

Limbonic Art, In Mourning Mystique (Overture: Nocturne)

Darkness

I seek the silence that you bring

Grant me thy sacred gifts

Bestow my soul thy offerings

I kneel in front of thy altar black

Let ancient forces of nature rule

Take my blood as the sacrifice

A symbolic faithful bond of truth

When you look into an abyss, the abyss also look
into you

Tonight I enter, Into obscure dreams

In darkness shelter, I am unseen

With the esoteric, Gifts I possess

I bring damnation, By enforcing death

In the beginning of the storm

I'll come forth

An arrival into a twilight reverb

As just a shadow of the former self

Sorrow is my name

My true essence is pain

Hear the mourning of the mendacious

From thy empty halls and shafts

Of false blinding light

Prepare the last sacrifice (on the altar)

In the temple of decay

Please spare me from the final agony of shame

I am evil from the moment of conception

Human dreams are such fertile ground for sowing the seeds of torment