

Rotting Raven's Blood

Satanic Warmaster

Rotting Raven's Blood
The Stench of Darkness
From a kingdom that unveiled it's gate
Through the putrid flesh

Sucking the force of death
From around the white bones
When the black feathers are forever gone
Swept away by the northwind

The wings that now bear the epitaph of life
In runes carved on dead flesh by the maggots
Towards the cadaverous gate awaiting to be unlocked
By a key cast in silver of our grievance

All remains silent on this winter funeral night
When the lifeless onyx eyes reflect the starless sky
Glance of a passage to solitary awaiting throne
A skull on a sceptre and a jewel-adorned crown

Rotting Raven's Blood
Trickles onto the snow
To consummate the cycle of life and death
Inside this pentagram