

Pessimist

"Ninth Nocturnal Departure"

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On the ninth nocturnal day
When the first frost strikes
A cold wave departure
Untouched by human hand
A slow demise, a silent funeral

In the ninth nocturnal skies
Stars of doom set ablaze
And in it's morbid shade of presence
Of mystery and of the past
Cold winds mourn

Under the ninth nocturnal sun
The summers are cold
A gentle breeze turns
Into furious storm of sorrow
All is dead. frozen dead

And the ninth nocturnal one
Possess my heart, possess my soul
My mind is black
My vision is clear
Possessed. and death obsess me

Desecration
Fills the air
All is dead

Ninth nocturnal departure
The deepest of hate, the purest of pain
Winter
Covers the grave

Ninth Nocturnal Departure
The moon is full, the sky is black
Time is here..close your eyes
Slave, nocturne, nightbreed!

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