

Tiamat

"Nocturnal Funeral"

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In the fields of death at an hour of destruction the wind
blew cold
A vast field of tombstones and cenotaphs all moisture-
stained
As I walked across the field I noticed a human circle
formation
Standing at the edge of a yet uncovered grave deep in
mourn
Buried and forgotten
In the dark and cold
In the moisty ground
Burial at night
Funeral
In the name of the father, the son and the antichrist
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust to reign in death
>From the innermost depths of the open sepulcher
I heard a human cry for life and freedom
Buried and forgotten
In the dark and cold
In the moisty ground
Burial at night
"I was mortal but I am fiend, I was merciless
My teeth shatter as I speak to you
yet it's not with the chilliness of the night
but this hideousness is insufferable"
Buried and forgotten
In the dark and cold
In the moisty ground
Burial at night
That deep, hollow, inhuman voice echoed
Echoed down from the pits of the uncovered grave
The former human voice was now transformed
The former human voice is now the voice of the fiend
Buried and forgotten
In the dark and cold
In the moisty ground
Burial at night
Behold the vast formations of a funeral in the dark
Behold with fear the signs after a nocturnal funeral
Behold the vast formations of a funeral in the dark
Behold with fear the signs after a nocturnal funeral

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