

# '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