

Mortuus

"Penetrations Of Darkness"

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Rhepera is in her hiding, and the church bells are silent
now

The inner starvation has bred an emotionless
madness,

Breeding desires so dark... in these abodes of awful
forms

I am becoming - incarnated,
The breath of complete perversion!

Soil is spread upon the ground, her sleep disturbed
And their sorrow shall turn into horror in the morning
But the moon rests in darkness now...
For how could it shine in the light of the black sun?

The lights are all exploding at their presence...
For there are many here, many here...
Yet there is light: tombstones radiate a glare unearthly
A strange glow, growing stronger at each movement

The metamorphosis of an angel turning into a beast
Is progressing in this unholy marriage of life and death
I wear this lower crown, at the throne of shells
For death is my bride...
In these abodes of awful forms

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