

Desolate Funeral Chant

Inquisition

Wraith oh! Cryptic One I see - black the veiled one
chanting near
Bray high songs of death, call tombs where they hide
Sad dark hymns in the air, black - the covered one
roaming near
Winds chant songs of death, graves deep, open wide
I roam through somber woods, death, the shadow one in the
mist
Wings flock to my crypt, I fly to my throne