

## Night In Gales "Ashes And Ends"

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A mouthful of napalm, an eyeful of black, the age of  
unlight's drawing near  
a tongueful of wormwords, an earful of death, the  
season of the scythe is here  
a handful of nothing, a heartful of holes, these are the  
rhymes no one should hear

here we are, declaring darkness with heart and hand  
here we die, among the words of ashes and ends

a songful of sickness, a verseful of pain, the time of  
necrofever's near  
a chordful of silence, a lineful of void, these are the  
tunes no one should hear

here we are, declaring darkness with heart and hand  
here we die, among the words of ashes and ends

here we die again...

dead for a while, we ride the tombs of time  
give death a chance, give me some doom, alright!

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