

In Flames

"Upon An Oaken Throne"

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"I see then nightshade grow", he spoke
And southern hounds awoke at dawn
Sought for the ever liquid of our craving
Caught by the all embracing nightly sun
Admass, I laugh at your feeble lies, trash

Hatred in my eyes and in my blood
A scream across the fields, the rivers weep
A vanquished lord upon an oaken throne
Grief inside my flame, grasp at my existence
The seal of dawn is broken, fury

Wildfire

A windswept thought
Out in the perimeter where laughs are
No longer heard, screams no longer seen
And life is always lost

Gaze into the skies for they are blind
Blinded by the nightshade of our lust
Grinded to dust
The wolves are here

The beast of the savage lands
They drink my blood
They feast upon my remains
The tears in their eyes betray

Wildfire

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