

In Deathlike Silence

Azaghal

Here at the edge of the world
Born under the darkest light
Beyond the grace of god
Baptized in blood and ice

Born to break stones for the lord
Oppressed between the giants
Those who left their hands unstained
Unworthy of the true light of darkness
When you are nothing but dust and bones
May we breath silently again

"And I saw the pilars come rumbling down
In the desecrated temple of your false god"

You call it sick devotion
I call it salvation

The Windraped soil lies in deathlike silence
Above the choir of spirits screams
Behold the swarm of black birds
They shall peck your bones clean

My flesh is poisoned from within
Cursed by my own blood since birth
But once more I shall arise in sin
Destroy the thrones of light, let the darkness in

"your holy scriptures, nothing but a pile of ashes
Moldering in embers of our unholy black fire"

You call it sick devotion
I call it salvation