

...And So the Night Became

Aeternus

cold earth of our cold earth with blood creeping on the path clinging to the fairytale which the call religion they
are slayed by our demons of war and hurling storms these are human creatures of a filthy and weak kind
blackened souls blessed by eternity dwelling under unholy ground forbidden thoughts and dreams provided by
strong storms of bold beliefs and black souls of immortality the demons are dancing as we crawl up and out on
our hands and faces we greet our brothers with horned wings and cold minds it is complete now we rise the
dwelling and feeding

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