

# Necrodeath, Void Of Naxir

In the twilight land of Inquanok I search the door and isolate my mind  
And in the wind I hear the hidden drums and peeping of false flutes  
The never cry of the ancient gods evil fires which eternally burn carry my dark spirit beyond the gre  
Abyssus, Draconicus, I walk in the Tenebra, in the mystery of Kaos,  
to the altar of the law

I implore the magic stone, the stone of great cold, door of winter rain  
I implore the magic stone, the stone of burning warm, door of summer wind  
i implore the magic stone, the stone of hurried dreams, door of dying sun  
i implore the magic stone, the stone of whirling air, door of Equinox  
Abyssus...

Four are the great portals and seven the stones of those who wander in the sky  
I hear the voices from the void, my mind is ravished by death  
The ancient is still awaiting and reigns of light will rise  
What can wait eternally is not dead

I implore...

I implore..

Abyssus...