

# Epoch Of Unlight

## "(From Northern Aeries To) The Infinite Cycle Of The Unborn Lord"

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[lyrics: LoSicco '96]

I am the word of hate made flesh  
Demon Black immortal soul  
Genesis:at a pool of stinking filth  
And again the images unfurl  
From me the crimson strings unfold to infinite lengths  
and points untold  
To conquer time alone by will:to BE:forever more  
Apoditic evil in the arms of the Unlight  
Tribesmen turn from Starside skies:  
And venture not unto the north.  
As doctrine to their lives:  
A fear of death or worse  
Cimmerian recursive soul:.the force from which the  
fountain flows  
Tributaries in worlds beyond to snuff the lie of light  
Enslaved creation molding man as mine or be  
destroyed  
Sheathing drops which fall to earth  
And freeze within the night  
Sculpt the northern towers high  
Antithetic windswept plains  
From behind the eyes, from within I writhe  
With preternatural sense I feel the scarlet flow of life  
nearby  
To mesmerize  
The hypnotic beauty in these eyes,  
Seek in me and you'll find  
The truth you so design  
Brilliant infinity  
I'll send you on your way  
From me the crimson strings unfold to infinite lengths  
and points untold  
To conquer time alone by will:to BE:forever more  
Apoditic evil in the arms of the Unlight

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