

# Limbonic Art, Darkzone Martyrium

Dominus Spiritus Sathanas, Dominus Virtus  
Dominus Spiritus Virtus Sathanas

Cruel are the eyes of the tyrant  
And his heart is abounded to pain  
In pleasures of agony and torture  
As he begs to bleed in vain

I perish in my own desire  
I burn within lusting hate  
Destructively the minds inspire  
The soul to terminate

I ride the ancient overture  
As life is torn astray  
I glance the illusive spectrum  
And all high that fades away

Black energies in the twilight space  
Comes shieving through the shallow haze  
Into darkness so impure divine  
A bloodshed emotion to evil wine

Darkzone martyrrium, endless vast mystrium  
Give to me the blessing, when I meet my destiny

Ruin is all there is to feel, and the cold reality of steel

Life slips through your fingers