

Hollenthon

"Of Splendid Worlds"

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The secrets of cities fade
The wail of cretins cease
Enveloped by waves of shadows
As armies of locusts charge
Devouring our hell
Fateful days lay twisted and in ruins

Morning dew, a dying soul
As flowers fade to black
Forget-me-nots remember well
The call of darkness brought by the lonesome wind
Fatal whispers and tears of death

Void, formless, fear-breathing
I'll fury
Will damn you
To never see the light

While the souls of martyrs mourned
As the cries of chaos plagued a dying world
We stooped down into the depths
Of a splendid world
Blinded by the haunting depths
Hand in hand with sinners
Until soon all was lost

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