

## The Calling

Limbonic Art

In sarcophagus sleep embraced by night so mystic deep  
Through my minds I see from the grace of clairvoyancy  
Into the secret garden of disharmonia  
Black antique chambers of morbid euphoria

As a precursor of death my ghoul proceed  
In black cosmic material and sepulchral symphonies  
I cross dimensions unseen to ride on the axis of dreams