

Satanic Warmaster

"4 Moons Till Rising"

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The soil dissolve, the sky is bleeding
Words remain, but frozen unspeakable

Lying unable to move
Even my tears fail to come
Not am I wake
Nor sleeping, but nearly dead

Though I sense light before me
I can not see it with my eyes
As if through darkened glass I saw
Staring at a scene of never changing meaning

Four moons till rising again
An etenity it seems
Tomorrow - Will it ever be?
Back and forth I dream as here lie as buried

The eight-angled star - shine for me
Light my path and make me feel again
Drag me throughout the Absu
And place me if I still must here again

Lying unable to move
Even my tears fail to come
Not am I wake
Nor sleeping, but nearly dead

The black shade in the mirror before me
It makes me wonder in a vortex of thoughts
So void it appears as I touch my soul
It's darker now, still as in bloom in a spring of dying

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