

Carpe Tenebrum

"What Of This Place"

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What of this place - so unique
What of this being - wants to sense of pride
So shall we breed - across the lands
Where are our gods we so simply perceive

What of this place - so blackened through
Fear it not me, even not me
We're of a time we see that we breathe
We perceive

We terminate by the sun
In our own cold way
We celebrate with our fate
Where we burn

Chaos we see in our realm
Coming for the light we see in our fear
We will be

We sentence our lives to be free
Strangulation of life we see
We sentence our lives to be free
(All we want is to go out in the dark)
Strangulation of life we see
(But who cares we can't see it anyway)

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