

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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