

Void of Naxir

Necrodeath

In the twilight land of Inquanok I search the door and isolate my mind
And in the wind I hear the hidden drums and peeping of false flutes
The never cry of the ancient gods evil fires which eternally burn carry my dark spirit beyond the great frozen
desert
Abyssus, Draconicus, I walk in the Tenebra, in the mystery of Kaos,
to the altar of the law
I implore the magic stone, the stone of great cold, door of winter rain
I implore the magic stone, the stone of burning warm, door of summer wind
i implore the magic stone, the stone of hurried dreams, door of dying sun
i implore the magic stone, the stone of whirling air, door of Equinox
Abyssus...
Four are the great portals and seven the stones of those who wander in the sky
I hear the voices from the void, my mind is ravished by death
The ancient is still awaiting and reigns of light will rise
What can wait eternally is not dead
I implore...
I implore..
Abyssus...

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