

# Ancient, Proxima Centauri

[Music: Aphazel - Lyrics: GroM]

by foreign shores we tread our way  
no clue of what's beyond  
a lurking threat unknown to man  
an ancient force of prey

through time and space we travel on  
our curious natures grow  
an evil dark and frightening place  
where no man should dare to go

ave aquevale for the neptune towers subside

we unlock doors unprepared  
to face the horrors far beyond  
as feeble speaks of dust  
we boldly linger on and on

our souls will burn with flames so high  
and vanquished we will be  
for we are merely strangers  
in this void of misery

cruched and butchered drained and slayed  
our souls forever scream  
engulfed and severed, tortured and maimed  
with no hope to be free

anghuishly crying no able of dying  
a curse no one can tell  
forever standed and abandoned  
our souls will burn in hell

liberate tute meex infernis

we hear our cries we know our lies  
the punishment is due

beware and fear that which is near  
and face the world's demise demise

so far yet close this hidden evil  
a scythe reaping souls  
a breading unportrayable death  
will swallow all mankind

we have not seen the face of death  
and hell is just a word  
the truth is far much worse and vile  
our existence too absurd

the fatal verge of no return  
now breached beyond restraint

how many times must our souls cry  
before we finally learn  
we face what power is out of reach  
until we crash and burn

a warning's given us  
remain on our home soil  
for furious proxima centauri  
will shred this mortal coil

shred this coil

shred this coil