

The Myth of the Eternal Return + Black Wings of Death (Running Wild cover)

Panychida

As the moon grows to its completeness
I pray to gods of old
On the mighty hill I stand
Resurrecting the world
In the shine of the north star
Where heaven meets the earth and hell
Imitation of the act of gods
Fire, noise, screams shall prevail

Darkness grows deeper as the aeon declines
Return of the dead, soon a new morning shall rise
Hopefully looking back at the authentic time
Resurrection of free will, there our origin lies
Darkness grows deeper as the aeon declines
Return of the dead, soon a new morning shall rise
History's revocation reminds the golden age
Cosmos conflagration, return to the myth

I pray to gods of old
Resurrecting the world
Where heaven meets the earth and hell
Unfettered dance shall prevail

As the blooms wither these days
Our strength grows immensely high
Return to the golden age
Imitation of the archetypes
Nothing can last, what's not brought back to life
Cosmic image shining bright
Sacred moment with sacred vibe
Repeated beginning of our time

Black Wings of Death
The churchbell of doom is tolling
The angel of death is near
The ghost with cowl and the sickle
Spreading terror and fear

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul and
He poisons your mind

Grim reaper will gather in his seed
Blood will splatter his path
A phantom that's sealing your doom
The damned's foreboding of death

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul and
He poisons your mind

Riding high on the black wings of death
Like a nightmare that choking your breath

Like the terror that blackens your soul
It's the dream where you fall on a six foot deep hole

The dice of life are falling
The weak and the poor will lose
The rich in their ivory towers
Can't feel that their head's in the noose
No chance to talk him round
The black death is spreading its wings
He's the Jonah of unbridled fear
The pain to beggars and kings

He's taking your breath,
He's twisting your spine
He poisons your soul and
He poisons your mind

Riding high on the black wings of death
Like a nightmare that choking your breath
Like the terror that blackens your soul
It's the dream where you fall on a six foot deep hole

Riding high on the black wings of death
Like a nightmare that choking your breath
Like the terror that blackens your soul
It's the dream where you fall on a six foot deep hole