

White Aura Buried In Ashes

Horna

Burn, aura blessed in white kingdom whereby angels flied.
From thy fall we drink, a light buried now in ashes, benighted.

Be them farewelled with an strike of axe
For in them lurks the christian hoax
From times bygone, (still we had) forgotten how lacks
Their morals which now brokes.
Burn, home made for him
Whom no longer dwell therein
Where angels flied, where angels rejoiced.
There where the light was raped...
By darkness.