

there is black silent marching in the wood
seems to be sheer minutes of destruction

why do you stand still
decay house of your father
why do raise up
led blackness to your lips

you watch a hunter gut his trophy in the wood
his hands damp of blood and sweat in the mist

you the shivering animal
you the slaughtering priest
your lids drunken with incense
see the stars saturn red

from depths voices of the leper dwell
in blood shades of deer lament above him

pain cries from the vault
weep blossom in blood
torture kill the beast
leave shadows of grief

ther's black, silent marching in the forest
mute destruction in silent graves dwell

red, longgone evening
through a wall of stone
your laughter in the dark
see the stars saturn red

red