

# The Knots Upon the Thread of Fate

Nokturnal Mortum

A groan of dark wood throughout my daring soul  
Rides like a wild hunt and falls like mountain stream of thoughts  
A gloom that stole the soil emorisoned buried land inside itself  
Strangled in embrace of dusk without fresher gulp of life  
Its palms upon the tremor of the rind without a vile call of weakness and pain  
The better taste of blood and chill of death, the proud songs of wind  
Branches the lands of dead they seize its lead with fears  
Deah is not dreadful while you are young  
Or when being old you want to pass away  
Still his lands reak out for the stars searching for the Thread of Skjuld  
Be you the winged one your fate is not to for rot in grave  
But he spits poison afraid of his own shadow  
Sign of Enuy is a true stigma of egoism  
Always drunk of false optimism  
Death and vice its lesson it missed  
A call of madness a heap of misunderstandings  
Its morals and principle are left to rot in dirt  
One gathers mud he's living fast  
Smashing hands to blood from the senceless spite  
One stakes himself and throws a coin  
While staring at the gun one looks into her eyes  
One finds defence beneath worm's ominous star  
He feeds its blood to parasite poisoned buried in the dust of time  
And wind still howls against this silence he steals the weering  
s from the ancient woods  
When Lady Sorrow kiss the graveyards, she feeds the burial beast with the wine of blood  
And the devil still laughs and hisses greedy breaks his fangs in the malicious grins  
Replacing with daydreams the likeness of life for creature that feeds upon the lifes  
While someone is fighting the other is just spitting there are also the ones laughing at them both  
One losts himself in the search for passion another one shall bury his love in crypts of inmost fears  
Death with a Scythe would banish hope rip open a rotten soul with storms  
A desert demon shall die by drops of rain and feed the lost soul with its poisoned blood