

Ouroboros Dweller (The Dweller of Barathrum)

Varathron

A frozen flame rises
Every lightless night
By the voice of him
Mercury melting his internals

The aching soul
of the ancient dweller
Dweller of the abyss
In fury invokes us
Descending to his altar
Where he cares for everything
The demonic lord heralds
The night of ages
Darkness comes!

Eternal night
Vicious torments
Ruminant vortex
Of the unseen remembrance
Eternal night
Vicious torments
Ouroboros dweller
Grinds in the abyss!

Mantles like a desert
A voracious desert
Made of silver that glows
Under the ecstatic dead moon

Eternal night
Vicious torments
Ruminant vortex
Of the unseen remembrance
Eternal night
Vicious torments
Ouroboros dweller
Grinds in the abyss!

Desert that outspreads there
Where insanity embraces you
Touches you with her skeletal hands
And strangles you like an innocent soul

The primal of the abyss
And of all Barathrums
May wait for death, for birth