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Blinded Black "A Slumber In Cobwebs"

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Confined to our fortifications, Besieged by a horde of berserk wolves, We rapidly ran out of food And sought an armistice ... The plague of Famine had undermined our will, Nobles and plebs were all dead or ill, Our wall was transformed into a trap And the barbarians were invading our burg With Blaze, Pillaging and Murder.

I've seen the marble dyed With blood of lackeys, of plotters Of obsequious, rouged harlots; I've ever sen the blood of my parents Squirt scarlet on their purple garments... Somber harbinger ... The nettle of fear ate into my heart

So I took refuge in the bowels of the castle, Lest I fall under their fierce ire

Somewhere down this bottomless sewer I think I've discovered A disused torture chamber Or else all these cadavers I've encountered Were my predecessors...

Vomitive miasmas are polluting my being The lurid stench obstructs my breathing Ugh....

" Shall I lick the sweat of rocks Or crunch the dregs of insects To quench my thirst and silence my hunger? "

Here, my torch perishes And I stride a threshold Groping along in a gloomy room ... It's an underground den covered with vermin

Have you ever felt your name Carved in the wood of your tomb? In this occult crypt rot my forefathers I must assume my Fate ... Rigor Mortis, I greet thee in my members And wait to lack oxygen, to faint...

Snatch me, Thanathos, end my disgrace And solemn, your slumber, I'll embrace For now my sorrows plough an extinct inferno

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