

Upon the Dark Throne

Aura Noir

Upon the darkest of thrones the true God is visible
The filthy sound of ten thousand necro morbid deaths
Smear my body with your destructive visions deathWrithe in my bastard hellish tormented ego
Soak my veins in alcohol
Create the beast behind these armored walls
I shall not let others inSo pure the race
So cold but we tormented know
We know so fucking well
Not to hide yet to stay undergroundYou sit upon the darkest of thrones
Yet still remain as miserable, as necro
As evil, as hungry, as I

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