

In The Darkness

In Solitude

The mass passed on through the mist
A procession of dark coats
Held high the crucifix

The darkness grew formless
With secret mysteries
The vast night revealed it's face
Over the long dead trees

The darkness thrived relentless
The black mass they were all nameless
They spoke the words of elder kings

In the darkness
At the hill
In shapes of demons
With urge to kill

Dark bells were tolling
The conjunction had begun
The procession moved on slowly
Into the beyond!

The darkness thrived relentless
The black mass they were all nameless
Ancient demons unfold their wings

Still the rain kept falling
The mass passed on through the mist
A procession of dark coats
Held high the crucifix