Under a Funeral Moon

Darkthrone

On the day of my final sacrifice  
The chilling steel open my veins  
Blood stains my skin  
Silver chalice must be filled

Drinking the poisoned blood  
I enter my shadowed coffin  
Two goathorns in my hands  
I raise my arms and close my eyes  
To receive the infernal hails  
From my brother in the land of the damned

The howling wind blows in the naked trees  
Moonlit fields are glowing in the dark  
Below me, the path to the cemetery  
Where my spiritual brothers take me

They halt at the shadows of an oak  
My nocturnal funeral commence  
Lying in my blasphemous sleep  
I am lowered down to the pit

A raven sings my last song  
As the wolves howl their goodbyes  
The funeral moon glows strongly now  
For I am nearly there

This night of late October  
The darkside open its gate  
Morbid souls wait for me  
- For satanic conspiracy

Flowers of doom  
Rising in bloom  
You will see  
Our immortality!