Crimson Winds

Dark Tranquillity

Force of anger, Mordant senseless wrath Manifold is the Terminus of oneself Invocate 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