# Aura Noir, Sons Of Hades

Bleak prudence, bleaker grace
Amidst from these venomish losses
Prime leagues leads on through vivid senses
We have grasped we have honoured
Though we seduce envied secrets
Apart we breath the true...
Sons of Hades
So, we inherit this flock
And it's stone cold desire
Winged lashes ablazed
and sat these fragments afire
Then erased the true
Sons of Hades
We had one soul
Who - while it was ours -
in it's duty and obediance gave us this.
Now gather and surmise, see it's face now beautyfied
Our laughters was spoken for
The eagles went away
And the goddess of thorns
was our prudent flame
Fearless we deny the sweet shepards love
and his buried heart
As (well as) the shade of his forsaken father
and his pale senses