

Thy Serpent

"Cycles Of Worldburn"

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Our presence lost, from silhouettes of prey
Steal myths petrified past they shall portray
Venerable host of memories fray
My lord, tears they obey

Silver keys to chosen realms in jaws of hostile speech
Cast shades of her loss and relief how dreaming gods
greed

Shallow patience, no time but hurt and wait
Reflections fade, lights chosen abdicate
Search for even lies
Balance synchronized
Solid harmony through chaos
Celebrate
Psychose clarified
Cycles lead to worldburn

Cycles of worldburn

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