

Nokturnal Mortum, Weltanschauung

The strength grown up upon the remains of the wise thoughts
The greater faith from the most ancient depths
Drenched in blood by the fault of insane
Just sleeping it was and reacking for its tops
The call of the macrocosm, a chilling chant
When the flask remains the only excuse to stay here
Death hasn't been studied yet and the life still hasn't died in pain
With the knife, with the runes to cut your veins
An empty void a temple of endless sleep
Infinity and darkness an empty void
A song of the ice and the stars that ring on this blackness
A touch of cold, an empty void
The thread of fate is burning with a brightest light
One day it shall get tired of burning
And shall fall down, on the wings of glory shall it echo
Here is your threshold and Algiz it fell into the shades
The stardust is calling to the most distant fars
And only our waiting keeps this endless night alive
steel cold wind pierces us with its breath
Through the pain shall you perceive delight of birth memories
Of the greater past are drowning in blood
Material world has awaken and touched spiritual cosmos inside
War, endless war, where the soul smothers the flesh
Where all the creation ruins creator, war, endless war
The clocks of my heart counts down the remained days
The beginning is gone to the unseen fars to meet the death without regrets
To knock at the door yet not to stay, just to look back and simple to the gods
Then to return to the coldness of cosmos
Now live in the flame of everydays suffering is it the punishment
Solitude and the seeds of revelation it's my Weltanschauung