

Darkwoods My Betrothed "Dark Aureoles Gathering"

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a forthcoming snowstorm I hear
whispering from the dark
freezing winds blow through
the promised land of god
heralding the nocturnal rising
of the black breath of evil
dark aureoles are covering
the fields of god from the sun

up from the forgotten graves
they rise
the black, the dark and the
evil gathering to one site
calling the vast legions
to join our unholy crusade
heading for immortality
that has been eternally craved

forming a new world of darkness
a world where shadows prevail
a world without time or end
creating a gate to the higher dimension

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