

Of blood and time within these veins
Pulsing the dim, thundering...
Upon the pale horses crying, surreal
Beksinski's hooves cascading heaven
O blind fortune
Darkness favours the brave, the fallen... carrion
Bring forth the stars and tear down the sky

Blackest sister of Evenfall
From evening gown to armour
Your skin is so cold...
Onwards, bright eyes and gilded hearts
We rise and we fall
From fire to ice, blind in defiance
We race the sun...

O fortune, how long must we dirge to breathe life? How long?
How long?

Blackest sister of Evenfall
From evening gown to armour
Your touch is so cold...

Glorious tidings through sacrifice
The long hard road through hell... at what cost?
Pilgrims to kings, of nothing but pain
Our hands are full yet our hearts are empty

To the moths we pray, the crippled chorus... we despair
The rise, the rust of icons, o gods of dust within us

Blackest sister of Evenfall
From evening gown to armour
Forever ours...

O fortune, how long must we dirge to breathe life? How long? How long?
How long?

Cold, colder
Ghost light lips trace my scars
Serpents of the earth, feast... my heart
I decay
Colder, cold... decay