

Xasthur, In The Hate Of Battle

Heiled in battle again
Into the night eternally searching and
Fighting to be eternally free
And to live in darkness
Decaying upon their crosses
Light without will (or reason)
Seeing only with (holy) blood in our eyes
To deny them their empires
Take the light from their lives
Blinded by their own crying winds

Hatred bled onto the soul
With a fury to kill
Killed brethren
Without respect for lives unholy
A hatred possessing my soul
With a fury to kill

So the battle dies in this bleak winter
Each death piled in a dark circle
And again we'll return