

Orkrist "Rotten Veil Of Nakedness"

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Demons awakening, beasts of the might
How hideous the mortals, how cruel was the life
Nightshaded beauty, enchantment by moonlight
Yearning so sateless, will rise like the lust for your
blood.

Laments of sunrise, Iâ€™m one of the last
The seasons of rapine, remaining the past
Hunting in dreams of the rapture that died
Stories so blooming, revoking call of the night.

The blood has filled my eyes
As the sons of the glory
From emptiness rised.

Oblivions treasured, the morning dies
Iâ€™m walking through battles
By holy sunrise.

I feel the darkness rising
The legions of my master come to
Take my soul away
Tonight itâ€™s under arms and overcast.

I feel the dusk embracing
Like rotten shroud of naked ones
That failed from moudly sculptures
Now the time has come to call the dark.

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