

Solitary Death in the Nocturnal Woodlands

Inquisition

Night of the black sorrowfull moaning winds blowing.
Through these melancholic woods how I feel so dead here,
sad and cold as I hear crypt sounds of moan.
Only thought of sorrow bring me down to the pits of bottomless
black.
In this endless extreme tomb of weeping sadness,
I am embraced by the cosmic force of night.
Pain dooming...death coming...
Shadows of misery are casted by
The fullmoon light and stars of hellfire shine.
Feeling the weak and enshrouded, shall I remain in grieving,
pain surrounded by lone.
Death I seek in solitary as I begin to hear the voices of melan
cholic doom.
Suicide in lonesome lands of endless.
Sadness burns within my final thought of shun.
Moan bleeding...die weeping...
Dying alone in the woodlands isolated
In my empire of solitary death.
Total sadness, total darkness, total coldness, total pain.
Satan I invoke you with my death under the black sky of night.
Dean, dead, satan I am dead...