

A New Light

Funeral Mist

Tidal wave!
Blood and black, the second sinner dreams today...
Dying waters, pregnant darkness,
and there will be strange events in
theskiesintheskiesinthe-
skies,
"REVENGE!"
the blood of Abel cries,
I swallow the dust of a thousand deaths,
in search for the word that can lay waste to the world.

My throat is a thousand open graves,
thousand cataclysms, thousand open graves,
Yes, I am the perfect image of God,
Come hither, soul, I am the way!
Iure divino, I am the way! Ecce signum, I am the way!
To both above and below, so then because thou art lukewarm,
and neither cold nor hot,
I will spue thee out of my mouth,
out of my Eden,
into a world of gravity gone mad...
Thy famous pillars topyle,
thy candlestick removed,
thy roots are dried up.

A new sun, O golden Death!
The sons of the red earth must face our rays, sun of perdition,
O dawn of ash, and there will be strange events in-
theskiesintheskiesinthe-
skies,
"AGAIN!"
The blood of Cain replies,
I swallow the dust of a thousand deaths,
in search for the word that can lay waste the world.

Now let thy blood speak unto the Lord
"MY BLOOD IS SILENT!" cried the whore,
I inhale the song of a thousand wounds, in search for Redemptio
n.