

The Curse

Frost*

I curse your God!
I curse your son!
I curse your empire!
I curse!

Screaming winds between the mountains. Voice from over
The gates, which are waiting for the opening.
The sky without clouds is twinkling proudly in the light fall
Of the full moon.
Screams of souls are full of hate in the glorious flames of the
Damnation.

Oh, lord Satan the throne is yours

Hags are laughing around the altar which is older than time.
I don't have to be afraid because i am the child, the son
Of darkness
I was born in frost, at unholy place in holding hands of the ni
ght.
In the chilly lights of torches my knife is lightened, sacred b
y
Ancestors.
When time comes I have to cut a mark into myself as old God sho
wed.
Time has come, I've done it...! I took my blood onto the altar.
Angels are burning in the flames of hate.
Twinkling lights are disappearing in the eternal darkness.