The Dark Castle In the Deep Forest

Satyricon

Dark Forest Trees over the Funeral,
All day the Army ride
They moved in deeper
So Dark that they weren't even...
Too lead us passed this wicked Dense
I can fell the Presence of the Shadowthrone in the deepest Dark
When cold Winds Freeze
When Night came and dark Fog came over me
Let that Horde come to me
As they walk right by
When all the Death is near
I wander eternally
Invincible Fog is near
We walk the Fields of War
The Cloak of the Moon it can slip all them through
And the Flame is the Wrath of his Sword

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