

Black Sun Aeon

"Brothers"

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No battle no fight
Not a single conflict in sight
Our fury and spite runs in our bloodline
Planted beneath the family tree
On a violent soil a seed of vengeance
Roots entwined
Roots grow deep

For a while united we stand together we walk
For a heartbeat I feel an ancient relation
We are boned by blood
For a second I saw a brother before me
For a lifetime ago divided by wrath
Now joined by hatred at last

Ill-nature and vile
Not a Fragment of endearment in sight
Our anger and wrath runs in our bloodline
Concealed beneath the family three
On a vicious soil a breed of vengeance
Growing tall
Buried Deep

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