

Night In Gales, Darkzone Anthemn

this is the march of the beast
headhunter's feast
a hymn for those pulsing with this lustful disease
bearing the marrow of thousand fattered nights
the powers of thornfleshed death
battlethirst and scarage wrath
feel its fiery breath...

psychonauts of the darkzone we are
a whorehorde born of a fatal formula
crippled and crowned we strike the harp
with crystalstrings razorsharp

the hunt is on !
flee ere the bloodwork's done !
guarded by dustdreams and evenfall
down, down, down...
to fornicate with this twilightcharade
cofered upon us, chaossons, crystalblade's prey
snared by paindomain escapades
of flesh, filth and sulphurain
amidst the orphaned seed of suns in twain

from now to never we hail ravenhordes and requiem
eureka ! i am pain i am !