

Pure Holocaust

Immortal

The mighty sound of damnation calls
As the holocaust sky draw near
Above the sorms over baeskade
Rule the power of the vrillaIt has come to ride the seven winters
With winds of war and winds of cold
Lightning strike the northland
Leading us into seasons of frostStand in the fog with so cold a heart
Watching the death of the sun
Valleys abound a thousand of coffins
The holocaust has just begunIt's the march of the blasphemous masses
Into damnation all will fall
Chapels of black unholy demons
Chanting the words of the funeral ritesPure holocaust
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