

Seven Whispers Fell Silent

[Arsis](#)

Seven whispers silent on scathing winds
The seven whistlers tune
Seven cries, blinded eyes bade the choke on the night
Beneath the stare of a cold and blood dimmed moon
Alaster, avenging one guide my path
Live in me, exist to be
The festering wounds upon the savior's wrists
Calculating the murderous plot for the dozen to fall
The seven shall sleep forever
Unhallowed graves left unmarked
Five soon to join them and with their blood anoint them
Evident the feebleness of dog
Seven whispers, silent on scathing winds
The seven whistlers tune
Seven cries, blinded eyes bade the choke on the night
Beneath the stare of a cold and blood dimmed moon

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