

Draped in death, the howl of lore
Draped in death, the howl of lore

Alas, my time is at an end
I have wallowed in self-pity
And I confess to you
As part of final plight

Draped in death, the howl of lore

This is the last will and testament of father
Hear, the last will and testament of father

A syndicates mass in the waiting room
Like spiders weave
And rumors spread fast above regal tombs
Enacted grief

I will here unearth the secrets I've been hiding (hiding, hiding)
And guide my children through my trials

Put your trust in my command
I thin the blood. I lift my hand

Draped in death, the howl of lore

This is the last will and testament of father
Hear, the last will and testament of father