

## Iron Night / Torment Storm

Aura Noir

A scorching dark layer  
Attaches to the skin like leaches scratching  
Inside the open wounds they pray  
Their jaws are open, their tongues pave their wave

A pile of limbs, death's caress  
A vile scent drawn through each breath  
See the crests on the path to the fields  
The black desert, the concave shields

Iron night, the end forlorn, nothing's stranger  
Torment storm. Exposed to direct danger

Cavities in the horizon  
The clamor echoes endlessly  
Claw-marks printed in the sand  
The torment storm has erased the land

Gasses blur the visions  
Toxic lives inside the wounds  
Blister gather like blood clots  
Pungent sores, the flesh does rot