

Withered Beauty

"Eternity Bleeds The Silence"

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Almighty twilight, Summon thee before
You slumber beneath murky skies,
It breathes the hour of our birth
My Grimlord speakth threw me
The spirit in pure, is the fruit of immortality
From whence the flesh we conquer,
My Grimlord speakth through me

High hangs the scarlet moon, for that which
Roams by night, your essence stirs them
From thy morbid chapels
And we of the earth and heavens (Akhkharu)
And we of the wind and sea, (Bringer of plagues)
Shall burn away what once prevailed...
Sanctity uncoils the feathered serpent
Till dusk of the spectral sleep
When eternity bled the never-ending silence
Nocturnium rose from it's Sabbatical ruin,
Blind to the sight of cruciform,

Devoid of life and soul forevermore,
The Darkling lord is with thee

We drink with the horde of wolves
To harvest the most precious blood
Nocturnally embody the weak of soul
For a conquest of ages to feed the
Doomstone empire
The Darkling lord is with thee...

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