Hidden In the Fog

Behemoth

Night in the mountains comes with the fly of a raven
Carpathians bathed in the light of the moon
In the 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 here
O am standing on the hill
So silent in the sky
I am drinking the cold of this night
Old gray wolf flying 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 breath
Small village in a valley
Sleeping in fear, in a fear of me!
Loathsome race of mortals
Magic 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 bow sweet was her neck
It 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!

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