

# 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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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