

The Moon Growing Colder

Sargeist

The old moon over this Empire
Is growing colder and colder
The sargeist night spirit howls
Calling, surpassing distances

Remembering places, and pain
The shivering voice of my heart
It knows that silence waits...
Confined to nourish thirsty roots

From this cursed and fruitless soil
The trees of misery will sprout
Their rotten leaves forever chanting
A whisper of darkness and decay

The old moon over this Empire
Is growing colder and colder
The old moon over this Empire
Shining on my scattered bones