

## EP Lyrics – Deathnoisefrequency – Hidden Dirge – 2020

### 1. Chapter III the Mortician's Lamenting Dirge (6:40)

Your sons are ensanguined and dead!

O whorish wilful mothers,

Throw him with stones from heaven above,

Merely his joyous consolation,

Don't part away now, don't part away now,

This damn purgatorial throes is mine!

Where the lecherous trees don't dare to grow,

Even austere winters don't dare to graciously snow,

And all the almighty branches menially bow,

To the dead they that nocturnally rue,

Hand in hand with the unnamed grisly demon,

Weeping at the bottom of the derelict fathomless well,

Who will bury the abandoned we?

And yet the snow to come...

## 2. Chapter III Horrid Choirs (5:51)

To the deepest well i have been dragged,  
The well of 13 unnamed infants,  
The one I dug with my own blood,  
The grave i gifted myself,  
Every memory is unexpected horror,  
The slow longsome suffering I longed for  
A nursery song from the bottom,  
Their rigid grey bones are hanging in despair,  
I don't mind an absurd very darkness,  
But their echoing is deafening me,  
And my ululated heart,  
Is beating in funerary symphonic rhythm,  
They have been counting my slothful breaths,  
Their cankerous open maws murmuring,  
Give us back what have you stole,

Who am I in this abysmal hole  
A remnant of a drowning buried soul,  
Who am I in this abysmal hole  
A dancing shadow upon the misery I've created  
Who am I in this abysmal hole  
A sunrise that will never set,  
In this abysmal hole  
In this abysmal hole