

# Nocturnal Funeral

Tiamat

In the fields of death at an hour of destruction the wind blew  
cold

A vast field of tombstones and cenotaphs all moisture-stained  
As I walked across the field I noticed a human circle formation  
Standing at the edge of a yet uncovered grave deep in mourn

Buried and forgotten  
In the dark and cold  
In the moisty ground  
Burial at night

Funeral

In the name of the father, the son and the antichrist  
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust to reign in death  
From the innermost depths of the open sepulcher  
I heard a human cry for life and freedom

"I was mortal but I am fiend, I was merciless  
My teeth shatter as I speak to you  
yet it's not with the chilliness of the night  
but this hideousness is insufferable"

That deep, hollow, inhuman voice echoed  
Echoed down from the pits of the uncovered grave  
The former human voice was now transformed  
The former human voice is now the voice of the fiend

Behold the vast formations of a funeral in the dark  
Behold with fear the signs after a nocturnal funeral