

Abysmal

"Hymn # VIII"

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In her eye... far away
A tear broke free
From the ice, from the frost
of her long sleep
Hear the thunder of the North
Hear the ravens screaming her name
Let the black ones fly
to speak the messages of the unborn

Onto the blackest skies
Shadows of the raven's flight
Crying their lament
Upon the crossroad where she stand

One flies to gain the thundering North
Another crosses great seas in the West
The third flies South, towards the !sunreich
The last across the windswept fields of the East

Sand Seas Skies Darkness
Time Death The center of the sin
North West South East
Wisdom's found
Along the roads to the center of the sin

The tear...
Lost its grip of her cheek
Buried forever...
In the sand... of my world
...of my darkness
...of my perfection
...of my sorrows

Sorrows...
Let the ravens fly

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