Art Limbonic "Phantasmagorial Dreams"

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It's an age of nightmares and dreams
While we are barely children of the age
Floating on waves of cold etherial streams
A tributary to the symphony of decay

On a place beside the neverending line of time I hear deathtones flow, emerge with ancient time Black antique chambers and ghastly mysteries Imprisons our mind and soul through centuries

We have existed since the dawn of the world And until the last star fall from heaven We focus on the darkness that shall become When the earth bleeds by the seven Deadly sins beyond forgiveness

Beneath the lamb shall hide the serpent

We all follow a revelation plan Into the eternal wasteland

When the earth is swallowed by vulcannic fire That's when we rise When all the seas are filled with hatred's desire That's when we rise

In phantasmagorial dreams

In the headstones shadow crawling in my knees Remembering the gallow then all vanished like a dream

A wide open grave, dark naked soul The soul is now chained, as in evil I boil

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