

Dying Spirits

Tsjuder

Under the rising moon
Man's spirits rise
As they believe to soon reach
The pinnacle of ecstasy

Under the full moon one can hear
Wolves screaming
In the dead of night
Commencing the gruesome war
Of the spirits
With man unaware of
The shattering of their dreams

Under the declining moon
Wolves gather
To make a tribute
To the decay of man's spirits

Under the black moon
The wolves rejoice
As their victory is complete

In the Darkness
Ravens fly