

Kozeljnik

"A Silent Foreboding"

Visit "[A Silent Foreboding](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I shall have written to you of the black,
Ere chants of pain with cries of woe are twined
Foreboding I'll in sullen bitterness,
In Death's dour hand will I have written then
How words may smite when thoughts all bite amain,
The sore body made more akin to corpse
With loathsome stench amidst unlatched decay
A prayer austere will I have woven then
What long has lacked the strength of voice now rears,
In spelling out makes secret poison stir
A deathly strain, in coarse rags through it slumber,
Bedecked with loam, grim fate metes out afresh
So fierce a Beast the cry appears anon,
With wings outspread frail hope is wont to batter
It may so be the tomb is far too precious: invitingly, it's
charms their hold bid tighten...
In silence stern will I have penned it then,
A brooding prayer composed of sacred woe
Ere soul is risen to the folds of black
And on my doorstep death vouchsafes to tread
I will have written to you of the black, surreptitiously,
nay, maliciously...

Visit [Kozeljnik](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.