

# Cry of the Serafim

Naglfar

Pride cometh before the fall  
And he fell hard  
Into the dark  
Into our waiting arms  
Our blades have hungered  
And lo, the Serafim bleeds

Words of sin  
Carved deep into angel skin  
Thus the end begins

Gaze upon his father's temples  
Now laid to waste  
No place of worship  
In this forsaken place  
His herds are hunted  
Behold, the lambs fall prey

And so his cries were heard  
All around the world

Blood soaked and torn  
Struggling for breath  
Upon his battered celestial form  
An aura of death  
Once bound to the highest of thrones  
Flagellate the holy flesh  
Six wings shorn away from its bones  
Feathers now fall in crimson rain

Unto the night of nights an offering  
A divine sacrifice  
In his eyes a dying light  
Such a wondrous sight  
The sinews and flesh are shattered  
By the crushing blows  
And the tattered remains discarded  
To the hungering depths below