

## Darkzone Anthemn

### Night In Gales

this is the march of the beast  
headhunter's feast  
a hymn for those pulsing with this lustful disease  
bearing the marrow of thousand fattered nights  
the powers of thornfleshed death  
battlethirst and scarage wrath  
feel its fiery breath...

psychonauts of the darkzone we are  
a whorehorde born of a fatal formula  
crippled and crowned we strike the harp  
with crystalstrings razorsharp

the hunt is on !  
flee ere the bloodwork's done !  
guarded by dustdreams and evenfall  
down, down, down...  
to fornicate with this twilightcharade  
cofered upon us, chaossons, crystalblade's prey  
snared by paindomain escapades  
of flesh, filth and sulphurain  
amidst the orphaned seed of suns in twain

from now to never we hail ravenhordes and requiem  
eureka ! i am pain i am !