

Carnarium Eternal

Skeletonwitch

With everlasting passion dripping off the blade
Of the temple that we create
This lust drives us to, to devour any and all obstructions
We will march with hands on the cold blade
Dedication to the craft of spilling our blood onto the page

Rise

This black circus of death & blood is eternal
Writhing in the head
Driving us to the undying lustrous light of crimson eyes
The carnarium thrives evermore
Upon the blackened wings of the raven above this sacred ground
Dark ascension is inside

Ascension, I smell the scent of the wolves
Ascension, I hear the sound of the hooves

I will consume all that's in sight
Fearing nothing that lurks in the night
The carnarium is eternal
Giving its blessing to our wretched souls
Forevermore creating this blight
Dark ascension is inside