

As Icicles Fall

Ne Obliviscaris

Can you remember the words of our dying mother?
All winters' white... And wonderful
The third eye spies the greatest pain
In league with the cycle of life... Feel the change
Her breath of frost upon the house of man's beating heart
Sleep children (sleep...), such colours to be seen
Sanguine glaciers, the veins of our prelude
Fore this is where she lies. Mother, be our eyes...As the icicles fall, moments of reverence
The invention of all, everything calls and every lifeline ignites
The tears of mother, everlasting season
...But the phoenix empire exhales, the curtain call to embers
Within us she lives, around us she's dying
The fading lights blacken, gardens euphoric...Cowering underworld order
The winds sing our dirge... This is where she lies
The veiling unveiled...Mother, our mother beats down er ashen wings
Mother, be our eyes...Grey and dripping the blood of mother
Feel her pain
Evolving, the shroud she gathers
This is where she lies
In abstraction without colours
We die with the fall of the icicles
Lost to pigment the pale paradise...Swept in tow to the danse macabre
In hand to cold claws of time...
Broken shutters gape open wide
Breathing in hoarse whispers on high...Cry... White noise witch choir
Ice tears of our motherPillars of monolith and ice, laced with lightning
Besieged by the void, the anti-matter of mind
Once were painted walls, now they preach parched skin petals
The freeze-frame tomb unfolds for our mother...Cry... White noise witch choir
Fall of the iciclesMother...

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