

# The Aphelion Deserts

## Dawn

Black - Void  
Culmination point  
Where solar sons decline  
Deserting thrones of stellar winds  
divine  
Dusk - Dawn  
Twilight aureates  
Balance breeds hostility  
Contentation will throw wide its gate  
Hunt - Slay  
Dedicated rape  
Internal revelries erupt  
Fornicating violence spreads its drape  
Mind - Soul  
The universe reflects  
Blackness absolution aches  
Second sight the spirit now awakes  
Sleep - Dream  
Somnolent mirage  
Enigmatic weavers speak  
Chanting from the reveries I seek  
Truth - Lie  
True perception, false  
Dimension veils reside  
While new illusions now abide  
Stride!  
I greet the vultures of the horizon  
The skyline of my very soul  
For they enmantle all of creation  
with the might that they extol  
They flock to feast on my cadaver  
To sever flesh and drain my heart  
Unbound celestial assassins  
Out from the umbra they depart  
Conjunction standstill reigns supreme  
Time is non-existent  
No past to justify the future  
The Aphelion Deserts  
A chaos born from solar winds

For these storms are known to me  
The stars thirst for darkness  
The Aphelion Deserts  
This, the foremost surge where  
catharsis thrives  
Hatred fuels the fires unforgiving  
While blessings rain from ebon  
floods  
Streaming from the apogee  
The zest and source of vagrant wrath  
and memories  
Without repenting gesture  
Yonder suns deteriorate  
Zenith repose  
Contours move into nothingness  
The empty comes to life  
Finale without end  
Love - Hate  
Undivided force  
A spear which penetrates  
Leaving scarred the soul it violates  
Lust - Pain  
Devilry allure  
Poetic universal tongue  
The voice that left my dirge unsung  
War - Strife  
Battleblood in rage  
Spiteful vengeance rides  
The nightfall of our tender age  
Life - Death  
Circle come to close  
Recesses congregate  
Lightlessness is what they'll  
procreate  
I join the vultures of my horizon  
The skyline black is now my own  
This firmament devies all reason  
I'm midst the swarm yet all alone  
This flock of fiends know no  
tomorrow  
And yesterday has fled my view  
Evolution laws crawl backwards  
Out of the umbra we now spew  
Martin Hellkvist '97

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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