

Angelcorpse, Black Solstice

The frozen has lain forlorn too many ages
Wasting away in the crucible of space
Drawing down the hallowed darkness
Arms outstretched embracing ecstasies of hate
Black solstice
Somber wings extinguish the sun
Nocturnal unfurling
Quenching stars one by one
Vomit war crush the sacred heart of kindness
Unholy raven spawned from dying dove of peace
Freezing the light expunge the furnace flames
Adoration of the prophetic release
My immolation the final comet
The hammer of damnation strikes
Pounding the earth my anvil
My life is to kill the light
Find solace in the fact that
Our pestis lays waste in both houses
Neither blind reverence or stark denial
Will alter the discipline of sterile beauty
That follows in the wake of the prophetic sign
And the deification of the strike of mailed fist
As cleansing chaos steals the light
The majestic darkness feeds
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