

Darkseed

"Hymn For The Chosen Ones"

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UNDER DARK RUINS OF GRIEF
SHADOWS OF DEADANGELS PLAY
AND MY SILENCE IS A BLACK SKY
FACES OF DEATH BENEATH

INTOXICATED BY PAIN
ANGELS REST IN ROOMS

IN DUSK MANKINDS RUINS ROT
ANGELS WITH FILTH STAINED WINGS
HUMILITY SILENT BLEEDS
AS GOLDEN GRIEF FADES AWAY

LIGHT'S SHIMMERING VEIL
DIM AND DRAPED STIGMATA

AND A CALL ECHOED IN TIME
IS A HYMN FOR THE CHOSEN ONES

AND A CALL ECHOED IN TIME
IS A HYMN FOR THE CHOSEN ONES
FOR A SAVIOUR IS NOT IN SIGHT
SING THE HYMN TO THE CHOSEN ONES

THERE; WHERE THE DEAD LIE
ANGELS WOULD WASTE A TEAR
RAVENS FLY WITH CORRODING WINGS
DRIVEN BY IMMENSE DESIRE

STARING UP IN EMPTINESS
SUNKEN COLOURS MOVE

MAGNIFICENT VEIL OF BELIEF
STIMATIZED ANGELS IN UTTER DECAY
DEEP RIVER SILENTLY BREATHES
RAISING EMACIATED HANDS

THROUGH MYSTIC INFINITIES

