

Hortus Animae

"Chapter Seven: Bible Black"

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Step by step on through the void through these veins of rust we wander.

Among the shadows of life I'm scared of ghosts yet to come, all the ruins of past times as dark caress they touch my skin.

Oh, this long unbounded journey, is it still the path of mourning?

They teach their stories, like babies crying, as howling winds, ferocious and undying.

Like a lullaby comes the true story of gloom that brings the glory, silent dirge is welcomed now, we close in circles and fall down.

We cry out blood, dance hypnotized, we embrace the void and face this night.

Let us all be dressed in this inner state of corrosion...

A wall of faces beholds me in my walk, respectfully in silence.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men that from ancient times in human-souls has dwell.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, erase all humans.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead, whose grandiose sleep by hopeless lives is fed.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead!

In dark black pages path is shown, what once was sure is now unknown, every tear it feeds the engine, every drop of blood's divine.

Bow down before them, adore their shades, they'll make us hunters, they'll let us prey.

Let us all be dressed in this inner state of corrosion...

A wall of faces beholds me in my walk, respectfully in silence.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, that from ancient times in human-souls has dwell.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, erase all humans.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead, whose grandiose sleep by

hopeless lives is fed.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead.

Turn the page of fate as darkness feeds our hate.

The heart that pulses in my cold and rusted cage, is now black as night and pitch, as the book that wears the mark.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, that from ancient times in human-souls has dwell.

HORNS!

All hail the evil in men, erase all humans.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead, whose grandiose sleep by hopeless lives is fed.

HORNS!

All hail the glorious dead!

The soul I used to wear as a fancy clothe of guilt, is erased or sold or something, maybe rotting in the mist.

A wall of faces beholds me in my walk, respectfully in silence.

With a smile I face the torment, through my flesh I live my hell, for the knife I used to hold from my hand it fell down onto the ground, it's the stain that now I wear, it's the fault I want to bear.

Step by step on through the void of this long unbounded journey, I reach it's end and take a breath, the wicked shadows of my memories embrace me once again.

And so now my blackened heart forged with hate and will for vengeance will forever rest in peace.

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