

'Tis the Sound of Tempest That Drowns Us Out

Enochian Crescent

Raged and burned
Longer than the stars in the sky
The Fiend shall conquer
Turn away your heads

Blackened and shattered
Terrible and sublime
Man is the source
Of his own downfall

Splintered rock, Rise of the hurricane
Break the bonds, Blood-lies of humanity
Ride the Fiend, Sun-souled and soaring upwards
There is no tomorrow, Just a burning tomb

The madness has black eyes
And flaming hair, wears a smile
His kingdom, incandescent
Brimstone and charcoal skies

Mankind, its plucked out eyes
And Rotten mouth, wears a frown
Its kingdom, a whispering wind
Mild breeze on the brow of the dead

'Tis the sound of the tempest
That drowns us out

A cremation ground
Ensnared and murdered by flames
The protruding tongues
Lick the smouldering flesh

World is burning
Afire and churning
Alloces' alluring funeral fire

Fure, the sound of the tempest
The cry of the tempted
Drown us out