

Cold Bone Grasp

Aura Noir

wading through the lake of flames
the scratch of its frail caress
gorges of sinister depths
where souls wept

swirling in the fall
seismic ripples on the fields
the chanting black echoes
are pining for the shadows

uh!
common!

prehistoric worship resonates
in the great grey expanse
entangled and weighed down
by the lapse of time

the sand swallows up the men
the shriek of their cancelled eyes
shouting through the monuments
pining for the shadows

prehistoric worship resonates
in the great grey expanse
entangled and weighed down
in a cold bone grasp