

# The Cult Of Shadows

## Drowning the Light

A shadow is cast across the cracks of the aging stone wall  
An engulfing darkness unfurling it's tendrils as the sun sets  
The birth of a new night... The birth of a new dark  
Those who stalk the night  
Those who still know the call  
Those who stay and fight  
They shall never fall  
The right hand of our master  
Spewing his words and feeding him souls  
The cult of shadows & ghosts if the south congregate on these darkest nights  
As slithers of moonlight glimmer through the shattered windows  
of this ruined church the ritual takes place.  
The flies swarm and all matter of nature turns black  
A millenia of bloodshed under the crippled yoke of the white light faith  
As the stars burn out in our eyes and the smoke of the final candle dies  
As the chanting fades in the distance, this pact is with us for life.  
The absolution of the darkest Power.