

Thy Primordial "Mere Are They..."

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The tomb of man is the splendour of death

Trod their ways, walk the accursed path
Swirl towards the dying
For death the ultimate reality
Hides the claws which well can be used

With a mask of will
A recollecting mask
Of how learning to spread the wings
To feel the soul
To unmake old realms
To plague the world of man

Raised like dust but fleshed as no dust is
Awaiting redemption of dark ways
Yet what keeps me here is what glows beyond
That of malice which quiver when touched

The tomb of man is the splendour of death

I haul the black future towards us
Though leaving no traces in the corner of dawn
The aged earth aghast
It's ceaseless roaring ever fills the timeless skies
Yet leaving no traces in the corner of dawn

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