

Obsidian Gate, The Obsidian Eternity And Anguish

"Listen to my lifeless choirs,
listen to my voice beyond...
Behold the scythe in my bleach hands
and know this: It is time to leave..."

In an imperium beyond ethereal skies
where no life dwells and all light dies,
I touch the darkness of cold demise
to become enshrouded with the night to rise...

I listen to the call of my own existence,
floating and writhing in the infernal void,
yet unborn, yet not even a thought,
already hiding the mask of a hallow grave.
Stalking...

There is no body, no flesh.
No shell to comprehend,
no shell to live again,
just a glimpse of a thought in your eyes.
There can be no compassion
when the black void you see is me.
There can be nothing holy
when I am the hatred in your eyes.

Name me equal to birth and death,
a spirit haunting the black night,
a spirit that is a myth in itself
and all demons that were and will be...

I am an enigma in every question,
all what flesh knows is useless to me,
being a question you will never answer:
What lies in the fires of hell?

In funereal vortex we unite
under a starlit obsidian sky.
Lay to me thy woeful blood
and all pain as sacrifice...

The force of my being is impervious
to any weapon crafted by human hands,
I am everywhere and the night is my mother,
and I am the true face of evil.

(Chorus:)

I am anguish - Portal of all hate!
I am eternity - Wisdom through the flames!
I am anguish - Released in thy veins!
I am Satan - The darkness in thy grave!

I am a relic, created in a moment,
when stars collided with stars.
A million deaths' manifestation,
an aural shape that the night attracts.

I am like a beam from the moon,
that you sense but never see.
I am the smoke at your cremation
and the flames of your funeral pyre.
Your eyes are portals to me,
a sacrifice given by the demon-ones.
Helpless you remain, I enter and leave,
able to end your life any time.

O grim, fierce hatred,
raging through my existence.
My true vision of eternal darkness
I behold through your dormant eyes.

(Repeat Chorus)

The obsidian eternity and anguish
you will meet again in the midnight skies.
I will remain, never to perish,
the nightmare, the essence of your fears.

Unlight comes closer - Extinguish the candle.
Let thy blood flow into the night.
Paint in blood's red, the constellation.
Thy soul unites with the obsidian sky...