

Obire Pestis

Sargeist

This morbid night melancholy
Moon of funerals broods
Mist rising from the swamps
Where superstitions are alive
Frogs and crickets please me
Though not long will my ears hear
Not long will I howl at the moon
The end already creeps on my tongue
Between old suffering trees
I still see that which reminding me
Of a time sorrow had reigned

With hope crushed underneath
A regent to the throne of black memory
Lost, forgotten and waiting for hell
Asking why I left at all
Where are my weapons and dreams

There is no death to save me
I have never lived
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Morbid night melancholy