

Ophidian

Kampfar

Reptiles speak
Between sunset and sunrise
In the last fragment of life
You can feel them crawl
You can hear men fall

Devilment, the opposite of light

The moon
The mist
The pure

The phenomenon
The pure
The servants
The coven tongues

It will crush the night sky
It will eat the light
It will speak snakes
While they dance among rapid tails
The tide soaking their graves
As the rowers keep on rowing
Fears persist
Returning hate for hate

They will crush the night sky
They will eat the light
They will speak with snakes
While they dance among rapid tails
The tide filling their graves
As the rowers keep on rowing
Fears persist
Returning hate for hate

The serpents

As they keep on rowing
With the serpents licking flames
As they keep on rowing
In carnal lust

The phenomenon is growing
From the purest carnal lust
While the rowers keep on rowing
In the sea of death

And they keep on rowing
In the last fragment of life
As they keep on rowing
Reptiles speak