

Dodheimsgard

"Monumental Possession"

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In this undeadly raven eyes
Layes winterstones of buried flesh
Once held high by mortal men
Holy and miserable

Then on my next gravethrone
I choose the thoughts for each colour
Thrown upon lovely wall
For graceful visions and dreams

In the tunnel through fantasy and madness
Trancemagic of my dimension
Silent as the grave

By every passing curl
Is each the shadows beneath
My glorious creations

Is my highest immortal
Like the roses feared
Or have the flute
Played us false tunes
In broken glass

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