

Xasthur, Spell Within The Wind

Bleed on the memories (and image in mind)
Your blood's on thy flame
The candles of black burning in the night
I watched the smoke blowing to the south
The watching moon closing in on you
Summon the eye of death to follow you
Your blood burns within the black candles flame
He grants me your destruction as a I scream death's name, can you feel my hate!
And the spell blew forever, forever in the cold wind
Your death was the taste, the taste of revenge
While no one saw the doom I cast into your eyes