

Seven Whispers Fell Silent

Arsis

Seven whispers silent
On scathing winds the seven whistlers tune
Seven cries, blinded eyes
Bade the choke on the night
Beneath the stare of a cold and blood-dimmed moon

Alaster, avenging one
Guide my path
Live in me, exist to be
The festering wounds upon the savior's wrists
Calculating the murderous plot for the dozen to fall

The seven shall sleep forever
Unhallowed graves left unmarked
Five soon to join them
And with their blood anoint them
Evident the feebleness of dog

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