

The Fog

Gospel of the Horns

The thirteenth of November
Full moon lights the sky
Ghouls gather to chant
They summon the fog
Horns emerge from the fog
The lamb's throat is slit
Blood floods the coffin
Their shepherd is here

The fog
The fog
Black stinking fog

Now the dead shall rise
Floating through the fog
Clutch on crucifix
The gates begin to open
Finally the time has come
Shepherd leads his flock
Into the valley of fog
They'll wait for you...