Those of the Night

Inquisition

Storms of fire
Bring my master
Winds of evil
Bring my master
Summoning the ancients of doom
Calling from the shadows of dawn
Standing on the altar of stone
Raising satans legion up high
Gathered in the ancient woodlands
Celebrating seeds of all sin
To the sounds of hell
In the lonely night
Those of the night, so full of might,
Like the darkest dreams,
So unreal but true
Black priest speaks
All hail thee!
Bring to me
Blasphemy
Chanting to the bringer of sin
Serpent god below
Hiding in the veil of black
As the mighty legion attacks
Those of the night, so full of might,
Like the darkest dreams,
So unreal but true.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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