

Risus Ex Mortuus

Rigor Sardonicus

Sleep as you descend and fly away beyond
The earth's crimson soul forgotten by god
Unheeded dreams in nightmares abound
As the flesh wither and fall to the ground

The darkened Abyss of wretched unlife
Of rigid, cold flesh so horrid in sight
Life is now lost among this putrid decay
Lost, gloriously lost, is the warmth of the day

Gone is all life
Sleep without dreaming
Farther beyond hope
Pleading in suffrage

As the violet rose dies in the night the frost beckons the cold

Weep as ye may lie; a rapture in Twilight
The life of Death draws near and clutches your feeble heart
Sever your life holding your breast
Cherish the silence for Death grants no rest

In the Forest of Shadows
The autumn shrills alone and weeps
In the depths of shivered earth
Death in life shall arise

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As the flesh wither and fall to the ground

Serenity entails your empty shell
As divine grace granted salvation
In the likeness of Death as a soul without
Await the last birth of Creation

Hidden from disgrace
Borne of Damnation
The golden trumpet heralds
The rising of unlife

In this damned Twilight of the final Apocalypse
A rose shall never be born