

# Naglfar, Failing Wings

There will be no beauty  
The secrets of the unborn  
An angel's cries with it's shattered wings  
The holy blood is spilled

I fell from grace, I fell into the  
deepest abyss  
The evocations wrath hit me like a fist  
To burst out in scars of distant grief  
The August flames swallowed me with  
it's kiss

Never to be found is the key to purgatory  
I felt the winds of death and it's fury  
They approached from the halls of  
sacred duty  
The fall of daylight has begun

From the ruins of my domain  
They gathered with a pagan oath  
to reign these walls for aeons  
Hungry for the bewinged  
The fullmoon I adore  
and it's victory  
I raise my hand with their blood in me

As blasphemy rains over me....

[Repeat second verse]

Fullmoon...