

Through Gardens of Grief

At the Gates

Precious flame of life, so elusive
A spark being trampled to ashes
And spread by the winds of time
This garden is a silent one
Nothing moves but thoughts
The thoughts of those in silent memory
This they know, this they understand
There is darkness everywhere, outside
Morningstar forever set in zenith
Uriel ruler of worlds
Saraqel set over spirits
The repulsive truth of this dark domain
The answer echos throughout infinity
There are so many of us here
And we are all so lonely
We are among millions and still alone
We are in hell, and yet so cold
Gardens of grief

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