

## White Aura Buried In Ashes

Horna

Burn, aura blessed in white kingdom whereby angels flied.  
From thy fall we drink, a light buried now in ashes, benighted.

Be them farewelled with an strike of axe  
For in them lurks the christian hoax  
From times bygone, (still we had) forgotten how lacks  
Their morals which now brokes.  
Burn, home made for him  
Whom no longer dwell therein  
Where angels flied, where angels rejoiced.  
There where the light was raped...  
By darkness.