

Placious Echoes At Darkwoods You Greet ...Silvering Moon Between My S

Asgaroth

Great force that you created on earth,
Fulfilled with your lightning hand...
...of eternal knowledge, pure seed of fertile birth
Chained lies death at your side

She who tried to end our deeds
In vain she was proclaimed invict
But from her dark ashes she'll raise her arm
Giving her new triumphant deeds again

Weak humanity, raise your fists
Place your heads in eternal streams
And be as the brightning fire
To become immortal in it's pyre

Placious echoes at darkwoods you greet...
...silvering moon between my shadows
While, melancholical river psalmodies
Feed the sun's funeral pyre

Oh sorrow, cruel fellowship
Oh priestess in the vaults of death
Oh sweet & bitter (in a breath)
What whispers from thy lying lip?
'the stars'-she whispers-'blindly run'
As a web is woven across the sky
...from out waste places...
Murmurs from our dying sun
...as we cry
...from out waste places, we die...