

Necare, Rite Of Shrouds

Consecrate the ceremony.
Or bear the oblation.
See you this maiden whore.
With whom you wish to copulate.
You see her beauty - I see the skull beneath the skin.
I smell the fragrant dusk of graves and the yellowed linen.
"Calamity of fate!" - the portents cry.
She longs to join the earth.

Until all is but an elysian field
A desolate, echoing cinerarium
Rattled by the winter winds.
Merciless, I raise the cup.
And I beseech it be filled.
I am the celebrant in this rite of shrouds.

We abscond to ashes and dust occludes us all.