

In Mourning Mystique

Limbonic Art

Darkness

I seek the silence that you bring
Grant me thy sacred gifts
Bestow my soul thy offerings

I kneel in front of thy altar black
Let the ancient forces of nature rule
Take my blood as the sacrifice
A symbolic faithful bond of truth

When you look into a n abyss, the abyss also look into you

Tonight I enter into obscure dreams
In darkness shelter, I am unseen

With the esoteric gifts I possess
I bring damnation by enforcing death

In the beginning of the storm
Till come forth

An arrival into a twilight reverb
As just a shadow of the former self
Sorrow is my name
My true essence is pain

Hear the mourning of the mendacious
From the empty halls and shafts
Of false blinding light
Prepare the last sacrifice (on the altar)
In the temple of decay
Please spare me from the final agony of shame

I am evil from the moment of conception