

Unanimated, Storms From The Skies Of Grief

flames of fire, burns the sky
in the blackened night, I hear the
ancient cry saddened tears, falls from above
storms of grief, embrace my soul

through the gates
black clouds in the sky opening my eyes
dark reflections dancing before my
light of the moon caressing the sky
the air that I breathe is so cold...
so cold!

through the gates... evil ways
the darkened world... grips my soul
flying away with the wings of death
enter the hellish timeless regin
blackened grave awaits my flesh
a sinful mists sweeps around me
moolight blazing
like fire in the sky
in a stream of darkness
I float away...

through the gates...
blasphemous ways...
the dark world... grips my soul
through... the gates