

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 sneering 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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