

Limbonic Art, Beneath the Burial Surface

The sky is darkening soon the night befall
Righteously angels are weeping for my soul
All childhood dreams are soon to be lost
All innocence to be shattered

I am the fallen, from grace

Water from a thousand tears floats in streams
The feeling from a thousand years flow over me
As I once again return to the cemetery gale
I hear the dismal call from the hollow grave

My face is a river
See my eyes as they drown in black
My sacred doom and nemesis
Beneath the burial surface
To the final act of the immortal sin
I am lead by burial winds

The life I leave to exchange with death
As the charlatan breeds with a dragons breath
Crossing the path to the world below
In a deathlike silence I chamber my soul

Ancient black, silent gloom
Cathedral bells are calling doom
In velvet dreams I am touched by sin

As night arrives in its purple shades
I drift across the shallow graves
The soul is streaming in the wind
Dark is the blessing that I am in

As darkness falls and the cold silence reigns
The nocturnal void shall become my faith
Till transcend unto where shadows dance

A gentle kiss and like a bird
Till fly
Into the spheres of demise
Desireously in dark romance