

Fallen Angel

Besatt

Empty cemetery sepulchral fog
Known smell of decay soaks through my body
Aged tombstones destroyed by time
Sinful souls moans I hear in my imagination

I go forward into the abbeys
Instinct pushes me

The torches brightness lights up the way
Around the echo of chain which I'm pulling behind me
Dried tree is rocking by wind
Sitting black raven's terrifying screaming

The great fire lights catacombs
The great fire opens the gate of hell

Hell is calling me

Delight
Death
Hate
Satan
Wisdom
Evil
Truth
Satan

Angel of death are humming song
Condemners in chains are suffering in the name of god
Styks river purple of the blood
I am proudly standing in the line of fallen angels of death