

Darkened

Demigod

I see the soul of my god
In darkness I must find
From the shadows of the time
I crush the master in his realm

In the path of god
Evil awakes
Primitive creation
My fool guardian, I must end

I bring the torment for the living
Corpses screaming in obsession
The gates of rotting dead opened
The world shall now be darkened

Perishment of existence
A desert of sinister decay
Journey of grief
Carrying the remains in tears
Rotting of the weak
Dark hills buried in souls

Dimensions of divine death
I behold the stream of blessedness
In blood the birth drowns
Dark lords predict for moaning souls

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