

Funeral Fornication "Beneath The Oak"

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I was a ravenous creature
In the orchard of rotten bloom
Under a witch's spell
Whispered on the winds of doom
On the gilded forest bed
I enchanted, slept alone
A silver moon befallen
Awoke runes on magic stones

The roots of darkness run strong and deep
Tangled through fathoms of pagan soil
A myriad of buried evil men
Give lifesblood to a forest's toil

In rain on weatherworn stone
The nocturnal do not rest
Night workers of Terra
Crawl forth from your nests
Beckon to the wind
Hear the sound of trees
Silence is never still
With whispers on the breeze

Within the woods I dwelt alone
Far away from the burdens of man
I have made a Heaven of Hell

Beneath the oak I slept forever
And dreamt my vivid dream of death
Beneath the woe I withered away

Within my heart there is a void
I attempt to fill with pain
Within my mind, absolution

Beneath the moon I wept forever
Though the rain did not wash away
Beneath the skies I died

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