

Shadows in the black fog...  
Restless, endless, soulless, wandering  
Gate of darkness' morbid children  
Shadows in the black fog  
Dawn of evil blood so eagerly awaiting  
Raised within an ark of grace and  
Beauty hidden

When they creep from their layre  
In the mass-graves,  
On the dark fields of infinite anguish,  
Under a hollow indifferent sky,  
The eternal sky

It is time to reach out for the sceptre.  
It is time for our master to conquer.  
It is time for the olde hooded reaper.  
Grimlorde death, he is once more to ryde.

Shadows in the black fog  
Lifeless, fleshless, breathless, haunting  
Fear and plague and misery's messengers  
Shadows in the black fog  
Dawne of evilhearts so solemnly  
Embracing, leave their crypts to join  
The olde earth's funereal procession

When they turne into shape in the  
Dark storm that will blow  
On the day of our glory  
On the day of mayhem destruction

For Lord Luzifer's triumph in heaven  
It is time to take over the  
Thrones of the earth  
and to rule over all with an iron fist  
It is time for the faceless  
Archangels to awake  
And to rise from the holiest of hells

Shadows in the black fog  
Scornfull, wrathfull, dreadfull roaming  
Curse of mortals, doomsday's offspring  
Shadows in the black fog  
Ceremonial servants for our nightly  
Sacrificial mass for Satan and  
His demonic-court now reigning...