

Ripping Through the Aura

Black Funeral

Crimson hunger arising -
Spirit not encircled in flesh -
Gathered in the night cloaked in darkness -
To go forth where the sleeping lie - Gathering shadows -
Astral tendrils grow, black and darksome -
Within the center of my shadow -
Burning fire, crimson desire -
I hunger for life, I hunger for immortality -
To feast eternally on the blood of spirit -
The very essence of life itself -
No boundaries on the spirit plane -
We can rip through them -
Our tendrils of darkness reaching in to the body -
Tearing into the aura - Draining slowly -
Ecstasy and power - Hunger for life renown -
Arise in the form of draconis -
Arise in the form of the wolf -
The bat shall carry us on wings of night -
Burning center, the beast hungers within -
Must go forth to feed -
Tendrils rising, desire for drinking from the spirit of my prey
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Gathering shadows -
To go forth where the sleeping lie - Tearing into the aura