

12th Rising

Naglfar

The veil of nocturnal beauty drowns the daylight flames.
So it broods beyond the depths
Of the horizon never seen by the eyes of man.
Awakened by the twilight's kiss, the nightly rebirth of evil.
The paleness itself has risen
From it's slumber to reach out in it's full shape.

The midnight strikes again.
The wicked ones has returned.
December rises the damnation.
Like a black burning dagger it rips the sky.
Heaven weeps so feeble as it glows.

Sunset has brought this shadowcast
Sunset brings the sign.
Which causes the final summoning of ravens
Serpents and even the owls.
The choir of wolves echoes, the eclipse is now complete.
Thousands of throats is howling
To praise it's supreme infernal glare.

Scarlet burn, evening mist
Stormwinds of death come forth!
The gathering of nightfall's beings
Impaled the morning grace.
The dawn lies raped, shredded and strangled
And so does the afternoon.
Light's erased and with the darkness it lurks, smiling, glowing
so proud.

The midnight strikes again.
The wicked ones has returned.
December rises the damnation.
Like a black burning dagger it rips the sky.
Heaven weeps so feeble as it glows.