

Darkseed "Last Dream"

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Laughter of the night devours your life's brightness
Virgins are singing - apparition of your death
exterior of the dark's standing deep in fern
white robe's waving in fog like her pitch-dark hair
your past was grey, your future is black
tears of extinct days stream through her eyes
blood over your tomb

She begins to cry, the master of the dead
holds a cross towards the sky
her empty eyes turn red, ardour is her soul
I hear this screaming flame

Ashes to ashes, blood to blood
condemnation, dust to dust

The bloody, black full moon
illuminates her skin
deadly pale it shines
reflecting at your grave
beyond the shades of sun
where pleasure's obsolete

I stride into a cryptic faint
ashore benighted thoughts
Your past was grey, your future is black
tears of extinct days stream through her eyes
blood over your tomb

See the wind abate
your dreamland life now ends
downpour leaves the clouds
raintrops touch your skin
grass will grow on your vault
comply with the night

Unveil this appearance,
it's your deceased wife
walk through untrod glades
The undefeated low will end...

Defane forsaken joy

domestic close behind
shadows prowl in the dark,
messengers of god
a modest epitaph carved in your stone
what have they written,
your will never know

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