

Nargarth, Possessed by Black Fucking Metal

Once Upon A Time As Black Metal Ruled.
The Blood Was Hot. The Hearts Were Strong.
The Future Seems To Be Ours.

But Nothing More Remained. Because Black Metal Died.
Gone The Days Of Pure Underground. Of Spirit, Pain And Fire.

So Listen To Your heart, What Black Metal Means To You.
You're Weak Destroy Yourself. You're From Old Days Remember His Corpse.

So I Summon The Old Warriors. That We Shall Begin.
To Kill The False And Hate One To Satisfy Our Hate.

Because

My Soul Is Possessed By Black Fucking Metal
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