

# Limbonic Art, Pits of the Cold Beyond

As the shadow of  
Dark angels fall  
From the grace of light  
I am carried in the arms of death  
Into the night

The universe unveils  
A glowing entrance to doom  
Next to the setting sun and  
The rising moon  
Wine of life streams  
In faint nocturnal screams

As the rivers run red  
From the wrath of Armageddon  
And the wine of life is shed  
Into the pits of the cold beyond

Timor et tremor venerunt super me  
At the time when the sun emerges from the dark  
In limbo a star shines and in silver it sparks  
I search my soul as darkness burn  
For a shadow it shall return  
From the pits of the cold beyond

Timor et tremor  
Venerunt super me  
Et aligo cecidit super me