

Noctiferia, Never True

Spawn...

A birth from primordial vice
This sight I witness frequently
The hate I caught amongst these
walls of soil
Enticed by clouds
Higher and higher
The eye was strained to gaze upon the routed
None shivering, no more hiding
No one shouted
For haze did hide the fear of brave
And pride, enticed by triumph-wish
Deeper and deeper
Not chained by orders I care...
Cold of age grim features
Upon my face worn
Now bearing within its shades
My great soul torn
Lest I should not stand here
With deeds forgotten
Gazing throughout them
Ever reasoning
Lest I should stand here
Leaning on Death's shoulder
Burden was thrown
Ever falling
A view of trembling
I fought to see
So dark, so unique
Thy coming kingdom
this Over-god feature
I give my heart
A relieving existence
No sin now is cherished
My grief forgotten
Of pain I still wander
But never rue!