

Cry of the Serafim

Naglfar

Pride cometh before the fall
And he fell hard
Into the dark
Into our waiting arms
Our blades have hungered
And lo, the Serafim bleeds

Words of sin
Carved deep into angel skin
Thus the end begins

Gaze upon his father's temples
Now laid to waste
No place of worship
In this forsaken place
His herds are hunted
Behold, the lambs fall prey

And so his cries were heard
All around the world

Blood soaked and torn
Struggling for breath
Upon his battered celestial form
An aura of death
Once bound to the highest of thrones
Flagellate the holy flesh
Six wings shorn away from its bones
Feathers now fall in crimson rain

Unto the night of nights an offering
A divine sacrifice
In his eyes a dying light
Such a wondrous sight
The sinews and flesh are shattered
By the crushing blows
And the tattered remains discarded
To the hungering depths below