

Lord Kaos

"Hall Of Sorrow"

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A whisper for all eternity, empty thoughts for The Frail
You weep for the tears I do not have
The black blood that feeds your frenzy,
For your lust is your sin.
Lost within my world, despair the hopelessness

My memories your grief, no dawn, only moonlight sun
If for you who knew my motive,
I reach down into your deepest pulse
Dissatisfied with sunlight,
Frozen your heart is

Asleep you are inside, sink to the might of my delight
A black winter hole to taste the honey
Night descends their in for obsession
White faced God who never shows mercy
Black winds she now flies

With the edge of the sword, beginning of your visions
Giving yourself over, to the darkest vision
Fall into the hands of the uncircumcised,
You'll be my bride queen of shadows

Reign of my spawn as you take my last pulse
For sorrow does not reap the whispering cry
Taste the blood on Nazarene's holy day
Drink the wine as you feel morbid with power

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