

# Aura Noir, Upon The Dark Throne

Upon the darkest of thrones  
The true God is visible  
The filthy sound of ten thousand (necro) morbid deaths  
Smear my body with your destructive visions

Writhe in my bastard hellish tormented ego  
Soak my veins in alcohol  
Create the beast.. behind these armoured walls...  
I shall not let others in

So pure the race  
So few  
But we (tormented) know  
We know so f\*\*king well not to hide  
Yet to stay underground

You, you sit upon the darkest of thrones  
Yet still remain as miserable, as necro, as evil, as hungry, as I...