

# 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