

## 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