

Setherial, In The Still Of A Northern Fullmoon

Blackened night, grows of north; my dark abode
All senses set to mind as moonlight lits the snow

At one with the night of nocturnal existence
the stars; my as hate inside me grows

I've walked the earth, I've seen the stars

I've raged against the just;
to spread thefear in the feeble mind of christ

And as I die, in the name of myself I die
to enter new dimensions; make the darkness break it's way
And as I die, by the knife in the dark I die
Infernal war and fevers, infest this world with pain

I travel north where winds if dark desires blows
...to darkness I shall go

The skies above; the stars are growing dim
...in the darkest times I die

Alone I cry; hear my hail to this night of bloodshed
Alone I die; as my body bleeds death shall be my key

...to emerge into sleep