

# 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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