Hidden in a Fog

Behemoth

(Music by Nergal, lyrics by Tomas Krajewski)Night in the mountains comes with the fly of a raven
Carpathians bathed in the light of the moon
In old ruins where the dying shadows
Are watching the shine from the stars
Nobody remembers days of glory
Several hundreds years passed in silence
Not a soul has been seen hereI am standing on a hill
So silent is the sky
I am drinking the cold of this night
Old grey wolf lying upon my feet
Is licking the hand of mineIt is night...in my heart
It is moon...in my eyes
I am hidden in a fog- my own breathSmall village in a valley
Sleeping in a fear, in a fear of me!
Loathsome race of the mortalsmagic of wolfish teethes, wings of bats
Faithful guards of religion
Old as the blood itself
The cult of the undead
VampirismFrenzy of lust, frenzy of pain
She was only fourteen
No cry has burst from her lips
Pity that she had to die
but how sweet was her neckIt is night...in my heart
It is moon...in my eyes
I am hidden in a fog
My own breathSometimes only my anthem of triumph
Echoes in mountains landscape
Like blood from thorn opened arteries
Poison flows down the tongue
Somewhere far away a howling can be heard
Oh, how beautiful is the night in Transylvania!Frenzy of lust, frenzy of pain
Blood is life...ETERNAL!

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