

# Arsis, Seven Whispers Fell Silent

Seven whispers silent  
On scathing winds the seven whistlers tune  
Seven cries, blinded eyes  
Bade the choke on the night  
Beneath the stare of a cold and blood-dimmed moon

Alaster, avenging one  
Guide my path  
Live in me, exist to be  
The festering wounds upon the savior's wrists  
Calculating the murderous plot for the dozen to fall

The seven shall sleep forever  
Unhallowed graves left unmarked  
Five soon to join them  
And with their blood anoint them  
Evident the feebleness of dog

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