

# Aura Noir, Black Thrash Attack

A wind of ashes mixed awe and wonder for these  
The yearner, the hallows, the spectre and I  
And the arrows pointed to the core  
As songs are sung for the tender ones  
The black thrash attack  
Crack of thunder,  
At dawn we slumber...  
...in these clumps of flesh  
Its the black thrash attack  
A rush of agony mixed lust and terror for these  
The burden, the flock, the masters and I  
And a fairytale was soaked in blood  
As remembrance prowled on through the night  
A whiff of divinity brought scents of murder to this  
The heavens, the masquerade, the winged one and I  
And our shades were gracefully enshrined  
A sepulchral voice did drain the soaked sky  
A slice of atrocity linked rage and pride  
to the sight of the heavens in its last throes of death  
And my hands shook and curled triumphantly  
In this black thrashing night of infernal hell...