

Behemoth, Hidden In A Fog

Night in the mountains comes with the fly of a raven
Carpathians bathed in the light of the moon
In old ruins where the dying shadows
Are watching the shine from the stars
Nobody remembers days of glory
Several hundreds years passed in silence
Not a soul has been seen here
I am standing on a hill
So silent is the sky
I am drinking in the cold of this night
Old grey wolf lying upon my foot
Is licking the hand of mine
It is night... in my heart
It is moon... in my eyes
I am hidden in a fog - my own breath
Small village in a valley
Sleeping in a fear, in a fear of me !
Loathsome race of the mortals
Magic of wolfish teeth, wings of bats
Faithful guards of religion
Old as the blood itself -
- The Cult of the Undead Vampirism !
Frenzy of lust, frenzy of pain
She was only fourteen
No cry has bursted from her lips
Pity that she had to die
But how sweet was her neck...
It is night... in my heart
It is moon... in my eyes
I am hidden in a fog - my own breath
Sometimes only my anthem of triumph
Echoes in mountainous landscape
Like blood from thorned open arteries
Poison flows down the tongue
Somewhere far away a howling can be heard
Oh, how beautiful is the night of Transylvania !
Frenzy of lust, frenzy of pain
Blood is life... ETERNAL !