

Under a Funeral Moon

Darkthrone

On the day of my final sacrifice
The chilling steel open my veins
Blood stains my skin
Silver chalice must be filled

Drinking the poisoned blood
I enter my shadowed coffin
Two goathorns in my hands
I raise my arms and close my eyes
To receive the infernal hails
From my brother in the land of the damned

The howling wind blows in the naked trees
Moonlit fields are glowing in the dark
Below me, the path to the cemetery
Where my spiritual brothers take me

They halt at the shadows of an oak
My nocturnal funeral commence
Lying in my blasphemous sleep
I am lowered down to the pit

A raven sings my last song
As the wolves howl their goodbyes
The funeral moon glows strongly now
For I am nearly there

This night of late october
The darkside open it's gate
Morbid souls wait for me
- For satanic conspiracy

Flowers of doom
Rising in bloom
You will see
Our immortality!

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