

There Was Neither Ground Nor Firmament (Precipe Gaped)

Crionics

I know I hung on a windy trunk
All nine nights, wounded by thorns
On the trunk being grown out of roots
Of tree unknown to me

I know I looked down, learned runes
Screaming I collapsed into its shadows
I learned nine mighty spells
Read out of ancient stones

Fed on hate, drunk with blood of dead
I started being produced
And growing up with power

One word for the second found the third for me
One deed for the second was searching
For the third for me

I spread terror and pain, tortures and death
In this strange place of the end my time had come
Tired with ruling the evil I'm freezing
Like a bird braided between branches

[lead: Skotniczny]