

On Funeral Wings

Runemagick

Captured in the abyss
Burning souls on the throne
Realm of lust and fire
The ones who foreseen the desire

Unleash the force
Death to the light of no remorse
Curse the prophets of the false
Let's ride on funeral wings
...and celebrate their death

Let them drown in darkness of oblivion
Spit at the grave, no turn back, no regrets

And the journey goes on
Memories of the past are lost