

The Cult Of Shadows

Drowning the Light

A shadow is cast across the cracks of the aging stone wall
An engulfing darkness unfurling it's tendrils as the sun sets
The birth of a new night... The birth of a new dark
Those who stalk the night
Those who still know the call
Those who stay and fight
They shall never fall
The right hand of our master
Spewing his words and feeding him souls
The cult of shadows & ghosts if the south congregate on these darkest nights
As slithers of moonlight glimmer through the shattered windows
of this ruined church the ritual takes place.
The flies swarm and all matter of nature turns black
A millenia of bloodshed under the crippled yoke of the white light faith
As the stars burn out in our eyes and the smoke of the final candle dies
As the chanting fades in the distance, this pact is with us for life.
The absolution of the darkest Power.