

Wall Of Voices

Necare

A deep and dreamless sleep unite... This Fragile heart and sacrifice... To cut the throat in praise of sin... A bastard lie begets the end... There is no life but that death allows... There is no will above the gnawing, writhing worms... It takes us all both young and old... A wall of voices seething cold... Shapeless forms scurry amongst shadows entwined... Bearers of anguish exist within this desolate heart... Breathing within its walls, I hear them faintly moaning... A choir of all faith departed....infernally droning... The language of the dead, the ones whom the light has forsaken... Abandoned in tenebrous dream, never to awaken... A fleeting glimpse of hell, before I drown below... In darkest waves of ebony, death is all I know...