

Failing Wings

Naglfar

There will be no beauty
The secrets of the unborn
An angel's cries with its shattered wings
The holy blood is spilled

I fell from grace, I fell into the deepest abyss
The evocations wrath hit me like a fist
To burst out in scars of distant grief
The August flames swallowed me with its kiss

Never to be found is the key to purgatory
I felt the winds of death and its fury
They approached from the halls of sacred duty
The fall of daylight has begun

From the ruins of my domain
They gathered with a pagan oath
To reign these walls for aeons
Hungry for the bewinged
The fullmoon I adore and its victory
I raise my hands with their blood in me

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The fullmoon...