

Limbonic Art, Sources to Agonies

Through the mirror of the soul
I'm staring deep within
To see what dwell behind the wall
The beauty of pale skin

The aura that surrounds me
Is not of noble kind
The blackness of the heart
Is all that's left to find

A dark river runs silent through my life
Like a floating nemesis
A dark shadow of what that used to be
Drift's now in lifeless misery

Live only to witness what I've become
Midnight is my shallow home
Soon to enter the last deed of mine
I'm forced to follow the streaming bloodline

When the wine of life is shed
And dark cosmic space consume
I bring the memories back from the dead
Sources to agonies, a devouring monsoon