

there is black silent marching in the wood  
seems to be sheer minutes of destruction

why do you stand still  
decay house of your father  
why do raise up  
led blackness to your lips

you watch a hunter gut his trophy in the wood  
his hands damp of blood and sweat in the mist

you the shivering animal  
you the slaughtering priest  
your lids drunken with incense  
see the stars saturn red

from depths voices of the leper dwell  
in blood shades of deer lament above him

pain cries from the vault  
weep blossom in blood  
torture kill the beast  
leave shadows of grief

ther's black, silent marching in the forest  
mute destruction in silent graves dwell

red, longgone evening  
through a wall of stone  
your laughter in the dark  
see the stars saturn red

red