Nokturnal Mortum, The Knots Upon The Thread (

A groan of dark wood throughout my daring soul

Rides like a wild hunt and falls like mountain stream of thoughts

A gloom that stole the soil emorisoned buried land inside itself

Strangled in embrace of dusk without fresher gulp of life

Its palms upon the tremor of the rind without a vile call of weakness and pain

The better taste of blood and chill of death, the proud songs of wind

Branches the lands of dead they seize its lead with fears

Deah is not dreadful while you are young

Or when being old you want to pass away

Still his lands reak out for the stars searching for the Thread of Skjuld

Be you the winged one your fate is not to for rot in grave

But he spits poison afraid of his own shadow

Sign of Enuy is a true stigma of egoism

Always drunk of false optimism

Death and vice its lesson it missed

A call of madness a heap of misunderstandings

Its morals and principle are left to rot in dirt

One gathers mud he's living fast

Smashing hands to blood from the senceless spite

One stakes himself and throws a coin

While staring at the gun one looks into her eyes

One finds defence beneath worm's ominous star

He feeds its blood to parasite poisoned buried in the dust of time

And wind still howls against this silence he steals the weerings from the ancient woods

When Lady Sorrow kiss the graveyards, she feeds the burial beast with the wine of blood

And the devil still laughs and hisses greedy breaks his fangs in the malicious grins Replacing with daydreams the likeness of life for creature that feeds upon the lifes

While someone is fighting the other is just spitting there are also the ones laughing at them both

One losts himself in the search for passion another one shall bury his love in crypts of inmost fears

Death with a Scythe would banish hope rip open a rotten soul with storms

A desert demon shall die by drops of rain and feed the lost soul with its poisoned blood