

The Chasm

"Channeling The Bleeding Over The Dream'S Remains"

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Floating in this strange mood, I can feel the return, the coming, the Desert, with the sun as my witness, but Blackened, in desolate ways we are wandering, Bleeding...

These geometric agony that I have stand for all this centuries, expecting the arrival of the old rider, The Master of Mourn...Scream over the Dream's remains,

I must find the root of my Damnation in every drop of the torid seas of Sin and in every night of Soulless winds,

Bathe in restless Flames, Crush and Slaughter the False ones...

My prophecy of revenge and destruction, Is rising from my burning chest.

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