

Whirlwind Of Withered Blossoms

Kataklysm

(Chapter 2 - Forgotten ancestors)

Absent are the skies that tend the winds...

It overruns the enraged lands...

Surpassed beyond the life bonds...

Spitting forth it's blizzard of wars...

Of wars...of wars...wars...

One's belief and effort shall survive this...

Search the oldest form of wisdom that has been inscribed...

By the Codex life itself...

One's bloom will succeed by the whirlpool of the earth...

One's bloom will succeed by the whirlpool of the earth...

Unique is the way that balances our key, to negate the unliving...

Extraction...exclaims the wrath of the valley!

The geyser holes expulse their breaths...

Cold emptiness of the enchanted source.

That turns the ashes, reducing it to dirt...

As the underworld winds teleport the plague...

Upon the gargoyles supposed creation...

Creation...creation...creation...

Withered auras are stolen from their centered bodies...

An interiorisation blackened gate is born.

The arcs fade from their pounding sphere...

...Feelings vanished out of their world,

As hate was created onto their land...

Onto their land...onto their land...onto their land...

Screaming by mouths of the earth...

Hurls of bowling are cast from the hollows.

That break the sounds in their thoughts...

To lose control in themselves...

Unbound lividity...

Demonized gargoyles art what thou art...

To be forever soulless, burning...

Then thou are now weak in nature.

>From the rising dawn, you'll be converted horrors...

Of the well known bottoms...

Bottoms...bottoms...well known BOTTOMS...

One's blossoms revived the whirlwinded vortex...

Resurrect from the dryness of the underdepths...

But few found this reality...

By simply reading one's knowledge...in the heart's valley...

In the heart's valley...

The creators understood the meaning above their way,

Leaving behind the winged carrions...

To be forever deminished, burning...

Now forgotten as...now forgotten as...now forgotten as...

Now forgotten as...the ANCIENT ONES!

..One's ancient thee, as

Forgotten now...

As forgotten now... as forgotten now... as forgotten now...

Burning...burning...

Now forgotten as...now forgotten as...now forgotten as...

Now forgotten as...the ANCIENT ONES...

Songwriters

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