

# Funeral of World

Black Sun Aeon

I am the wanderer of soul with untroubled mind  
And the last of my kind  
I am the final one, last man standing

I have become????

The freezing moon upon the gates of damnation  
With luminance of wrath  
Northern lights reveal the one destruction  
Covering the air

We all die alone in the funeral of world  
The burial of ash  
Last coffin nails  
Six inch long  
Six men lower  
Six feet under  
Into the grave so cold

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I am the final one, last man standing  
I have become????

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