

Bestial Summoning

Nokturnal Mortum

The edge of continuity for dream and reality.
Shaman is dancing his dance of death;
the masks of the demonssurrounding me.
This is my wedding ritual that gives the violence.
The fog of the night, the dark water...
to run through the expanse of light.
The mysteries of civilizations
that left the Earth more of ten times return to me;
it gives no repose to me again and again.
Standing in the forestand seeing the atricities...
all is inside me, and it comes back in the dreams.
The shaman dances, the masks are waiting for its demon.
The knife is in my hand.
The fog... will never crawl away.
My words are devoured by the bestial of silence
and in invisible chains shackle my moves.
The dream continues it's gush to reality
and the shaman drums louder the rhytm to his dance of death.

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