

Crimson Winds

Dark Tranquility

Force of anger, Mordant senseless wrath
Manifold is the Terminus of oneself
Invoke ye lord of the Left-behinds
Preserve a seat for the weakened minds

Reserving that limpid yet so used
Veil of deceiving hostility
Close now is the threshold of insanity

Neverending force of hatred,
fear, them darkened spheres
Deprecated existence, Manifest of darkness be

Manifest for unspeakable actions
Fire sermons to condemn those fallen
Fallen from pride, fallen from the manger
Father, lend to me thy wisdom, Thy wisdom of old

Now all is clear:
"Pierce the side of the neverending blindness
Then thereby be it stated in the name of the forgotten
Father of Light, Father of Darkness
-I will not implore to no master of thine!"

Everflaming

Intemperate malice in the extreme
Forms are twisted, Everfalling
Crescent skies, the wait, The calling
Eyes unseeing, Stars rearrange
Tears of our blood running from the runes

Misgivings fall silent
Excitement stir up the spheres
My sweet Norderland

To reap the fields of ignorance and lies
Trails of omission swept away
Never be found again

Release of agony
So Hebulous, yet ominous is the Terminus
Flames of Hatred burn me
Firesoul - Hear me, Blinded fool
-Take heed to the forgotten twilight
Now kneel to the omniscient twilight

Crimson Winds, Ornaments in the dark
The weep of pain, Drowned by tears
Drowned by tears of Northerly blood
Runes of force,
Fulfillment of a sombre ordeal I know
"Pierce the side of the neverending blindness
Then thereby be it stated in the name of the forgotten
Father of Light, Father of Darkness
-I will not implore to no master of thine!"

Everflaming

Everlasting lust for wisdom and for solitude
Coming of dawn, Knowledge in the image of flesh

Unbridled to the world I wander now
Light cast upon this place of mysteries
Truth hurts for my tongue is venomous

Unbound yet bound for disbelief
Darkness, I grasp your every nerve
Everflaming now and forevermore