

Divina Enema "The Darkest Hour"

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[Caym:]

...And naught was found
in thief's chest but his curse!
And loth was he
to render up the keys!

[Caacrinolaas:]

All woes will follow you like crows or urgent flies
he cries
and e'er the oftener the worse shall they become!

[Peter:]

Due west I faintly glimpsed a long dark line
Alas
'twas difficult to learn from it for certain
O anything but hideous hint at death
but laughing roar around
'Defeat again most likely!'

...The trail was long cold when I took it up again...
Would weeper not have suited it far better?
He'd have ransacked
and sniffed that ghastly matter
as no one else would have...
and none's to blame!

That bloodstained grass did render active all
incentives to get shape of holy holt
I had beheld in all its splendid horror
prosperity in bloom before the dawn

Trees all around me spoke in tongue of pain
and there was no response!

[Caacrinolaas:]

You cry in vain!

[Arthur's voice sounding from afar & high above:]

My brothers and my sisters!
Test that seed!

[Caacrinolaas:]

The acorn as the symbol and
you'll see

[Arthur's voice sounding from afar & high above:]
Yield of your faith and wisdom shall arise

[Caacrinolaas triumphantly to Caym:]

Your livid souls are freed to plunder!

[Arthur's distant voice with Caacrinolaas' growl from
somewhere below:]
Rise!

[Peter:]
All thicket wept and sang this gloomy song
'The darkest hour is that before the dawn'

[Caacrinolaas:]
The fault at the conclave
had been bearing resemblance with death
No more faith
Just before twisted roots got entangled together
they'd stood holy forever!
Hallowed be thy dome and thy brotherhood!

[Peter:]
That bloodstained grass did render active all
incentives to get shape of howling holy holt...
I had beheld in all its splendid horror
prosperity in bloom before the dawn

[Caym:]
Atrociously I am describing the debt
so usual in grim and whispering kingdom
of your personality
nobody met and no one has seen your last will off
through the mist of disease silly stranger...
you will be deceived by that grove!

LiAlveL of TMT: I: 11, II: 22, III: 33

[Oze:]
Defeat at the conclave
is bearing resemblance with death
no more faith!
Just before twisted roots got entangled together
you'd been holy forever
Hallowed be thy dome and thy brotherhood

