

## Casting Crowns

### "Black Silhouette Enfolded In Sunrise"

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Shroud me with silken joyless  
Watered in lasciviousness  
To obey groan of gloomy cypress  
Enamoured in this darkness  
And thy sensual caress  
Shall resurect (un) life in me  
Thus swathed in lustrous majesty  
By ablaze nocturnal sea  
Cling thy lips on my carotid  
On ardent pleasures of misdeed  
Sanguinary tears flow down the waned skin  
Lement for grace yet unseen  
Infuse me from the libidious fountain  
Where thy children soothe their curse  
Because now I see this world full of pain  
Our throe no spell can avoid and reverse

Sublime moon ascends  
Impure as my soul full of fervency  
Her lips are bewitching me  
Lucid and pure to appease despondency  
And then heaven sends sadfull contagious rain  
In mirrors so empty death proclaims  
On my hands of time bloodred stain  
Forsaken with zenith I fall in my bane

Packs are gathered  
They feel what shall be  
For last time mitigate my cupidity  
And overlay mantle upon me  
Fullfilled with cold dark kisses  
Immortal carnal lechery

Sylphic voices evoke me  
Within waiven heart  
Our vales and woods

Abide alone in the night  
And life shall lose it's meaning  
For those who understand  
In which dark poisoned eden

I rule as king of the damned  
I want to see my last dawn  
With thirsty vampiric eyes  
And Ares shall sing 'pon my grave  
With voice of thousand lullabies  
Adhere thy adhesive lips on mine  
To feel the warmness of the skies  
And to vanish as black silhouette  
Enfolded in sunrise

Candles slowly lose their shine  
In numb eyes of (un) dead  
And moon shall soon descend  
Before sun treacherous red  
But my death shall not break  
Odium against their god  
Who threw me in this percipice  
And now takes everything I own  
But I know that my children shall stay proud  
This evil conclave I will astound  
As in their dreams prayer always the same  
From nethermost sea I shall be roused  
...again...

Scent of winter I have always been  
Which seduces thee to me  
In attire sewed of snow  
With lace decorated from the foamed sea  
Can you hear notes of piano  
And moan of those who shall dance  
With song wolves on our frozen shore

Statues shaping like silent tragedy  
Entangled in veil of moonlight  
The same as this gothic poetry  
Embraced by thee and blizzard

Bigots kill the forest  
Burning what belongs to me  
And I fell that I must wend  
For prophecy is written to be.

Light of Christ is approaching  
To erase amorphous seed  
But I shall in pain restless lay  
While weak and mortal enemy breathe

(..."HORIZONS ARE BURNING"...)

Thy lure and beauty shall coalesce  
Our hands under arising sun

Which ones was touching scarlet ebony  
But now's enfolding me.

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