

Vacant Stare

"Demon's Wind"

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Burnt hill abandoned by life,
Sealed with thousands curses,
Haunted by the shadows,
Unholy place where the dead materialize,
In their phantom form,
To penetrate the minds of the living ones.
So I call to thee,
Reading words of the unholy conjuration,
I have to know,
I have to see,
Let the blaze be free!
Fifty names,
Of the watchin' at the gates,
All the human fear,
In it's physical appearance,
Open the gates,
For the chariots in a blaze,
Call the wind from the burning deeps of space.
Look at the blood,
Coming into sight,
The day's gonna die, and will never be born again!
Shapeless flashes in silvery glow,
Smell the breath,
From the open throats of graves,
Darkness grows,
Clammy fog descends,
Demons wind, the stars answer your desire,
Join the undead,
That's the place you'll never leave,
You wanna die... but death cannot do us apart..
Eternal call lurking in a mind,
Awaiting the time to wake the madness up.
For everyone forgotten from the ace of men,
Let my words be warning.

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