

## **Khors**

# **"Moan Of The Grief"**

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In the mist of cold gloom  
You can hear the moan of the grief  
Illusive shadows of the past  
Suffocating smell of fume.

Salty taste of blood, lacerations  
Neigh of horses, breath of death.  
Sunbeams burnt the souls  
The earth was suffering human flesh

The wind carried away agonal rattles,  
Loud shouts, furious moans  
The flocks of birds of pray were spinning around in the  
sky  
Life and death become as one.

In the darkness of the night  
You can hear the moan of grief  
Fury of feebleness, painful rattles  
Moans of the burnt earth, divine sobbings

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