

The Dying Flame of Existence

Naglfar

Here, at the dying Flame of Existence.
As your mortal coil withers and fades.
With A sigh the great black opens.
The final Journey is about to begin.

Into the Night we all shall wander.
Across barren fields of no Hope.
Blind in the Darkness we're crawling.
Through the rotting bog that claims our Souls.
We now must go.

Faceless Shadows now watching.
Their Presence so somber and cold.

On this Journey that seems to be endless.
Every painful step takes its toll.
Burdened by A million Voices.
It's the cries of the lost down below.

It serves as A guide, it is our beacon.
With resolve we must follow their call.
Through the black Mud we struggle.
Onwards to A Fate unknown.

Lifeless Sculptures prostrating.
The cursed broken Spirits of old.

Struggling through Darkness.
In search of the Void.
In tattered shrouds and forsaken.
We, the fallen, move on.

Night oh Night, to Death's delight.
It comes for all at Life' demise.
The promised Land is but A Lie.
We're all doomed to expire.

Night oh Night, eternal Night.
It comes for all at Life' demise.
The Flame inside, once burning bright.
Its Light has faded and died.

And After Lifetimes of trials and Misery.
We arrive at our final abode.
At the swirling pit of countless Souls.
Where we vanish into its Mass of Oblivion.

Night oh Night, to Death's delight.
It comes for all at Life' demise.
The promised Land is but A Lie.
We're all doomed to expire.

Night oh Night, eternal Night.
It comes for all at Life' demise.
The Flame inside, once burning bright.
Its Light has faded and died.