

# Hymn For The Chosen Ones

**Darkside**

UNDER DARK RUINS OF GRIEF  
SHADOWS OF DEADANGELS PLAY  
AND MY SILENCE IS A BLACK SKY  
FACES OF DEATH BENEATH

INTOXICATED BY PAIN  
ANGELS REST IN ROOMS

IN DUSK MANKINDS RUINS ROT  
ANGELS WITH FILTH STAINED WINGS  
HUMILITY SILENT BLEEDS  
AS GOLDEN GRIEF FADES AWAY

LIGHT`S SHIMMERING VEIL  
DIM AND DRAPED STIGMATA

AND A CALL ECHOED IN TIME  
IS A HYMN FOR THE CHOSEN ONES

AND A CALL ECHOED IN TIME  
IS A HYMN FOR THE CHOSEN ONES  
FOR A SAVIOUR IS NOT IN SIGHT  
SING THE HYMN TO THE CHOSEN ONES

THERE; WHERE THE DEAD LIE  
ANGELS WOULD WASTE A TEAR  
RAVENS FLY WITH CORRODING WINGS  
DRIVEN BY IMMENSE DESIRE

STARING UP IN EMPTINESS  
SUNKEN COLOURS MOVE

MAGNIFICENT VEIL OF BELIEF  
STIMATIZED ANGELS IN UTTER DECAY  
DEEP RIVER SILENTLY BREATHES  
RAISING EMACIATED HANDS

THROUGH MYSTIC INFINITIES