

DiSEMBOWELMENT, The Tree Of Life And Death

Through the winding forest where the bodies of
Disillusioned peasants lay in the catacombs,
Gothic oakwood may once again take its real form
And grasp for Your soul,
As the night falls,
Green turns to the colour which brings forth the eternal rest,
Reach forth and separate the mystical branch
As the moon is surpassed by a blanket of unholy cloud
And echoed shrieks,
Ambience of the dark evolves from beyond the divine nightshade,
Faraway from the forest,
The souls of the dead travel beneath the earths soil to arrive
At the tree of life and death,
Now a disoriented monk banished from the order finds solace
Within the cold surroundings of the untouched ground,
The secrets are revealed to him,
It is who commands the living,
The dead - The dead.