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 martyrium, 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