

# 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