

# Limbonic Art, In Mourning Mystique

(Overture: Nocturne)

Darkness

I seek the silence that you bring  
Grant me thy sacred gifts  
Bestow my soul thy offerings

I kneel in front of thy altar black  
Let the ancient forces of nature rule  
Take my blood as the sacrifice  
A symbolic faithful bond of truth

When you look into a n abyss, the abyss also look into you

Tonight I enter into obscure dreams  
In darkness shelter, I am unseen

With the esoteric gifts I possess  
I bring damnation by enforcing death

In the beginning of the storm  
Till come forth

An arrival into a twilight reverb  
As just a shadow of the former self  
Sorrow is my name  
My true essence is pain

Hear the mourning of the mendacious  
From the empty halls and shafts  
Of false blinding light  
Prepare the last sacrifice (on the altar)  
In the temple of decay  
Please spare me from the final agony of shame

I am evil from the moment of conception