

Fallen heroes in my journey of death
These shattered souls of loss
Guiding the trail of forgotten past
As their moaning chants arise

Cold yet alive - left to arise

I proceed down the river of blood
My dead heart races on
And I feel more alive than ever
Can this be my path to home?

Cold yet alive - left to arise

Age of stone lost in a realm of doom
Souls of black roam these lonely halls
I return to the throne of dust and it seems to be alive
Ashes and bones forever my future holds

Draped in sin, hollow eyes
Endless Procession of Souls
Guiding the spirits away from the light

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