

Dark Tranquillity "Crimson Winds"

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Force of anger, Mordant senseless wrath
Manifold is the Terminus of oneself
Invoke ye lord of the Left-behinds
Preserve a seat for the weakened minds
Reserving that limpid yet so used
Veil of deceiving hostility
Close now is the threshold of insanity
Neverending force of hatred,
fear, them darkened spheres
Deprecated existence, Manifest of darkness be
Manifest for unspeakable actions
Fire sermons to condemn those fallen
Fallen from pride, fallen from the manger
Father, lend to me thy wisdom, Thy wisdom of old
Now all is clear:
"Pierce the side of the neverending blindness
Then thereby be it stated in the name of the forgotten
Father of Light, Father of Darkness
-I will not implore to no master of thine!"
Everflaming
Intemperate malice in the extreme
Forms are twisted, Everfalling
Crescent skies, the wait, The calling
Eyes unseeing, Stars rearrange
Tears of our blood running from the runes
Misgivings fall silent
Excitement stir up the spheres
My sweet Norderland
To reap the fields of ignorance and lies
Trails of omission swept away
Never be found again
Release of agony
So Hebulous, yet ominous is the Terminus
Flames of Hatred burn me
Firesoul - Hear me, Blinded fool
-Take heed to the forgotten twilight
Now kneel to the omniscient twilight
Crimson Winds, Ornaments in the dark
The weep of pain, Drowned by tears
Drowned by tears of Northerly blood
Runes of force,
Fulfillment of a sombre ordeal I know

"Pierce the side of the neverending blindness
Then thereby be it stated in the name of the forgotten
Father of Light, Father of Darkness
-I will not implore to no master of thin

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