

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