

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...