

Forged in the fires of our distorted selves
The burning victims of our self-proclaiming Hell

Invading, assailing
New darkness once more unveiling
Beneath the blanket of a thousand stars...

Condemned to a future that none foretold
In one perpetual midnight of the soul

Waning and cascading
Our strength is utterly failing
Beneath the cosmos of our shattered dreams

What brings the end
What will bring forth the Night
What kills the soul
Would surely be worth the fight

"What will be lost
What will remain
When life and death
Have become one and the same..."

We who once reached for the skies dreaming we could fly...

We welcome the darkness
We welcome the new age
We welcome all the throes from our past mistakes
As long as one day it will all end
For we are bound for death...

No more than fumes of the ires that once befell
No more than ghosts in the shells that we now dwell

Waning and cascading
The world beneath us is falling
Yet our grim cadavers continue marching on and on...

What brings the end
What will bring forth the Night
What kills the soul
Would surely be worth the fight

So we could leave
This Hell called life
This undying world
Finally behind