

Wolfsmond "Greet The Beyondworld"

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Up from the shadows
of the cold pale future
rising with
his scyt he in his hands
death comes reaping
the brother of sleep
it is the time
that this life ends
white fangs are flashing
and his eyes are red - gleaming
grave icy words
creeping from his mouth
no life withstands him
all the flesh withers grasslike
every time
north, east, west, and south

None shall escape him
you may run
but can?t hide
you?re just running
to your own grave
blood must be shed
souls be freed from their bodies
mortal life fades
and eternity?s safe
mistenshrouded
the cemetary lies
nighthowls are calling
their haunting tune
don?t fear the reaper
he?s coming to take you
greet the beyondworld
for death?s coming soon

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