

## Failing Wings

Naglfar

There will be no beauty  
The secrets of the unborn  
An angel's cries with its shattered wings  
The holy blood is spilled

I fell from grace, I fell into the deepest abyss  
The evocations wrath hit me like a fist  
To burst out in scars of distant grief  
The August flames swallowed me with its kiss

Never to be found is the key to purgatory  
I felt the winds of death and its fury  
They approached from the halls of sacred duty  
The fall of daylight has begun

From the ruins of my domain  
They gathered with a pagan oath  
To reign these walls for aeons  
Hungry for the bewinged  
The fullmoon I adore and its victory  
I raise my hands with their blood in me

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The fullmoon...