

Ravencult

"Black Rites Of Execration"

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A parade of blades
Marching round your neck
But glorious like mountain you stand
Cold sweat leads fear
To the upper layer of skin
To an escape so great
From cells that beg to die

Darkness brighter than all suns
World without end
Testament of mourn

Enchanted dead skin
My eyes are doomed
In my sockets
I bestowed your icon
A vomit of spells
Backwards to spit
Mind's eye condemned
Body deceased
Spirit misled
Through candlelit halls
A lifeline attached
To strings of revenge

A parade of blades
marched down your throat
But glorious like mountain you stood
On a grasp of breath ashamed you fade
Gold scepters are nothing but plunder

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