

# Primordial, Infernal Summer

Her skin, so pale... shrouded in black  
I drew down the veil, I wanted her back  
I am at one with what never lived  
I'll draw down the veil, and offer up what I have to give...

Shall you try and poison my words  
At a summers funeral, I woke to the light  
Shall you lay my bed with thorns  
And clutch at me like you have done to life...?

Shall I be the chief mourner, in your procession  
No stone lays unturned... (Rest in your grave)  
I can no longer hear, silence calling your name  
Or the choirs of ruin, lamenting your pain