

Orkrist, Nocturnal Rite

Is it me or just a nightshade
Crowling on the ground
That prevents my walk
In the underground

I have heard perhaps the voices
Whispering spot apart
My name through the wind
Like undesired forecast

Faerytales of darkness embracing my soul
Black curtain fall hopeless in bloody overture
Sillhouets end dancing before the queen comes through
And so spring the impulse to their nocturnal rite

From day becomes a nightmare
Haunting in the dark
In forest of pleasure
Forest of lust

As they're stepping in the moonlight
Their eyes begin to fail
From dream of the dead
Accrues existence

By centuries are blazing the memories of youth
No one can see them, as they began to lose
Even and endless is my ramble through
The dismal deeps of this, of this nocturnal rite

From the cradle comes the obscure light
It's just a silent fate
By her candle slouched

Horizon dark like an endless night
Trail ragged with thorns
Of the unborn lies

Beyond the ruined fence an angel cries
Frozen tears he darts
Spreads his wings to flight

Clouded skies drain the sand
From the turned glass
Before the bell strikes twelve

I, I'll take you down
Before the raven croaks
Before the night falls down
I, I'll embrace your soul
Before it loses the hope
Before my master calls