

Sear Bliss, Death In Torment

With my haunting memories
I'm still staring into a narrowing funnel
Where bats fly

Look at my plated face
Eaten by rain and rust
Washed by a blye glacial torrent

My shadow is pinned against a sweating wall
With all the immensity of feelings in my heart
No one could satisfy my excessive thirst for blood
My carnal lust for the incarnadine

I step onto the freshly frozen snow
You'll not see my footsteps to follow

I'm the hay in the mass of green grasses
I've seen everything from dark to blazing bright

I strike down with the power of falling stones
I see you lying in the heat of the sun
Your odour spread in the air
A scent beloved by vultures