

Funeral of World

Black Sun Aeon

I am the wanderer of soul with untroubled mind
And the last of my kind
I am the final one, last man standing

I have become????

The freezing moon upon the gates of damnation
With luminance of wrath
Northern lights reveal the one destruction
Covering the air

We all die alone in the funeral of world
The burial of ash
Last coffin nails
Six inch long
Six men lower
Six feet under
Into the grave so cold

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And the last of my kind
I am the final one, last man standing
I have become????

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