

Withered Beauty

"Heavens Abandon"

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Overthrown on this funeral night,
Entranced were the statues bleeding eyes
Supreme in the absence of soul
It is you I loathe to conjure

Renounce thy sacrilege to nature,
Domineering hordes have plundered,
This futile plain known as paradise

Infernus you speak as the oracle, Lurid
Desecration's smother their torches gleam.
Purification with the elements reveals
Ones destiny, threw flesh yearn
The portals black embrace,
Consecration is the lure of existence.

Till dusk of the spectral sleep
The sign of Akrabu looms sepulchral calm,
Of all that fled the upper worlds, chained
Forever in the sea below the seas,
Consecration is the scorn of resurrection...

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