

Half Moons, Half Centuries

Catamenia

From the stairway he threw with the languages unknown,
the words of truth and the cohort of fools.
Named the man of black for the back of his hands,
where marked in numbers fourteen and two fours. From below the stairway, he entered the door
the torches were lit a fire, his marks were glowing more. He entered the room, lighting the walls of stone
as the cohort at the door were pounding for his blood
the candle in his left and the book in his right
his heart spoke the names and his hands were all a light. The man called of black
his hands were lightning the night
the night of dead moon And the moon wept in blood,
and his words pierced it's fragile heart. The man called of black
his hands were lighting the night
the night of the dead moon They were many at the door, when he spoke towards,
the icon at the aisle, was the night he ever adored.

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