

# An Alignment Of Dead Stars

## Drowning the Light

In the woods of despair  
Sits the devil's heir  
At the crossroads of death  
Taking his final breath  
His pact with the master  
An otherworldly disaster  
As he seals his own fate  
His crushed spirit can relate

To the horrors this modern world holds  
This time of morality and sanctimonious mold

For his soul now belongs to HIM  
For his essence is pure blackness  
For his being is now ROT

A black eclipse in his heart  
An alignment of dead stars  
And the blood spilt at the crossroads  
Has brought him to this place  
He no longer lives in torment and depression  
His essence with emotion severed  
He is truly free...