

Black Harmony

Thyrane

I once walked in shadowland. I heard the howls of a hundred wolves,
how they sung with severed forgotten winds, the shivering twilight anthem.
A rising storm, I first thought, but the caves of cliffs, forests,
mountains resounded the same tunes, nightspirit symphony.

Those tunes darkly penetrate my heart, that's where they came from.
The black harmony mesmerized my mind. It was as if I've joined a choir of ancient dark desires.
I heard the whispers. Fire embraces.

I faded into strange silence, and ardently sacrificed to the nocturnal voices.
With blood on my hands, I hailed my master.
Thou can hear the howls from sable dimensions, which the night can't resist.
Wander as the lost with unholy harlots...sin's miracles.

Hark...your instincts are gone. Thou lived in knowledge of lies,
in the words of weak.
Calls for fettered waves, far away to unknown shadows, feeling the distance to the light.
When the dreams of the believers died, thy christian soul, the wolves slept unsad.

May the silent whispers beyond the light, fascinatingly reach many paths,
Sans goal.

In the eternal night towards storming seas, in infinity undaunted eternity,
Fullmoon's nocturnal ceremony, fortress of shadows.
Night, assembly hall of possession...extolled black harmony.

Above the clouds, above my soul, the sky turns blacker by enthralled dreary caw.
Darkness bare the eyes of a raven swarm,
it's time to spread the wings and fly to the crowd of dignity.
Gliding through the gates of times, feel the ecstasy of symphonic might,
in this earth of sacred, I'm surrounded by the fools ecclesiastical.

Over the blackened sacrifice, over the darker lands.
I lay my throne, founding the deepest thoughts from beyond this

mortal world.
The malignant visions, sardonic howls guide me to the vicious dark destiny:
nightspirit symphony, embracing my soul in eternity.

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...nightspirits symphony-eternal might.