

# Dead Silent Slumber, In The Glare Of The Moon

The rain slowly wets my face  
as I pass through the cemetery gates  
Shadows licking every move I make  
enshrouding the earth where I walk  
The sound... The spinechilling sound  
of owls howling in the night  
Yes, they sang for me

For me they chant, speaking in tongues  
Preaching for my restless soul  
Choirs as if from the abyss itself  
A dirge of celestial creeps  
Through the night this opus was heard  
as a symphony of the dead

(chorus:)  
In the glare of the moon

The winds kept embracing me  
Filling me with its decay  
As I fixed my eyes on the moonlight tombs  
in ruins surrounded in black  
These catacombs, these distant graves  
almost seemed to glow  
Closing in as they called for me

I bowed in front of the tombstones  
I observed their ancient shape  
The nocturnal breeze grew stronger  
and so did the howling of the owls

I turned around and read the epitaph  
and so my blood froze cold as ice  
There my name was engraved  
I saw it clear, in the glare of the moon

Lurking in the darkest of shadows  
away from the unbearable light  
Something was watching and slowly approaching  
With eyes of fire and a breath of death itself

Punctured lungs and pierced through the heart  
It slit my throat as I gasped for my final breath  
Drenched in blood, completely drained  
and as I fell to the ground I beheld this creature of the night  
But when my soul arose to join the night,  
claws of death pulled it back, in the glare of the moon

(chorus:)  
In the glare of the moon

(metal vocals by Jensa Carlsson of persuader:)  
In the glare of the moon - I drank the blackest blood  
In the glare of the moon - But my eyes remained obscure  
In the glare of the moon - The night filled my lungs  
In the glare of the moon - And so I was reborn...  
...in the glare of the moon