

## The Descent

Abysmal Dawn

As I breathe this cold that confines me  
It is I who hopes to bring light to this valley of death  
Behind the shadows of lies  
Brilliant beams converge now to blind me  
I cannot feel shame nor regret but in the presence of death  
When the vultures arrive  
Slaves, your time of descent will come with us all  
Pain the way of all flesh that withers to old  
All that you dream will be forgotten  
And burn with the kindred of souls  
I am the seed who was begotten  
To rot with the waste of this earth down below  
Now burn with the kindred of souls  
Your hopes have now aged and withered away  
All that you dream will be forgotten  
And burn with the kindred of souls  
I am the seed who was begotten  
To rot with the waste of his earth down below