

## Ravencult

### "The Gates Of Bloodshed"

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This necromourn is hounding  
These waters reflect the unsilent face  
Madman stares straight in madman's eyes  
Carved flesh to see beneath his skin

Deep in the dark  
Where blood turns black  
Soil turns red and gods are mad

A death-trip among the living  
The gift they grant him  
Lack of sanity  
The coin to cross the eternal river  
White in eyes  
As last drop falls

Heaven sounds like mourn to me  
Wilings enthrone all absence  
Moisty earth  
Endless plains to suffer  
Where sanity resembles divinity

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