Darkzone Martyrium

Limbonic Art

Dominus Spiritus Sathanas,
Dominus Virtus
Dominus Spiritus Virtus Sathanas
Cruel are the eyes of the tyrant
And his heart is abounded to pain
In pleasures of agony and torture
As he begs to bleed in vain
I perish in my own desire
I burn within lusting hate
Destructively the winds inspire
The soul to terminate
I ride the ancient overture
As life is torn astray
I glance the illusive spectrum
And all light that fades away
Black energies in the twilight space
Comes shivering through the shallow haze
Into darkness so impure divine
A bloodshed emotion to evil wine
Darkzone martyrium, endless vast mysterium
Give to me the blessing, when I meet my destiny
Ruin is all there is to feel,
and the cold reality if steel
Life slips through your fingers

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