

Amongst the Vultures

Agathodaimon

He hears the call which destines his fall
A fire burns that slowly pierces his soul
And now the tide turns
The blackest flame still burns
Immortally he's waiting so unconcerned

Before the blade penetrates his skin
A versant cloud enwraps his body
Slowly and dreadfully
A subtle cut brings livery

His path of blasphemy
Atrocious angels lead his way
To apathy, an apathy revealed by sway
By Cain's force assigned, ferocious demons crawl to mate
Black altar wine flows to blur his fate

Beyond the veil, amongst the vultures
Beneath the sky, he lives his dream

Inside his veins throbs mortal poison
The netherworld has opened its gates
Wide and enormous, a final cut brings liberty

The candles leave their set
All sounds extinguish in the dark
No hope and no regret
Silence rules his heart
No whisper sent to god
Abysmal hate turns to dismissal
Cold becomes hot
His soul leaves in a glorious bliss

He hears the call which destines his fall
A fire burns that slowly pierces his soul
And now the tide turns-
The blackest flame still burns
Immortally he's waiting so unconcerned

Inside his veins the poison dries
The netherworld has closed its gates
Amongst the vultures
He will make all his dreams come true