

# Through the Velvet Black

Tribulation

This be the second feather  
Of a bird black as pitch  
A raven of death, another one of the intestines removed  
The shadowy gloom thickens, can you feel  
The call of the witch?  
The seas begin to roll, the earth begins to move

I turn the torch of life down against the dark soil  
I taste the wine of death and my blood starts to boil  
I quench the flame and the sky turns to night  
I float in the absence of light

The sweetness of dead, no misery nor woe  
We belong dead, dead where we are to go  
A cursed land, the wolverine father's seat  
Where the devil and his children  
Still walk with earthly feet

This velvet blackness  
There is a poison in my blood, in my soul  
This velvet blackness  
There is a poison in my heart, in my soul

Behold the pendulum's begun to swing  
The reek of death appearing, the darkness moving in  
I see the night is coming, it's carried by the wind  
A darkened sky before me, my monument of sin

This velvet blackness  
There is a poison in my blood, in my soul  
Come put your sweet disease in me  
Now burn in me, scourge the insides of me!

Boiling black blood  
Dissolving black blood  
Boiling black blood  
Coagulate black blood