

Rossomahaar

"Crescent Moon"

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In the vault of our fears we never wished to reveal,
In the kingdoms of our dreams we always craved to re-
conceal...

We travel off the routes, off the common paths,
Begging to bring back our darkness, to bring back your
sun...

The road goes further on the sulphurous domain
... Them, hunting in the night, we watch and join this
precious quest...

We celebrate the moon with feasting upon our graves
The time approaches and the starlit skies grant us their
holy burden...

In this neverending hunt for blood, the sweetest nectar
of our youth

We rape and violate to reach self-perfection in an
unimaginable ecstasy...

Tranquil and soothing is our withering disgrace
Trembling and momentous in it's misty, precious
haze...

The death arrives at last, this is the final hour
The lunar spirits fade away getting back the faceless
dawn

We reach the peak in our passionate endeavor
And remain silent swirled in approaching storm of
flesh...

Crowned ourselves the kings of blasphemy

Climbed upon the highest of the thrones...

Devouring true wonders of this universe,

We are the bastard sons of ages...

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