

Void Venture

Night In Gales

When blades turn to laughter
And crystalthorns call
It's time for all dungeongods to fall
The hearseughts are shut
All tenmiletongues cut.
Yet thousand wormsongs still ringin' through our guts
Right from the morgue into our minds
Like holehearted echoes
Through ashes meadows of time

We are the void
The blackfleshed nothing of unages to come
We are the emptiness
Our will be done

We are the shackles of life and summon it's fall
We are the confessions on each cold prison hall
We are the thorn in your eye, the holes in your hand
We are the napalm to burn this unhappy end

We are the void
The blackfleshed nothing of unages to come
We are the emptiness
Our will be done

Everything is falling
This world ain't built to last
Now cold shades come crawling
Black blood bleeds fast

The great fall has come for us all
A void venture, our closing call