

For They Ascend...

Asphyx

Where silence reigns and blackened is the day
Lurking deep down in a watery grave
An entity awaits its hundreth prey
As its only satisfaction is to maim

Many trophies, proving its skill
Disturbing the peace of a quite day
Or to strike at a stormy, rough night
Cutting the life-string and they'll bleed to death

It sneaks up from the cold depths of the upmost darkness
With patience, restrained bloodlust, yet eager to defy
Silent and determinated to reach out, cut-throat
Unsuspected, invisible, waiting, nocturnal curse

Prey in sight, lust for attack
The time has come to strike with strength
Releasing the harbringers of doom
Following their trail towards death

A violent explosion, disintegrated to the core
Debris descending from the darkened sky
Breaking of the spine, bursting of the skin
Another kill has been made