

The Black Hearts Nirvana

Limbonic Art

Hallowed be the darkness that coronates my soul
Deep within its shelter I seek my highest goals
I shall release what is conquered
From which that I now posses
All life force is abandoned
Into the arms of death

Beyond the great dark adventures
In streams from the vast mysteries
Limbonic spheres enclose me
My star is the death of memories

I dwell in a mournful symphony
As I prepare for the cosmic funeral
The body yearns for dormancy
My spirit awaits to be set free

The black vanity I'm romancing
Within the obscurity
I've found my rest where cold emotions reign
And evil dreams of desultory

Through lifetime I've reached for the candle
In search for the legends of time
Cause how many moments is'nt a century
When everything dies behind the eyes
Cause how many moments is'nt a century
When everything inside just dies