

Pessimist

"Cold Stare"

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Night falls
A presence of cold mesmerizing silence
Dead tongues lick the blood of innocence

Black wounds
Infested flesh rotting on abandoned soil
The fallen bearers of the black plague

Deathlike
The atmosphere holds no sign of life
Triumphant, a monument of desolation

Cold Stare, circle of eyes
Their rotted limbs entwined in rapture
Cold Stare, eyes of arisen evil
Yearning and hunger, unquenchable thirst

Blind
Angelic soil

Astray
A prey for the tyrants of cleansing fire

Ascending
Through a reeking world buried in disgrace
To conquer their realms,
To reap the seed of the divine

The fires are eternal
The freezing fires formed to slay
Chained to holocaust wings
Onward to ecstatic rage

Cold stare, circle of eyes
Their rotted limbs entwined in rapture
Cold stare, eyes of arisen evil
The gates are open,
They wield the tongues of Hell

