

The Shadows of Acheron

Devilyn

Destroy the whole evil in pupils
Of the madness of that world
Let the felicity of the hatred
Embrace people's wounded souls
Cod into the depth of the darkness
And come with your mind
To the place hat the eye sight does not reach
Smell fetoring and soaking with the hatred
The abyss of the eternal condemnation
Gather the power of those
Who died before the origin of mankind
And call the ruler of the nonenity of the earth
Which will crivive from the capital of the empire
Of the darkness
From dark city of Acheron
What still sounds in evil legends
To touch the world by his power
And like the wind of death
Fill the dead lungs
XANTOTUL
This world sounds like
South of death bird at midnight
So not utterit
Because the life will scater like a dream
And nightmares will come into power come true
And will be fed with their blood