

# Agathodaimon, Amongst The Vultures

He hears the call which destines his fall  
A fire burns that slowly pierces his soul  
And now the tide turns  
The blackest flame still burns  
Immortally he's waiting so unconcerned  
Before the blade penetrates his skin  
A versant cloud enwraps his body  
Slowly and dreadfully  
A subtle cut brings livery  
His path of blasphemy  
Atrocious angels lead his way  
To apathy, an apathy revealed by sway  
By Cains force assigned, ferocious demons crawl to mate  
Black altar wine flows to blur his fate  
Beyond the veil, amongst the vultures  
Beneath the sky, he lives his dream  
Inside his veins throbs mortal poison  
The netherworld has opened its gates  
Wide and enormous, a final cut brings liberty  
The candles leave their set  
All sounds extinguish in the dark  
No hope and no regret  
Silence rules his heart  
No whisper sent to god  
Abysmal hate turns to dismissal  
Cold becomes hod  
His soul leaves in a glorious bliss  
He hears the call which destines his fall  
A fire burns that slowly pierces his soul  
And now the tide turns-  
The blackest flame still burns  
Immortally he's waiting so unconcerned  
Inside his veins the poison dries  
The netherworld has closed its gates  
Amongst the vultures  
He will make all his dreams come true