

Night of retribution

Satanic Warmaster

The pyres burn in the distance for Satan
Barking dogs in the woods are far away
With my shield and sword worn with valour
I smell the terror of the holy in the wintry night

I stand at the fires, still my breath steams in the cold
In the light of the fullmoon I mount my horse
It's the night of retribution and christian holocaust
From the pyres their screams call our old horn's return...