

Legacy Of The Seediq

Chthonic

I feel your dying breath
Fall like water from the cliffs on high
Grant protection from the force of death
Wash away the stench of the past's lies

Mournful rain and toxic swords
Shadows crawl on holy ground
The roots can't be served
Destruction engendered

Dark clouds enraptured by sinister mists
All the bodies are hanged they no longer resist
There is no road the follow, no light to shine down
The bridge swept away, dying souls are uncrowned

Horned tempests never will cease
Blood won't dry nor anger decrease

I hear your dying breath
Fall like rain from the blackened sky
Grant protection from the fear of death
Wash away the pain of the past's lies

Mournful rain and toxic swords
Shadows crawl on holy ground
The roots can't be served
Destruction engendered

Dark clouds enraptured by sinister mists
All the bodies are hanged they no longer resist
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A legacy foretold, by cold and cruel sunlight
Rising to the heavens, bloodstained flags take flight