

A Winter Solstice Eve

Ethereal Pandemonium

Seeds of the plague were rooted deep,
Branches of malice grew above mountains majesty,
Blood innocent was turned to wine,
Flowing from wounds of ancient fathers of mine.

Prophecies of flesh I now reveal,
Under twilight skies of ebony,
In the name of God and their belief,
They killed and ordered me to kneel,
But now they'll taste my will...

Ravens, gather flesh for feast,
Rip hearts out of the bodies of our hated enemies,
Tonight is the winter solstice eve
and damn, if I shall ever believe

Nation, the dirge for thee now I must sing,
an everlasting elegy...
Of wonders I dream every night and day
that the suffering one day shall pass away...
But yet on my feet standing I remain,
With hope I stare at the sleeping stones that once my brother w
ere...
Awake...

Blinded by wrath, walking rage path,
For gods that were dethroned by messengers of death
Enslaved... Thus deep...
Vengeance is wine, the darkest sign,
Dead nation's sons are gathered under heavens of thine
Enslaved... Thus deep...

This is the soil, whereupon my temple once stood,
And these the ruins, surrounding this place of doom,
Footsteps of time couldn't harm this testimony,
Shall forever remind of the Winter Solstice Eve...