

Hallowed be the darkness that coronates my soul  
Deep within its shelter I seek my highest goals  
I shall release what is conquered  
From which that I now possess  
All life force is abandoned  
Into the arms of death

Beyond the great dark adventures  
In streams from the vast mysteries  
Limbonic spheres enclose me  
My star is the death of memories

I dwell in a mournful symphony  
As I prepare for the cosmic funeral  
The body yearns for dormancy  
My spirit awaits to be set free

The black vanity I'm romancing  
Within the obscurity  
I've found my rest where cold emotions reign  
And evil dreams of desultory

Through lifetime I've reached for the candle  
In search for the legends of time  
Cause how many moments isn't a century  
When everything dies behind the eyes  
Cause how many moments isn't a century  
When everything inside just dies