

Across the Abyss Ancient Horns Bray

Inquisition

Through cosmic chaos,
through burning stars,
abyss horns now bray.

The dark is calling
infernal beings
on paths of fire.

The valleys open
where mountains rise
and winds are moaning.

A past is hidden
where moon rays shine
like astral light.

"Deep in the shadows
wings take to flight
through clouds of chaos
where stars die."

The kingdom closes
through which I fly
as darkness opens.

Our Earth has opened
as lunar craters
become infernos.

As ancient hymns call
I sing the song
in caves of sorrow.

The echoes wander
with lifeless moan
as horns are braying.

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