

# White Cold Wrath Burnt Frozen Blood

## Mournful Congregation

Silence falls from its sleepless slumber  
The night breeze falls to the dawn  
Soundless, solemn, sun broken sky  
Cried her dirges forlorn;

Through winding paths  
White cold wrath burnt frozen blood

I long to writhe in your splendid exaltation  
Let hands slither down your watery embasquement  
And arouse the sleeping seraph, from certain mortal slumber  
Wherein its treasures of inception, become a handbook for the dead  
What doth lie behind the darkness of the closed eye?  
From where doth the sun draw it's flames?

Answers float in circles, questions dissolve in light  
1000 years of peace after, 10,000 years of misery  
Arc of the angels, hewn by the sunlight dawn  
Divine crescent burning black, shower the heavens and the earth  
s  
Kindle the flame, Upon deaths and upon births.