

Thiz Ghoultime Omen

Diabolical Masquerade

Under the moon pain lays
How grow to come starring eyes
These Norway Mountains souring hearts
To would that shies make it be cry
To veil in shade the burden feast
For million screeds to love within
Strike to darkness, to my heart
Seeking in silence wisdom aside
I weed you when it stands right under the moon stay in light
Time is the pain bound the fate of the night
What be in after in your blight

Sunlight dying my marching curved off the sky
Sunrise dying my marching curved off the soul

With the deem with the funeral virtues of pain
Coming through the vulture nothing the same
Pits of ghost hear my voice feeding me back
Torture Demon let pare forever the slain:shriek, kill, obey!

Torture scrip no reckon blow the piece of your mind
Hearting black and destruction on hear real trough

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