

From the ancient race of the immortals  
We enjoy the moon, us its eternal vassals  
Pondering our lost humanity  
Forever fated to wander the obscurity

Hunters...hunted...harmony found in silence  
Breathe the fresh air os the sleeping pinetrees  
Levitate our thoughts to the high branches  
Buried under the snow  
Pure and white as an untouched young women

An erotic masquerade of soft promises  
Elegants and charming are we to their eyes  
With unnerving ease those weak beings we fool  
To satisfy the needs of our blood-hungry souls

Ah! The bless that is to come  
For we pass as a gentle breeze born of strife  
A benediction is the journey into unlife  
Thus, we deliver it with a final parting kiss

Oh sweet night we cherish you  
Let us dance under your glorious black wings  
Oh sweet night we hear your cries  
This symphony of tranquility inspiring grand bewitching waltz

Oh sweet night we cherish you  
Les us be thou companions of suffering  
Oh sweet night we hear your summon  
This beautiful music brought forth by the wolves hymn

Sumptuous feast of pale virgins  
Nudes under the gleam of the Silverorb  
In a foggy glade of a dim mounful forest  
Rejoicing under the pipes of satyres

[Fyrenias:]  
"Beyond pleasure in this night of erotism  
Filled with delightful melodies and bloody carresses"

To the perfects, we present immortality  
Enjoint with the powers of the night  
For the dark gift possess a fondness for beauty  
Only for those inspiring orgasm on sight

Oh sweet night we cherish you  
Take us toward far off horizons  
Oh sweet night we heard your call  
Where dawn is no more, forever lost in time  
The promised Land of darkness  
Whispered of only in old rituals