

Black Star

The Faceless

A thick shroud of death covers me like a blanket of lead
Panic!

The black star shines a light into the void, into the void
And hysteria!

Tightening their grasp

A sensation like drowning
Grips me inside, grips me inside
Stealing my vivacity
Grips me inside, grips me inside

A thick shroud of death covers me like a blanket of lead
Terror!

The black star shines a light into the void, into the void
And trepidation!

Tightening their grasp

The parading of horrors
Grips me inside, grips me inside
Draining my vitality
Grips me inside, grips me inside

Bringer of the night

Extinguisher of the light
Beckoned by the black flame
Drawn to its chaos
Violently descending, our thoughts betray us

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