

Axamenta, Beyond The Haunting

Fear the dreams, desires
The terror
Know what darkness we nourish
The wickedness
Born out of long lost legends
We are collectors of the dead
This slowly dawning horror beckons us once again
We walk and live in shadows forever and much longer
The mortal immortals...the restless ones
The dark of our existence lies deep within
Our bodies are stirred by an ethereal breeze
And in these buried lands...
We are doomed...
Beyond the haunting
Lies a dying light
For those who walk
On the path of death
In a tortured grasp of tormented wraiths
Dreadful dreams claim our failures
Oblivion is groaning in pain
At its long decline feel the stirring of our souls
Our bodies wracked with imagined pain
Shredding flesh off the bone
Until we find the phantasm core...
The scarred entity drifted into sleep
To face our mercenary nightmares.
Our moment, our triumph
A sinister outcome was shattered into pieces.
Drenched in a moment of unguarded pain
We are the ones who creep and crawl...beyond the haunting
The mortal immortals...the restless ones...
And when the clock of time strikes the quarters
The entity drowns in a sea of clouds
Beyond the haunting lies a dying light
For those who walk on the path of death