

Noctiferia, Grief To Master

Of wretched god and sullen ties
Is nothing hard for me to think
Yet, I rather think of something far
more admissible
Sour face of just thoughts,
I disincline!
Forcing you at cold death torment
Laugh not certain when you die
There is no such hope as the end
No hope is given until you fry
Coventrizing ownself to pus, and
cowardice,
I despise!
A leerlike tantrum in my eyes
Seek no death nor hope
Defile is my foe
Cross the line to life
Cross the line to life!
Heed the seething of my heart
Which I've sent to the burning realms
And even if God gave me torment
And tried to cleanse my soul
A mortal man with mortal sin
Hate within remains
Now life begin!
Twine in thoughts of the arriving
Twine through the archaean
Athwart the ethereal luminary singe
I claim the death of pain
Forced to admit the nature of enough
And rend the cloth of done
The locution enmity is gone
A mortal man with mortal sin
Hate within remains
Heed the seething of my heart
Which I've sent to the burning realms
Heed the seething of my heart
Which I've sent to the burning realms
Ebonrinded now returns Yet pure
Hear not a far cry of fraudulent!
Fear not a far cry of fraudulent dream...