

The Rain

Brymir

As the martyrs tremble
With fears of the torment awaiting
Their stakes are looming
Turning pride to remorse
But the choice Is made

Their righteous piety fading
For their souls shall burn at dawn
Will their God be waiting?
Like the sun of death:
Demise!
About to rise

No phoenix rising

"Black fire consumes us
Enslaves us to unbearable pain
Can't anyone end me
And send my soul away?"

In the howls and whispers of the dying
You hear me scream:
"Grant me the gift of death"

No phoenix rising