

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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