

Where the Sun Is Silent

Goatwhore

Submissive to death in a wakeless sleep
No breath to be heard, no light to retreat

With wings of black, the raven summons the night
In vaults of doom, buried beneath the moon, alone I lie

On darkened shores in coldness entwined
Enter this primal void of the devil's design

Splendor of this decay, manifest unearthly rites
Call forth the darkness, dressed in the blackest of nights

Release my soul in this descent, grasp of a decayed journey
Elude this gluttonous skies, corrupted with mercy

Unearth this starless realm of dreamless sleep
Weave the final space between life and death
Binding consent of this macabre affair
Impregnate the darkness with my final breath

Submissive to death in a wakeless sleep
No breath to be heard, no light to retreat

With wings of black, the raven beckons the night
From this cursed tomb, below the moon, crowned I rise

Filtered vision of this lifeless silence
Emerge from the cosmic trance
Submit to the cleansing dark, in death I will be reborn