

Night Before the Fight

Nokturnal Mortum

...the wind blows through my hair
the sun hasn't risen above this field yet
the eye of the moon stares at my face
the fear left me long ago
the army is sleeping:
I'm the only one
standing on the hill
staring at the darkness
only the night shadows
are sliding in the morning fog
trying to find lonely nooks
so as to die from the sunrise
the trees whisper each other
the dreams of prophecy
and their low voices hardly
touch my ears
but I won't know all the picture
of the coming total war
however, the feeling inside me
tells me about my victory
the spirits are on my side,
they are embracing me
with their arms
cold like ice
oh, great ancient ones
I'm calling you now
it's time for revenge
I'm opening gates for you
I'm holding thousand swords
in my mighty hands
I'm looking with eyes of millions
into deepest past!
I have the keys to all the gates of knowledges
I've gathered them all
in the name of revenge, which I believe
here is your expiation!
the sun has shown
it's insidious crown
and my eyes see

the night landscape dying
but I'm standing here,
I'm child of the moon
the angels are weeping
it's time to wake the army...

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