

A race suppressed by oath and seal.
The ancient tribe, it groans.
This cold life released us from the physical plane of the human
race.
Closing the lines.
Pave the way, to destroy the light of their day.
Disgusting, thriving on the sun.
Teeth they grind, waiting for the planets to align.
Take back what belongs to the dominant being.
Congregate spilling blood.

We are the dark, that feed upon the living in solid shadow.
Conquer the earth, and bleed the carbon masses in solar shadows
.

As the cool wind blows, feel the ice grazing over skin.
On a chilled horizon, rides the destiny of our poor and foolish
kind.

From the sun into the deep we go.
Leaving all known from above this lightless world.
The humans sleep, while violently commanding "darkness flee the
dream."
Foreboding waves, unclear, crash on seas.
Drawing night.

Dimensions collide, while the creature resides inside of us all
.
There's something evil pulsing to life that has been repressed
by civil tides.
Open the barrier lines.
A race suppressed by their repeal.
The ancient tribe still groans.
Emotion receding as the beast grows.
We boast the dark, unholy, presence abound.

We are the darkness around.