

Cerecloth

Naglfar

Old shadows rise
And shroud the world in blackest night
In bitter hearts once confined

Trapped deep inside
Since before the dawn of time
Now free to poison mankind

Futility
It feeds the grasp of lethargy
Life slowly comes to a grinding halt
Words of sanctity
Turned into inanities
And faith is naught but dust

The reaper's breath
A crushing weight upon their chest
No reason left to exist

Seek comfort in the blade
In herds they walk along their way
The path towards an early grave

A cancerous plague begot
Spreads dread and spiritual rot
And the stench of cerecloth
Thus follow in its wake
As man succumbs to its dismal fate

A cancerous plague begot
Spreads dread and spiritual rot
And the stench of cerecloth
In this place now resides
As all things slowly die inside

Silence looms
The testament of our demise
A barren tomb forever cursed

Chalice of doom
Poisoning the fountain of life
For none shall walk the earth