

Orkrist "Nocturnal Rite"

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Is it me or just a nightshade
Crowling on the ground,
That prevents my walk
In the underground

I have heard perhaps the voices
Whispering spot apart
My name through the wind
Like undesired forecast

Faerytales of darkness embracing my soul,
Black curtain fall hopeless in bloody overture
Sillhouets end dancing before the queen comes
through
And so spring the impulse to their nocturnal rite

From day becomes a nightmare
Haunting in the dark
In forest of pleasure,
Forest of lust

As they're stepping in the moonlight,
Their eyes begin to fail,
From dream of the dead
Accrued existence

By centuries are blazing the memories of youth
No one can see them, as they began to lose
Even and endless is my ramble through
The dismal deeps of this, of this nocturnal rite

From the cradle comes the obscure light,
It's just a silent fate
By her candle slouched

Horizon dark like an endless night,
Trail ragged with thorns
Of the unborn lies

Beyond the ruined fence an angel cries,
Frozen tears he darts,
Spreads his wings to flight

Clouded skies drain the sand
From the turned glass
Before the bell strikes twelve

I, I'll take you down,
Before the raven croaks,
Before the night falls down.
I, I'll embrace your soul,
Before it loses the hope,
Before my master calls

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