

White Cold Wrath Burnt Frozen Blood

Mournful Congregation

Silence falls from its sleepless slumber
The night breeze falls to the dawn
Soundless, solemn, sun broken sky
Cried her dirges forlorn;

Through winding paths
White cold wrath burnt frozen blood

I long to writhe in your splendid exaltation
Let hands slither down your watery embasquement
And arouse the sleeping seraph, from certain mortal slumber
Wherein its treasures of inception, become a handbook for the dead
What doth lie behind the darkness of the closed eye?
From where doth the sun draw it's flames?

Answers float in circles, questions dissolve in light
1000 years of peace after, 10,000 years of misery
Arc of the angels, hewn by the sunlight dawn
Divine crescent burning black, shower the heavens and the earth
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Kindle the flame, Upon deaths and upon births.