

Outermost

Messa

We come out from your everyday graves
We want your death, no matter how
As your cry and try to escape
Smoke rises from the ground

The night sky turns violet and green
We bow our souls under the ground
As your clear eyes bleed
Until we hear the howl

The fountain of invocation
The fountain of evil

The black chants are growing their sound
Your inner temple is falling down
We will be dancing on your graveyard
Singing a hail song to the stars

The fountain of invocation
The fountain of evil

The fountain of invocation
The fountain of evil