

# Blood Vaults (I - Thy Virginal Malodour)

The Ruins of Beverast

Red moon returns...

For the blood that dried on the dungeon walls  
For centuries of insidious estrangement  
That witnessed a slow disfigurement of pale faces

Unfamiliar with perversions to desecrate  
Their pious deeds

Red moon returns...

To rip open the scars of the soul that vowed  
Laid bare for burning  
Like a process of moult

Sanctified flesh breeds dense crimson fume  
And reeks...

An eerie procession  
Descending into darkness godforsaken  
Intoning solemn psalms of sadism and malevolence  
Sing to sleep tormented bodies that writhe in horror  
Leave flesh ghastly perished, and screams fading unheard

Red moon returns...

Lets the mind be swallowed  
That addicts to claustrophobia  
Thus it is written in unread books...

And may the bells awake the residual days  
Merely wounds are to be licked  
That weep with blood, not with wine.