

The Circular Ruins

At the Gates

The halls of the grotesque
Reverberate our final doom
Oh, the ravenous indulgence
The rite of passage eternal

A black lung full of ash
A parasitic void
Oh, the tenebrous upheaval
Our defeat triumphant

Into this parasitic void
The emperor's crypt
The rite of passage eternal
For this Adam of dust

Statues crumble - flags are torn
As a crawling chaos - we ascend

A black lung full of ash
A parasitic void
Oh, the tenebrous upheaval
Our defeat triumphant

Into this parasitic void
The emperor's crypt
The rite of passage eternal
For this Adam of dust

At the gates of the void
Dark spirits rising
An ominous sun
Piercing the circular ruins