

Tales Of Darknord "Everyday Eternity"

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Staying on Graves you realize the process
Of the life and of the death.
Sunset has come. You hear slow wind
Among the crosses which grind the bones.
Is it the fate brought them together
With the slimy grave and empty death?
All what they wants turn into ash
And fell in burning hell as people say.
Born for the life you burn at ritual fire
Which not of you it made by... Who?
What is the aim except the evil laughter
He wants to reach by this end.
We're burning in grace of his wishes.
He lead us to graves. No!
Death isn't the gate.
All this lying words is prayers of deads.
To pretend on the future
Is stupid and crazy for you.
Life without the finish
Is tales of the christians a few.
Now! Our lives at the trap
Of his clever mind
He cheats us in one step!
Any hope on the future
Is empty and given't succes.
Our life is restricted by borders
And all on the Earth comes to death.
Death - this is a new cure for a life.
My fear overgrow in blind rage.
I feel it stench.
It wanna taste the human blood.
I'm calling for this beast!
Comes to me!
It comes to me. Torture and kill.
Brutality. Insanity.
Sticky mist flow in empty graves.
Corpses rise obeying like slaves.
In deeptrance they mutter names of anient gods.
While insanity engulf my twisted thought.
Free opinions roll in dark.
All begins to think of masks.
Demolishing curse. It burried remorse.

Bloody blasphemy burns me violently.

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