

## **Nokturnal Mortum "Weltanschauung"**

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The strength grown up upon the remains of the wise  
thoughts

The greater faith from the most ancient depths  
Drenched in blood by the fault of insane  
Just sleeping it was and reacking for its tops

The call of the macrocosm, a chilling chant  
When the flask remains the only excuse to stay here  
Death hasn't been studied yet and the life still hasn't  
died in pain  
With the knife, with the runes to cut your veins

An empty void a temple of endless sleep  
Infinity and darkness an empty void  
A song of the ice and the stars that ring on this  
blackness  
A touch of cold, an empty void

The thread of fate is burning with a brightest light  
One day it shall get tired of burning  
And shall fall down, on the wings of glory shall it echo  
Here is your threshold and Algiz it fell into the shades

The stardust is calling to the most distant fars  
And only our waiting keeps this endless night alive  
steel cold wind pierces us with its breath  
Through the pain shall you perceive delight of birth  
memories  
Of the greater past are drowning in blood  
Material world has awoken and touched spiritual  
cosmos inside

War, endless war, where the soul smothers the flesh  
Where all the creation ruins creator, war, endless war

The clocks of my heart counts down the remained days  
The beginning is gone to the unseen fars to meet the  
death without regrets  
To knock at the door yet not to stay, just to look back  
and simple to the gods  
Then to return to the coldness of cosmos

Now live in the flame of everyday's suffering is it the  
punishment  
Solitude and the seeds of revelation it's my

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