

Darzamat

"Final Conjuraton"

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All numb, you look around
Your soul does not struggle anymore
Everything makes you suffer
Dark clouds gathering over you again
Unstained with the sign of the cross
You can't dispel these thoughts lashing you with the
fire of contempt

I will be in your dreams till the very end
Your blood's so precious to me
You will leave the chronicle of your anguish
Looking forward to the final night of doom
I'm taking your hand in this deathly silence
Your journey brings you closer to the secrets of death

The moon enters the cave of the dead
Snakes tense in their sleep
You debase yourself begging for the last spell

The grave will hide your deathly pallor and
abomination

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