

Journeys Into Horizons Lost

Black Funeral

A heartbeat non-
existent, as I travel deep into this materialized plane
This negative force proceeds to drive me further into this lost
horizon

A bloodlust unfulfilled, a hunger for crimson fluid
The atmosphere around me grows as cold as a December night

The moon gallops into my mind, awaiting a fresh human kill
As a wolf I walk, smelling for blood
Eyes of a golden fire search
A traveler, I stumble upon, for he never heard my steps

My human form returns, blood spell of ancient flame
Draws me to this feast, white teeth sink deep

The searching for blood over, but it has just begun
Through my veins the blood runs, my immortal existence obtained
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