Nocturnal Flare

Satyricon

The beast of the land
It stood right here
Twilight of the gods
Serpents - those with fangs
To conquer, to rule, to own
No days have passed
To conquer, to rule, to own
Daylight's gone
Conjure, the past
Mortals - those with spines
Gathering of men
March! onwards to death!
Hear the call from the voice of the elders
The tide will turn whenever you want
Nocturnal flare - hallow criesEcho the howl of the lonesome night
Naked trees and shivering leaves
Nocturnal flare - hallow criesTo conquer, to rule, to own
No days have passed
To conquer, to rule, to own
Daylight's gone
Silence, hear the hooves
Of the legion
Blades, jingle, angel of death
Man must answer to the sign of the end
Such is the law of the uni
Nocturnal flare - hallow criesThe grave of our kind, lies open to us
And nothing can hold us back
Nocturnal flare - hallow cries
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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