

Ashes and Ends

Night In Gales

A mouthful of napalm, an eyeful of black, the age of unlight's
drawing near
a tongueful of wormwords, an earful of death, the season of the
scythe is here
a handful of nothing, a heartful of holes, these are the rhymes
no one should hear

here we are, declaring darkness with heart and hand
here we die, among the words of ashes and ends

a songful of sickness, a verseful of pain, the time of necrofev
er's near
a chordful of silence, a lineful of void, these are the tunes n
o one should hear

here we are, declaring darkness with heart and hand
here we die, among the words of ashes and ends

here we die again...

dead for a while, we ride the tombs of time
give death a chance, give me some doom, alright!