

## Darkzone Martyrium

Limbonic Art

Dominus Spiritus Sathanas,  
Dominus Virtus  
Dominus Spiritus Virtus Sathanas  
Cruel are the eyes of the tyrant  
And his heart is abounded to pain  
In pleasures of agony and torture  
As he begs to bleed in vain  
I perish in my own desire  
I burn within lusting hate  
Destructively the winds inspire  
The soul to terminate  
I ride the ancient overture  
As life is torn astray  
I glance the illusive spectrum  
And all light that fades away  
Black energies in the twilight space  
Comes shivering through the shallow haze  
Into darkness so impure divine  
A bloodshed emotion to evil wine  
Darkzone martyrrium, endless vast mysterium  
Give to me the blessing, when I meet my destiny  
Ruin is all there is to feel,  
and the cold reality if steel  
Life slips through your fingers