

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.