

# 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 dissatisfy 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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