

Summon

"Beneath The Cryptic Tombs"

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Fierce as wolves with an earthly lust to destroy
Raging in our hate, lost souls of black
Blind shadows in the eyes of the one with horns
For these eyes have seen a thousand distant eternities
Bestial eyes, bestial lust
I am demon beast, soul of ice, so cold...
Father of the dark, fallen are the souls we have
gathered
Lost like the light of a dying sun

But spiritless they lay beneath the tombs
Spiritless souls in ritual rite
Curse the light of creation with blight
Oh, we are the sons of wrath
And have traveled through an endless void
And sat upon the throne of remains
Of six hundred and sixty six disciples
Beneath the cryptic tombs

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