

## Upon Azrael's Wings

Cathedral

Riding on the flames of death Into this last night fear  
relents As we race through skies upon Azrael's wings  
He has com to set us free from this earthbound misery  
Father of macabre you possess the key To heavens  
black galactic morgue Chosen few seek your reward In  
solitude, perpetual silence Cosmic womb, eteral solace  
Embracing cosmic mysteries To worlds below he's  
sent a wreath Elated black angel; our requiem he sings  
As tears of Nebula fill black holes Drowing galaxies  
of lost souls We continue our ascent to heavens low  
No turning back from galactic morgue Chosen few  
find your reward In solitude, perpetual silence Cosmic  
womb, eternal solace Colossal grave of shadows,  
extinction of mankind Eternal morgue or sorrows, no  
beauty  
left behind Void of shadows, man's colossal grave  
Ball of ash to zero fades Nothing left to mourn, all  
has died, ever born Barren voyage static drone Stark  
oblivion reigns so cold Dropped out of existence, we've  
found our hmoie In heaven's black galactic morgue  
Chosen few have found our reward In solitude,  
perpetual silence Cosmic womb, eternal solace