

Limbonic Art, As the Bell of Immolation Calls

In a timeless departure
From the flesh
Drifting the cold ether streams of death
By the altar of sacrifice as I call upon the night
To take and give me life
Beyond the shores of life

I glorify the hour of blackness
As the bell of immolation calls

Stony imperium dark sanctorium
The paragon of destruction
A sardonic watcher
By cryptic graves
In phantom kingdom's creation
I call the clouds to gather
The beginning of the storm
Let my whispers end in thunder

A black heart will adorn
The wings when I'm reborn
Engraved on my memory
Is whom hatred made me
The ravages of time
Battles on in my mind
There are still
Wounds that bleed
Deep in the soul of mine

I behold the beginnings of sorrow
And predict the omens of cruelty
In the plague's shadow I follow
As tormenting winds sweeps
Through the cathedral halls
As the bell of immolation calls

In embers of infernal greed
Feeding the fires unholy
Apocalypse was born
When hell brainstormed
Through me

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The paragon of destruction
A sardonic watcher
By cryptic graves
In phantom kingdom's creation
I call the clouds to gather
The beginning of the storm
Let my whispers end in thunder

A life among the dead
and sorrowful
The endless voids where
Spirits are mournful
From the pale of agonising light
I cross the bridge
To crystal night
As the bell of immolation calls