

An Alignment Of Dead Stars

Drowning the Light

In the woods of despair
Sits the devil's heir
At the crossroads of death
Taking his final breath
His pact with the master
An otherworldly disaster
As he seals his own fate
His crushed spirit can relate

To the horrors this modern world holds
This time of morality and sanctimonious mold

For his soul now belongs to HIM
For his essence is pure blackness
For his being is now ROT

A black eclipse in his heart
An alignment of dead stars
And the blood spilt at the crossroads
Has brought him to this place
He no longer lives in torment and depression
His essence with emotion severed
He is truly free...