

In The Shadow Of The Horns

Pestilence

Face of the Goat in the Mirror
Eyes Burn like (an) October Sunrise
As Once they Gazed upon the Hillside
Searching for the Memories...

In the Shadow of the Horns
only seen by the Kings
of the Dawn (of the) First Millennium
upon the Thrones

In the Shadow of the Horns
Cleansed like the air in the Night
World Without End

(we've become) a Race of the Cursed Seeds
for five United Forces
in the Eternal Dawn
the Kings that held (their) heads high

The Triumph of chaos - Has Guided our Path
we Circles the holy Sinai - Our Swords Gave Wings
Invisible force of our Abyssic Hate
Our seeds Boil as we gaze upon the New Millennium

Weeping by the Graves of the Glorious Ones
(so) the hardened Frost Melts Away
Clouds Gather across a Freezing Moon
I kiss the Goat - Witchcraft Still Breathes