Witchking

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[Lyrics by Rune Bjelland]
[Music by Gerhard Storesund]On the northern winds I ride
Under a dead and pale sky
With a black cloak of ravenwings
That carry me over the gloomy hemisphere
In the darkness of destruction
Lays an old and cold creature
Maimed by the power of the witchking
Bearer of the floods of heathen sorceryAn aerial servant meets me there
Beyond the dimension of fear
And guide me to this darkened place
Of heathen sorceryThe witchking is drawing nearer
Slowly returning from his tomb of hellburning horror
Demons of demensions turn their their heads
To the mist avoiding his eyes of delusion
A blast of a fireball burns my suffering soul of madness to dust
I can no longer see but I hear the snearing laughter as I slowly cease
Possessed by the power of darkness
Brought to him by the ancient crafts of pagan fears

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