

Black Dawn

"Graverape Ritual"

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The absence of the white light
Drapes the easternight in black
Shadows devour the silent garden of tombs
Time is right for the desecration rites

In the garden once silent
Whispers can be heard
Unspeakable words
Litanies of evil

Evil walk with me

In the garden once holy
Now desecrated and stained
Semen runs on the hallowed ground
Into the mouths of the blessed

Semen for the blessed... desecrated the dead

In the garden once silent
Whispers can be heard

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