

# Vergelmer, Blackened Rebirth

Once, when my mind was open  
My eyes were clouded like a fool's  
The grief often pierced my mind  
And i wept  
Autumn passed and the old trees  
Lost their leaves to nakedness  
Stark, black trees look evil  
in the cold, beautiful winter

Blackened rebirth  
no more grief  
The helpless with their tiny limbs  
Flee before my sword  
I maraud the world  
No one shall live, none shall stand  
they'll rot on my sword

i see - dark visions  
by the candlelight  
in a circle of fire  
i hear - screaming voices  
crying out in pain  
I saw - the ritual of blood  
Unholy master, you answered my prayers  
I praise thee