Final Ritual

Dark Funeral

Long have I waited, and long have I lain here alone.
Cold and starving in the dark.
Moment by moment I am drifting closer,
To the land of the dead.An incessant noise echoes in my skull,
It twines and vibrates down my spine.
Fanning out to the raw endings of my nerves.The noise grows louder, its source looming closer in a tightening spiral.
The center can not hold, things fall apart.
It takes all the strength I have just to open my eyes.Is this really what dying feels like?Ritual begins when the moon are at crest,
And I call for the ancients to guide me through the gates.
The silver-moon white blade so cold against my skin,
And the warm crimson blood glistening in the dark.I am sealed in my own tomb,
After nine days of fast,
The ritual will begins long and painful it will be,
And most likely I will not come out alive...
But I made up my mind,
There is no turning back now.
The utter destruction of light,
The end of my life.Ritual begins when the moon are at crest,
And I call for the ancients to guide me through the gates.
The silver-moon white blade so cold against my skin,
And the warm crimson blood glistening in the dark.
I have formed my intensions,
The shadows gather, thickening the air.
I submit myself to the darkness,
And I throw myself, into the abyss.Ritual begins...Is this really what dying feels like?Ritual begins when the moon are at crest,
And I call for the ancients to guide me through the gates.
The silver-moon white blade so cold against my skin,
And the warm crimson blood glistening in the dark.
I have formed my intensions,
The shadows gather, thickening the air.
I submit myself to the darkness,
And I throw myself, into the abyss.I offer thee, my flesh and blood.
Guide me through the gates.
Grant to me, eternal life.
The ultimate sacrifice.

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