

Watain

"Kiss of Death"

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Though manmade, of terrestrial birth
I've always walked upon this earth
a stranger searching the unknown
for that distant place that is my home
oft I watched without affright
the stern magnificence of night
by moonless skies and beasts denied
bewitched am I, and wanting

A yearning beyond form
a call without sound
enter ye pale lord of silence

With passion I have come to loathe
this globous sty of vain misgrowth
where man amass in nauseous mound
flesh 'pon death 'pon flesh abound
so come!
reap!

Kiss of Death!
lips envenomed
Devil's breath
beneath mistletoe sharpened we shall meet
a unit to extinguish the failure of the primordial touch
the kiss of death

My love shall last 'til death do me part
for thee, ye children of my heart
ye glass of swiftly running sand
ye harvester, ye cold white hand
the yearning has been with me always
to tread inside your timeless hallways
to know thy scent and taste thy flavour
to sense thy grasp, oh reaping saviour

Shapes without form
voices without sound
enter ye pale lord of sorrow

Kiss of death

lips envenomed
devil's breath
beneath the waning crescent, we shall meet
eager and fearless shall I receive the final touch
the kiss of death!
of death

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