

## Gaping Grave Awaits

Aura Noir

Sepulchral grasp holds  
A cold grip on your soul  
Claustrophobic valut  
Ravishing end now unfolds

The haunting void roars  
Surrounds your severed heart's contours  
he shine of your exustence  
Floating aimlessly through Death's maze

Gaping graves awaits  
Wooden coat embrace

The scent of (the) Reaper's Breath  
Coils around your neck  
The sounds of soil  
That hits your coffin door

The lid's closed forever  
The vacuum of Death's womb  
The hinges are corroding  
Oblivion's pendulum swaying

Gaping graves awaits  
Wooden coat embrace

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