

# Axamenta, Godsman

Perpetual twilight, salacious Nemesis,  
A star born in darkness, a jewel drowned in sunset,  
A waterfall of echoing voices  
Awake our maenad sleep  
The wail of battle, the language of all ancestors  
Forged in a burning skeleton embrace  
Thrives on the fumes of evaporated life-essences  
And will soon flow from the past to the future  
We shall not let you see the tears we bleed  
The pernicious blood we drink  
The dark face of the night we need  
The cruel vanity in which we sleep  
For when the transcendental chanting began  
The runes on our swords spoke in tongues  
A throbbing rhythm crawled through our veins  
Our minds filled with fire, our thoughts bathed in blood  
We are the ones who were not be given life  
Rough signs of a holy avenger in us  
The deep night's gift, a celestial fury  
Possessed by an unearthly force  
A God's breath is now what we breathe.  
We are the beyonders  
You shall see the spirit we freed  
The sacred life we live  
The dark face of the night you need  
The cruel vanity from which you feed  
We are the beyonders  
On a warriors path  
We are the beyonders