

Forest Stream

"The Seventh Symphony Of Satan"

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Time! As a demon I rise, feeling the hunger
I gather us for the final Sabbath at last on this night
And I fly as the nightshade attacks the light
As it makes me the strings of thy wrath and all-
conquering sin
Down into the hunt! Till the darkness allows
None of their bastions will be safe on this hour
Before the daylight devours our flesh, I wonder,
How many will manage to flee?
This night is worth the whole life
Yet the prophecy says we all to be burnt in the pitiful
dawn
So be it! This oath's yet to serve us:
In torments and deaths to unite!

Passing the burning cliffs
Our ship is leaving the bay
Remember us for the others won't

As morning strikes
It feels the day
Up with the mass
Of deadly horror
It wakes the dead up
To proceed with rot
And thus provide them all
With new turmoil

Master! Art thou hearing me call?
Through these storms that I've summoned
As a tribute to thy majesty!
Regard! Oh, Almighty!
Thy mortal bride is prepared
And blessed she lies awaiting thee...
Thou, who allowed me to be thy choirs of sorrow,
In ascendant stream of this symphony
Heavier are my wings, yet it was damn worth of trying
To reach this height to fall from so desperately
And here it comes...

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