

# Silentium, Dark Whispers

I will be there when you mock thyself  
In the nighttime, when the shadows dance  
I will be there when you burn thyself  
She betrayed you, coldness tears your soul

Out of the darkness  
Ye've locketh me in  
I have been aneath  
I'll feed your fear

Whose is this voice, and why this strayness,  
This bitter rage I can't control?

She'll grind ye down  
She'll throw ye out  
I'll be all hate that hides in ye  
And all the things banished

I shall promise you vast victories  
She will be crawling back on hands and knees  
I shall cease your grief and heavy moan  
I shall stick the blade through every whore

We have no choice, drowned She shall be  
All th' wounds she stroke in thee  
Tenfolded stricken back in her  
Tenfolded every whore shall burn

In dreadful deeds we shall unite  
As one we shall not cease the fight  
I shall set ye on th' throne of night,  
Bring forth revenge that you desire

"I grind my teeth, I grind my teeth  
I bite and pull ye deep beneath  
Oh, let the children come to me...!"

...And I shall set, yer desires free  
For dark is our hate  
So let there be rage!

...And I shall show ye th' sterling strength  
Of thousand pariahs  
Let there be revenge!

I will be there when you mock thyself...

My sight, has it frailed,  
has darkness prevailed?  
Is someone still here with me?  
Here in me?

These hands are they mine?  
Is this smile or a grin?  
What is this hate in me?  
My love, where is she?

Scortum! Scortum!  
Scornful whores!  
Blade or a loin they are yearning for more!