

Funeral Pyre

Thulcandra

Within the scars, our iron will prevail
Beyond all gloom, our victory ablaze
We gather, encounter, to summon our master
We conjure, bewail, and bemoan the final chapter

Within the voiceless ones, moonlight, and frozen suns
Beyond the vast abyss, we embrace a call of bliss
In blood red skies, a black flame shall arise
The void, enslaved, in wisdom purified
Moldered, and rotten, ascending northern lights
The thorns of lies, enchant in pitch-black nights

Funeral Pyre across the cosmic sea
Within the stars, remembrance recalls
Beyond all grief, we obtain our loss

Within the scars, our iron will prevail
Beyond all gloom, our victory ablaze
We gather, encounter, to summon our master
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Funeral Pyre with a glance you are set free