

Decline of Worlds

Devilyn

The last night is coming
Come into being o! Immortals
And sing the song of eternity,
Wake the mortals up - it's time.

Prostate yourselves - dead fools
Decaying carrions by life -
Soak your hatred in,
Rub leavings of day from eyes off

It's time - bell of Apocalypse has rung
Songs of immortals soaks fear in.
Bewitched words, the dead's speech,
Whisper of demented, enslaved souls.

Disentered, I'll prayers
Slept in crypts of time.
Regenerate in destruction
Let the worlds hum the song.