

Limbonic Art, Phantasmagorial Dreams

It's an age of nightmares and dreams
While we are barely children of the age
Floating on waves of cold ethereal streams
A tributary to the symphony of decay

On a place beside the neverending line of time
I hear deathtones flow, emerge with ancient time
Black antique chambers and ghastly mysteries
Imprisons our mind and soul through centuries

We have existed since the dawn of the world
And until the last star fall from heaven
We focus on the darkness that shall become
When the earth bleeds by the seven
Deadly sins beyond forgiveness

Beneath the lamb shall hide the serpent
We all follow a revelation plan
Into the eternal wasteland

When the earth is swallowed by vulcannic fire
That's when we rise
When all the seas are filled with hatred's desire
That's when we rise

In phantasmagorial dreams

In the headstones shadow crawling in my knees
Remembering the gallow then all vanished like a dream
A wide open grave, dark naked soul
The soul is now chained, as in evil I boil