

Pits Of The Cold Beyond

Limbonic Art

As the shadow of
Dark angels fall
From the grace of light
I am carried in the arms of death
Into the night

The universe unveils
A glowing entrance to doom
Next to the setting sun and
The rising moon
Wine of life streams
In faint nocturnal screams

As the rivers run red
From the wrath of Armageddon
And the wine of life is shed
Into the pits of the cold beyond

Timor et tremor venerunt super me
At the time when the sun emerges from the dark
In limbo a star shines and in silver it sparks
I search my soul as darkness burn
For a shadow it shall return
From the pits of the cold beyond

Timor et tremor
Venerunt super me
Et aligo cecidit super me