

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