

Vampyre (The Broken Dirge Of Aristocracy)

Drowning the Light

Amongst the frozen stars
the desolate winds of death merge
and those of ancient blood awaken.
The soil and ground are pushed aside from within the crypt
rotten fingers with talon like nails lift the spectre out of his
hole
Those who chant for the holocaust of man
whose eyes are lifeless and hollow
teeth rotted into jagged tips
from years of praying on the weak
hidden from the world
A world which will now be taken back!
To long in the shadows has this foul apparition been forgotten
To long in the shadows this rancid soul has been haunting

A disjointed stride in torn noble attire
to an aristocratic broken dirge
the hideous visage of that which was cursed from god
the melancholic aura of injustice
and the hunger for the wine of life
snakes, bats, rats & flies his familiar
VAMPYRE VAMPYRE VAMPYRE
this night is yours again
VAMPYRE!!