

Penumbra "New Scaring Senses"

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Drowning in those waves of smoke
Which summits stand out like living roots
I feel them seizing me, wrapping me up, devouring me.

Here. They come, on and on,
like plants born of satanic seeds

Cultivated in the Pandemonium,
They're going through the ground as if it did not exist,
Sprayed with innocent blood,
They proliferate in the void of subconscious.

As some of us are still resisting
Your strategy changes and liquefying,

You blend in with the red fluid,
Destroying our senses, creating new ones, unknown
and
scaring,

Taking us further
On until we give in
The ranks of the ancients
Decrease while those of The novices swell
Perpetuating
The truest forbidden
Tradition in your name.

Blanche fum'e envo'tante,
Que nos id'es pourrissent par ton pouvoir intense
Combattue par la horde d'risoire des vengeurs de nos
?mes d'sincarn'es.

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