

Beheaded, Horde of the Stolen Sun

A solitary descent amid the twisting depths
Tracing the downward spiral trailed by the dead
On the merge of desperation, inhaling pain
Suffused in ruins and never to rise again
Devoid of hope - injected by binding fear
Wet my arid spirit, I bathe in lakes of tears
Wailing melodies dissatiate my craving heart
Venture to face doom and uncoil the lost art
Artistic will banishes confinements of human expression
Creativity pushed beyond the point of comprehension
Celestial music unbinds the spirit from earthly flesh
Initiating another cycle aside this realm of emptiness
Cosmic planes dominated by swarms of silence
Numb beings roam the seas of mental muteness
Frigid limbs set the path towards absolute rigor
Where howling winds are the sole agitators
Creativity pushed beyond the point of comprehension
Celestial music unbinds the spirit from earthly flesh
Initiating another cycle aside this realm of emptiness
Where the howling winds are the sole agitators
Cosmic planes dominated by swarms of silence
Numb beings roam the seas of mental muteness
Frigid limbs set the path towards absolute rigor
Dominions frozen in time, and eternally gone
Entities in wait for the day that never dawned
Skies oozing blood of the suffering ones
Drenching in red the horde of the stolen sun
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